

DID YOU FIND IT? FIND WHAT? Look on  
Page 15 and find out.  
THEN YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT THE INAUGURATION of a PRESI-  
DENT in MARCH COMFORT. This MOST IMPOSING CEREMONY and  
many other interesting subjects will be described.

# COMFORT

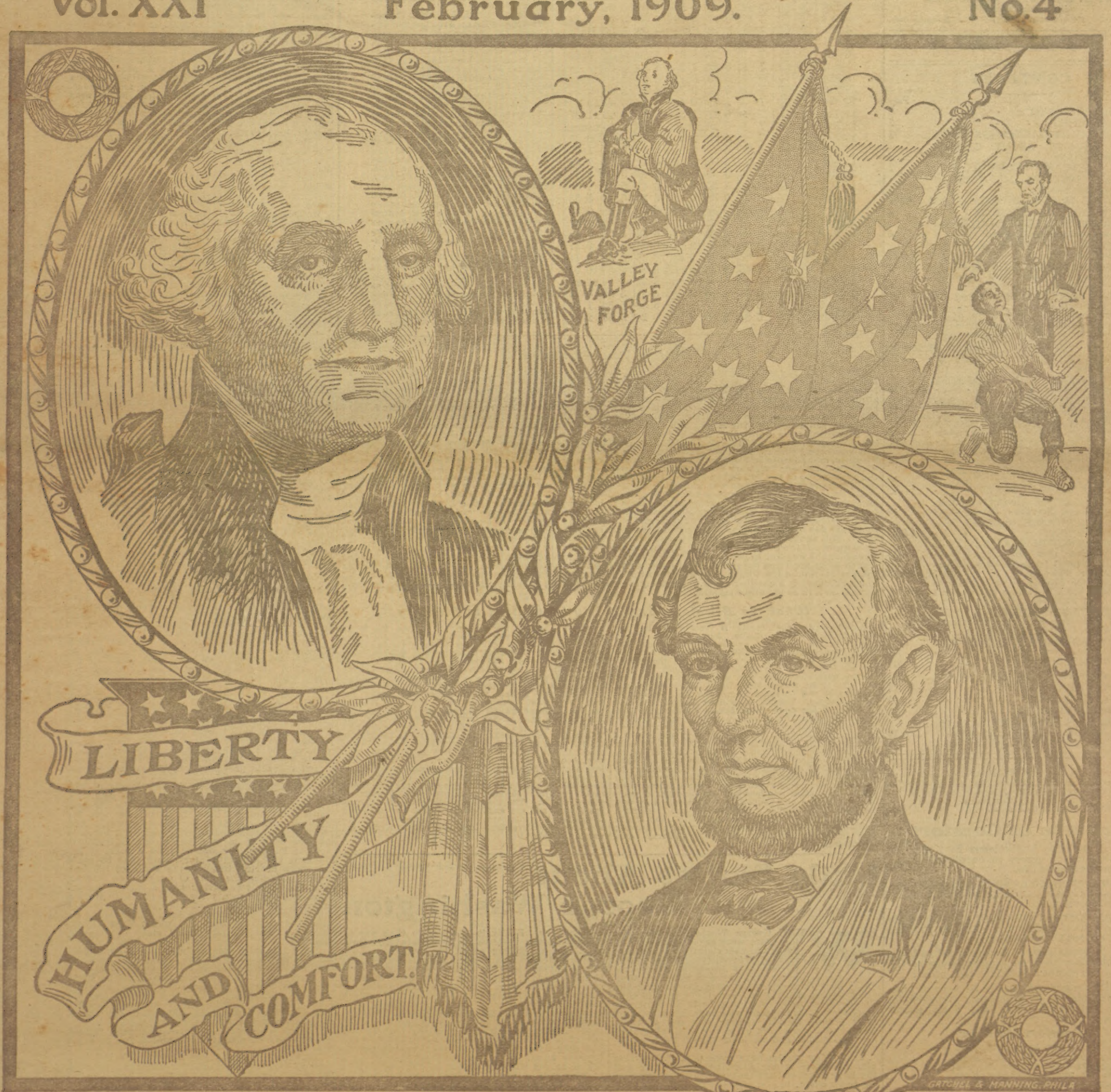
*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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# COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over  
Million and a Quarter Homes.In which are combined and consolidated  
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FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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## February

Dear little month, while all the months  
Take thirty days or more,  
With twenty-eight or twenty-nine  
You all your modest score.

## Crumbs of Comfort

Good breeding is benevolence in trifles, or  
the preference of others to ourselves in the  
daily occurrences of life.The earth on which we stand is but the ves-  
titure to glorious mansions to which a moving  
crowd is forever passing.The superior mind finds itself equally at odds  
with the evils of society and with the projects  
that are offered to relieve them.Error is sometimes so nearly allied to truth  
that it blends with it as imperceptibly as the  
colors of the rainbow fade into each other.Skeptics are generally ready to believe any-  
thing, provided it is sufficiently improbable;  
it is at matters of fact that such people  
stumble.

## Comfort Whisper

BY MRS. J. G. ALEXANDER.

Here's a word for dear old COMFORT.  
Dear old COMFORT, good and true;  
Finds its way to each sad heart  
Helps to comfort me and you.I must sign for this old stand-by.  
It will cheer my lonely home,  
Friend of happy days long vanished  
When I enjoyed it not alone.Come old friend and visit ever  
Once a month and bring me cheer,  
I am glad to know you're coming  
Monthly through the coming year.THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY "CHARLIE'S FOR-  
TUNE" will be published in March COMFORT. This interest-  
ing story by Oliver Optic which has been running for some  
months past will be brought to a close next month. Owing  
to the large volume of Washington-Lincoln matter given you  
in this issue, we were obliged to defer printing the final  
installment until next month.

## Current Topics

Professor Abbott Lawrence Lowell has been  
chosen to succeed Charles William Elliot, Pres-  
ident of Harvard University.Mme. Nellie Melba, who recently sailed from  
New York, will sing in Naples February 13, for  
the benefit of the Italian earthquake sufferers.A scientist in the Pasteur Institute, Paris,  
has recently discovered that burning sugar de-  
velops acetylene hydrogen, one of the most  
powerful antiseptic gases known.The Queen of Italy has endeared herself not  
only to her own country, but to the whole  
world for her personal assistance and aid in  
relieving the suffering of her stricken people.Criminologists and alienists throughout the  
country are interested in the experimental  
work of Dr. Henry Upson of Cleveland, Ohio,  
who believes that criminal instincts, as well as  
many nervous disorders and even insanity are  
caused in numerous instances by defective  
teeth.

## COMFORT'S Calendar for February

Moon's Phases.				Eastern Time.				Central Time.				Mountain Time.				Pacific Time.			
				D.	H.	M.		D.	H.	M.		D.	H.	M.		D.	H.	M.	
FULL MOON				5	3	25	Morn.	5	2	25	Morn.	5	1	25	Morn.	5	0	25	Morn.
LAST QUARTER				13	7	47	Morn.	13	6	47	Morn.	13	5	47	Morn.	13	4	47	Morn.
NEW MOON				20	5	52	Morn.	20	4	52	Morn.	20	3	52	Morn.	20	2	52	Morn.
FIRST QUARTER				26	9	49	Even.	26	8	49	Even.	26	7	49	Even.	26	6	49	Even.

Day of Month	Day of Week	Light and Dark Moon	Moon's Place	Calendar—N. States, Lat. 42°+				Calendar—S. States, Lat. 33°+			
				SUN	SUN	MOON	MOON	SUN	SUN	MOON	MOON
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	Mo	☾	☐	7 15	5 14	4 41	6 54	5 33	4 12		
2	Tu	☾	☐	7 14	5 15	5 39	6 54	5 34	5 8		
3	We	☾	☐	7 13	5 17	6 28	6 53	5 35	5 59		
4	Th	☾	☐	7 12	5 18	rises	6 52	5 36	rises		
5	Fri	☾	☐	7 10	5 19	5 30	6 51	5 37	5 53		
6	Sat	☾	☐	7 9	5 20	6 31	6 50	5 38	6 49		
7	Sun	☾	☐	7 8	5 22	7 33	6 50	5 39	7 45		
8	Mo	☾	☐	7 7	5 23	8 34	6 49	5 40	8 40		
9	Tu	☾	☐	7 6	5 24	9 33	6 49	5 41	9 33		
10	We	☾	☐	7 4	5 25	10 34	6 48	5 42	10 28		
11	Th	☾	☐	7 3	5 27	11 39	6 47	5 43	11 27		
12	Fri	☾	☐	7 2	5 28	morn	6 46	5 44	morn		
13	Sat	☾	☐	7 0	5 29	0 45	6 45	5 44	0 25		
14	Sun	☾	☐	6 58	5 31	1 51	6 44	5 45	1 27		
15	Mo	☾	☐	6 57	5 32	3 0	6 43	5 46	2 31		
16	Tu	☾	☐	6 56	5 33	4 6	6 42	5 47	3 35		
17	We	☾	☐	6 55	5 35	5 10	6 41	5 48	4 38		
18	Th	☾	☐	6 54	5 36	6 4	6 39	5 48	5 35		
19	Fri	☾	☐	6 53	5 37	6 50	6 38	5 49	6 28		
20	Sat	☾	☐	6 51	5 38	sets	6 37	5 50	sets		
21	Sun	☾	☐	6 49	5 40	7 17	6 36	5 51	7 25		
22	Mo	☾	☐	6 48	5 41	8 37	6 35	5 52	8 37		
23	Tu	☾	☐	6 46	5 42	9 52	6 34	5 52	9 44		
24	We	☾	☐	6 45	5 43	11 8	6 33	5 53	10 53		
25	Th	☾	☐	6 43	5 44	morn	6 32	5 54	morn		
26	Fri	☾	☐	6 41	5 46	0 23	6 31	5 55	0 1		
27	Sat	☾	☐	6 39	5 47	1 32	6 30	5 56	1 6		
28	Sun	☾	☐	6 38	5 48	2 36	6 29	5 56	2 7		

## WEATHER FORECAST FOR FEBRUARY.

1st to 3rd—MILD PERIOD. Mild, open weather for the season in south-west and central sections. Cold and frosty in northwest, the Lake region and States of the Ohio River valley. Damp and cool in south Atlantic and east Gulf States.

4th to 8th—STORM WAVE. Thunderstorms in Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Heavy snows and blockades in the Rocky Mountain regions of Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado. Stiff gales and high seas along Gulf and south Atlantic coast waters.

9th to 13th—COLD WAVE. Cold weather for February at most points west and southwest. Blizzard storms over States of the Missouri River valley, with snow and sleet as far south as Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and northern Georgia.

14th to 18th—MILD PERIOD. Rising temperature in western, central and eastern sections. Much slush and mud in western and central portions. Temperature 68 degrees at Little Rock, 65 at Nashville and 62 at Indianapolis. 19th to 23rd—RAIN WAVE. Sudden dashes of sleet and rain at most points over northern, western and central States. Generally damp and foggy throughout the Gulf and south Atlantic States. Heavy rainfall in New England States.

24th to 28th—COLD WAVE. Piercing cold winds driving in from the northwest and sweeping over Lake region and entire Mississippi valley as far south as Texas and Georgia. Temperature at 4 degrees below zero at Omaha, at zero at St. Louis, 8 above at Nashville and 15 above at Atlanta.

## Is February Your Birthmonth?

February is the second month of our year and the shortest, having only twenty-eight days except in Leap Years when it has twenty-nine. In the original Roman Calendar February did not appear, but Numa, the second King of Rome, about 760 years before Christ, added two months, January at the beginning and February at the end. This continued until 452 B.C., when the Decemvirs transferred February to second place. Its name is derived from the Latin word *februare*, to purify, and the feast of Februa, or purification, was celebrated in the latter part of the month. The Romans added the extra, or intercalary, day between the 24th or 25th of the month. February is the last of the winter months.

Historically the month is of special importance to Americans because it is the birth month of our two greatest Presidents Washington and Lincoln. Washington was born February 22nd, 1732, and Lincoln was born February 12th, 1809, about ten years after Washington's death. Washington was born in Virginia, and Lincoln in Kentucky, although twenty years before Lincoln's birth Kentucky was part of Virginia. Another February event which Americans and Spaniards as well, will long remember, was the blowing up of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor Feb. 15th, 1898. The American victory over the Mexicans at Buena Vista was won February 22-23, 1847. Besides Washington and Lincoln, the only other President born in February was the first Harrison, born in Virginia, February 9th, 1773. The legal holidays are Washington's birthday in all the states except Mississippi, and Lincoln's Birthday in fourteen of the states. Mardi Gras is a legal holiday in Alabama and Orleans Parish, Louisiana. Mardi Gras celebration is the most noted public event which occurs annually in New Orleans. Another great February day is St. Valentine's, when the birds mate and all the young people send love tokens to each other. Still another very great day is Ground Hog's. This falls on the second of the month, and, as everybody knows, if the ground hog comes out and sees his shadow he goes back into his hole and stays six weeks for the weather to get good. Nobody ever saw the ground hog watching for his shadow, but the legend holds good just the same. This same day is Candlemas, celebrated in the Catholic churches by the purification of the Virgin and the blessing of the candles to be used during the year. Taking it all in all February is historically and in legend quite an interesting month even if it doesn't have as much time to do it in as the other months do.

## What the Astrologer Says if You Were Born in February

Astrologically the month is controlled by the eleventh sign of the Zodiac, Aquarius, the Water-bearer, to the 18th, and by the twelfth, Pisces, the Fishes, for the remainder. The man born in Aquarius will be a favorite with most people, and the woman will be inclined to accomplish many things and will succeed with most. The man will be rather credulous, not safe to be turned loose where sharpers will get at him; he will be superstitious and ready to believe strange stories. The woman will be amiable, and love to boast of her friends and family connections. She will marry happily and well and have many friends, but will not always keep her word. The man will have a quick temper, but he will soon get over his mad fits. The woman is more careful about money than the man is and is not so easily deceived as he. Property acquired by Aquarius people will be taken from them by apparent friends, but they will not be discouraged, for they have the element of success which in perseverance. Money will come to them through their families, but other relations will damage them if possible. Twins are not unusual, but as a rule they will not have large families. They are subject to stomach and lung troubles, and sick headaches and brain neuralgia. Their lucky months are April and August; their lucky day Thursday and their unlucky day, Wednesday.

Persons born in the sign of the Fishes, the latter part of the month, will be the architects of their own fortune. Popularity will come to them through their own efforts in developing their natural talents. The man will be vain and proud, the woman a great talker and very sympathetic. The man likes to deal with good people, but he will be fond of drinking, and may lose much money at gambling. The woman is refined and dislikes vulgar things and people, and will be faithful in domestic life. The man likes to air his opinions on all subjects and loves to seek knowledge. The woman will be fruitful and live to a good old age. She will marry more than once if she has the opportunity. The man is faithful to his wife and will be jealous and liable to worry about small things. The man will like to have his own way, but will not be ugly about it. The woman will love travel. Money will be easily made by the man, but he is apt to lose it in reckless expenditure or speculation. The man will leave his parental home early in life. Severe accidents will happen to Pisces people. The diseases peculiar to them are fevers, and eye and heart troubles, and they will be subject to unpleasant dreams. Their lucky months are May and November; their lucky day, Wednesday, and their unlucky day, Friday.

## Little Stories About George Washington

WHEN George Washington was living there were not as many newspapers in this country as there are now with inventive geniuses of reporters who listen to everything great men say and watch all they do so that they can make good stories that the other papers don't have, and the result is that George Washington stories are not as plenty as stories about great men who have lived in these latter years. Besides George was one of those large and elegant sort of men who think stories are undignified and he kept out of them all he could.

Still a few stories have come down to us from him and there is one about the cherry tree and the little hatchet that we know about as soon as we know our a, b, c's. This is it:

George was a very good little boy and in one respect, at least, he was different from most little boys that we can call to mind right off without digging into Sunday school records. He could not tell a lie. It is not stated anywhere in history that he ever tried to, and we suppose he never tried to because he knew there wasn't any use trying to do what he couldn't do. This world is full of people who ought to be more like G. Washington. We mean like him in not trying to do what they cannot do. If people would only try, and try hard enough, to do the things they can do and stop fooling with impossible things, they would be in a lot better fix and have money drawing interest. This does not apply necessarily to the lying part, because everybody we know of just now can do that and

not half try. Really it is easier to than not to, it looks to us. But we may be mistaken. However, we are getting off of the subject.

When George was a little boy his father gave him a hatchet just his size, though why a mere child should be given a hatchet with a sharp edge is more than we can tell, and George tried it out the very first thing on his father's favorite cherry tree. When Papa Washington saw his tree after George and his hatchet got through with it, it was such a sight that he used language which the historian politely left out of print, and he reached for George. "Did you chop down that cheery tree?" he inquired in thunder tones. Now why a parent should ask a boy if he did what he knows he did, unless it is to give him a chance to lie, nobody seems to know, but that's what they always do, and George's father wasn't any different. But George was, and instead of lying out of it, or trying to, he stuck his little hatchet in his little shirt front, puffed his chest out large and gazing fearlessly into the old man's eye, he told the truth. Wasn't George different from most boys? Mr. Washington was so surprised that he grabbed his noble son to his throbbing bosom and forgave him with tears of joy streaming off of the end of his nose. It was the first time he had ever heard of such a thing and naturally it stirred his profoundest emotions. And he not only forgave him, but he told him he might chop down all the trees on the place. Indeed, so pleased was he that he insisted upon it, and little George and his hatchet were busy all winter chopping kindling wood. Thus do we see truth rewarded.

## Happy New Year to Comfort

(This little poem was sent in by a subscriber when renewing her subscription for two years.)

Dear old COMFORT, good and true;  
Happy New Year I wish you;  
Happy new years without end  
Is the greeting that I send.In youth I first subscribed for you,  
My lifelong friend, I now renew  
My order for the next two years,  
Come, cheer my life, dispel my tears.From COMFORT spread on mother's knees  
I first spelled out my A—B—C's,  
And should my eyes grow dim with age  
My child will read me COMFORT's page.Like the sunshine in the spring,  
Like the merry birds that sing,  
Like the fragrant summer air,  
COMFORT brings sure ease from care.As the music of the breeze  
Tunes the leaves upon the trees,  
COMFORT tunes and cheers my heart,  
Dear old friend, we'll never part.

In later life, General Washington, then the greatest man on earth and twice elected President of the United States, in recalling the kindling-wood portion of this pleasing tale, said that he didn't know whether he would be so anxious to tell the truth if he had it to do over again. Boys, no matter to what eminence they may attain when they are grown up will do most anything rather than chop kindling-wood.

Washington had very little schooling. He knew the three R's and that was about all the book learning he had. Someone asked him once, when he was great, if he did not regret missing college.

"Well, no," he replied in his calm and dignified manner, "the time when I should have been in college playing football I put in fighting the French and Indians which was no more barbarous and proved to be a much better education in view of what I was called to do later in life."

Washington's foresight was phenomenal. The first battle in which Washington was engaged was Braddock's Defeat, in western Pennsylvania. General Braddock was a stuck-up old Englishman and when young Colonel Washington told him he had better look out for ambushes, he sniffed at him and said when he wanted any advice from Col. Buckskin he would ask for it. The very idea of calling George Washington, "Col. Buckskin." But Washington got back at him in good shape.

"All right, General," he replied, bowing low, because he had to be respectful to his superiors, "all right, but it's a Braddock-skin those Indians will get."

They got it, too, just as the Colonel said they would. Braddock lost his life and most of his army, and it was Washington who saved what there was left of it.

In this same battle it is related that an Indian shot fifteen times at Washington and never touched him.

"How do you account for that, General?" a friend asked him years afterwards when they were telling war stories down at Mt. Vernon.

"I was out of range," laughed the General with a sly wink, "and the Indian only strained his gun in trying to reach me."

Washington believed in telling the truth, whatever the historians might tell.

As an illustration of the extreme dignity of Washington a story is told of Gouverneur Morris, considerable of a man himself. A friend bef a dinner with him that he wouldn't dare to greet General Washington by slapping him on the back and handing him the "Hello." Morris took the dare and the bet. When he met Washington he skipped up to him and slapped him on the back as most political friends do in these democratic days.

"Hello, George, old man," he chirruped, and then he stopped.

Washington had stiffened up and simply looked at him. That was enough for Gouverneur. He won the dinner, but he told his friends that his appetite had been knocked galley west, and he couldn't eat a bite.

An anecdote told of Washington at the battle of Monmouth, N. J., will show that he was really a man of peace though first in war. This battle was one of the hottest of the Revolution. Where it was warmest General Washington noticed a red-headed Irish Corporal mowing the British down like hay and grass, for if there is anything an Irishman does love to do it is to swat the English. And this one was swatting them to a frazzle. At last it became so gory that Washington could endure it no longer and he rushed into the mix-up and pulled the Irishman off. "For heaven's sake, Pat," he exclaimed, "restrain your impetuosity and do not make a slaughter-house of the battle-field."

Otherwise there is no telling what would have happened to the red coats in that memorable battle. As it was they had it put over them. But we hardly credit the foregoing anecdote, as Washington always fought hard.

When Lord Howe, Commander of the British forces landed in New York he sent a letter to "George Washington, Esquire," who was near the city with his army. Lord Howe addressed the letter this way to make believe Washington didn't have an army, and wasn't much anyhow. The letter was promptly returned unopened. Another was sent still not addressed to the General, and the next week, Tuen Howe sent one as should be and also apologized.

"Don't mention," said Washington, calmly, "before the war is over you will think every man in the United States is a General and a whole bunch of high privates on the side."

Later events proved this to be the correct answer.

Washington married the Widow Custis of Virginia, a very estimable woman, by the way, and yet withal, one who spoke her mind to her husband when she felt like it, even if he was the greatest man on earth in public opinion. And Washington, gentleman that he was, let her talk all she wanted to and never talked back except in kindness. On one occasion a guest at Mt. Vernon, who tells the story, said that he could not help hearing through the walls of his bedroom, adjoining the room of George and Martha, and that she was giving him a Caudle lecture that was warm to say the least of. But never a word from the Father of his Country. He took his medicine with never a kick. By and by she talked herself out and was quiet. Then George spoke: "Now, Marthy, good sleep to you, my dear."

Only the very greatest man could have made such a response. How many men who read this are George Washingtons?

After all his fighting and two terms as President, Washington retired to Mt. Vernon and took up plain farming. He needed a rest and the simple life. It is said that he kept one hundred and one cows on his farm and had to buy butter



# Priceless Historic Souvenirs of Washington and Lincoln

Recently Discovered in a Private Collection and Brought to Public Attention Exclusively by COMFORT



## Authentic History of the Famous Pen

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**I** SAAC B. REED of the famous old firm of Reed and Johnson, Horse and Carriage Auctioneers, located a generation ago on Nassau Street, opposite the old New York Post Office, is the proud possessor of some rare souvenirs, which are closely entwined with our national history, from Colonial times to the days of the Civil War.

Through a strange fatality—or remarkable coincidence as you may prefer to call it—Mr. Reed is so inseparably connected with the story of these souvenirs that we are compelled to accept him as a part of the collection.

His ancestors came over with Miles Standish and he is a lineal descendant of Uzal Knapp, the last survivor of Washington's old body-guard, who, as the inscription on his monument at Newburg tells us, departed this life in 1856, at the ripe old age of 103 years.

Mr. Reed is a relative of the late Hon. Thomas B. Reed, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, but the story with its rare relics portrays rather the great men of the past generations and brings out those reflected side-lights and delicate touches of shade which illustrate in a charming way the characteristic traits of our great men.

Mr. Reed was an intimate friend of General John A. Dix, and at the outbreak of the war secured through Gen. Dix an introduction to Salmon P. Chase, with whom he negotiated the printing of the United States Bonds, by the National Bank Note Company of New York.

During the progress negotiations Mr. Chase expressed to Mr. Reed his belief that it would be difficult to market a National Loan, as he feared that it would be an unpopular one, and asked him plainly what he would do in the case if he were Secretary of the Treasury.

"I would merely give a little more interest," replied Mr. Reed. "You just give them seven and three tenths interest instead of seven and you will see the public scramble for them!"

The idea of giving seven-thirty per cent. interest, so that accrued interest might be computed daily—seven-thirty being just twice three hundred and sixty-five,—struck Secretary Chase as being good and was therefore adopted and proved to be a great success. Some years after, during the last of the business relations which Mr. Reed had with the Government regarding the printing of bonds, Secretary Chase took him to President Lincoln and said:

"Mr. President, I wish to introduce to you 'The Father of the 7.30 Bonds,'" and he told Mr. Lincoln how the idea had been suggested by Mr. Reed.

Mr. Reed is a man well advanced in years but with a phenomenally retentive memory so that he recalls with wonderful minutiae all the details of the interview and the favorable impression made upon him by Lincoln's great personality and Chase's profound knowledge of finance. Upon Reed expressing a desire to visit the different Government Departments, President Lincoln wrote on a slip of paper: "Please extend to the bearer every courtesy in visiting the Government Departments. Lincoln." Saying, as he handed it: "Mr. Reed if there is anything more I can do for you, now is the time to ask for it."

"You have been very kind, Mr. President," replied Mr. Reed, "and there is no favor I can think of unless I might be so bold as to ask you to present me with the pen you signed that paper with."

Mr. Lincoln did not accept the suggestion kindly, nor did he dismiss it with a tactful pleasantry according to his characteristic way. He assumed a serious and hesitating air and said: "You cannot realize the nature of your request. That pen is a souvenir with quite a history, and was presented to me in such a way that I should not part with it. In his early days George Washington was a civil engineer and surveyor, and when he was elected President of the United States a Patriotic Woman's Association of Virginia presented him with a quaintly carved chest such as held surveyor's instruments. It was duly set forth and duly authenticated that the chest was made from the lid of the Captain of the Mayflower's desk. It was afterward remodeled and made into two wonderful pens which found their way back to the same patriotic association of Virginia, and strange as it may appear were presented to me on my inaugural, accompanied by an elaborately engrossed preamble and resolutions setting forth the historical value of the pens."

Mr. Reed says: "I was so overcome by the President's earnest manner, that I felt as if I had made an outrageous request and was so profuse in my apologies that Mr. Lincoln in turn became still more embarrassed and must have imagined that I was offended by his refusal, for he suddenly turned exclaiming: 'See here! You are an exceedingly nice young man and as 'The Father of the 7.30 Bonds' you deserve one of those pens. Those patriotic ladies gave me one pen for black ink and one for red. You take the pen I wrote that paper with and I will keep the other, and if you will call again I will have copies made for you of all connected with its history."

"I was embarrassed and pained by the turn of affairs and would gladly have withdrawn my request, but the great man was as happy as a boy over the solution of the difficulty, and pressed it in a way which permitted of no refusal."

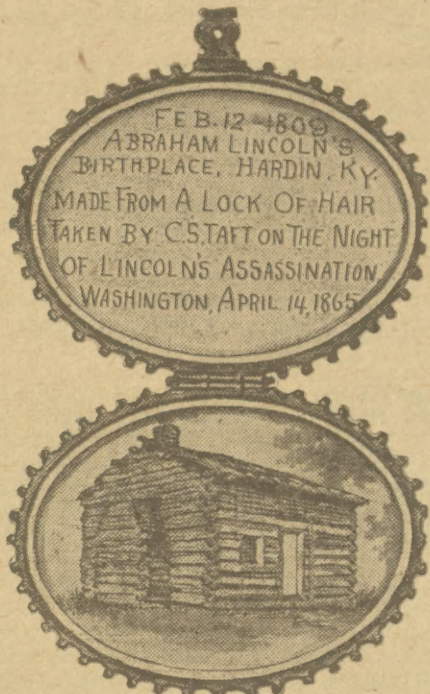
## Sad Story of the Locket

Mr. Reed never had an opportunity of receiving the promised copies of the papers, although Secretary Hay said the same were made and he has vouched for the correctness of the story in all its details. But what has become of the other pen and where are the engrossed testimonials? The pass to the Government Departments in Lincoln's well-known handwriting shows the date April 11, 1865, and just three days after, while waiting for these copies, by a strange fatality Mr. Reed went to Ford's Theater with Dr. Sabin Taft and was not ten feet away from the President when he was assassinated. Dr. Taft was passed over the heads of the people to the President's box and Mr. Reed and Col. Shadrick (the proprietor of Willard's Hotel) assisted in carrying the dying President to another room. It was there that at the solicitation of Mrs. Lincoln, a few locks of hair were cut from Lincoln's head, some of which was presented by Dr. Taft to Mr. Reed, which was afterwards made into a famous picture of the Hardin Log Cabin by a talented hair artist of New York, and put into a locket as shown in our illustration. The story of the cutting and presenting of this hair is fully set forth in the War Records, by orders of Secretary of War Stanton.

It may seem like a wide digression from the original history of the pen but to complete the story it becomes necessary to quote from some memoirs of Gen. U. S. Grant, which shall be given more fully at another time. President Grant purchased his famous horse "Butcher Boy" through Mr. Reed, who afterwards sold him at auction and when he turned the money over to the General he asked him to sign the receipt with the famous pen, which he did on

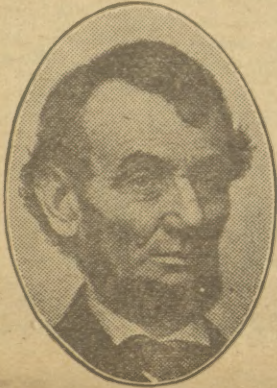
## WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN LIBERTY PEN

This wonderful historic pen presented to Lincoln on his first inauguration, made from a surveyor's chest presented to Washington on his first inauguration, which in turn was made from the desk of the captain of the Mayflower, spans the entire history of American liberty.



A HALLOWED LINCOLN RELIC

This locket contains a faithful picture of the humble birthplace and early home of Abraham Lincoln, wrought with wonderful skill from hair clipped from his head immediately after his assassination.



Executive Mansion  
Washington, Nov 21, 1864

To Mrs Bixby, Boston, Mass.  
Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully

A. Lincoln

## AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM LINCOLN

The above is an exact reproduction (all except Lincoln's picture which we have added) of a letter of condolence which Lincoln wrote, all with his own hand, to the grief-stricken mother of five dead soldier boys. We know no better example of the beautiful simplicity of his style, the purity of his diction, the delicacy and propriety of his manner of expressing his thoughts and ideals always noble and exalted.

It seems to us that this brief letter is simply perfect. There is not an unnecessary word in it; nor could it be improved by the change or addition of any word or words, and certainly the sentiment so beautifully expressed is tender, sympathetic, consoling, sublime beyond criticism. We know of nothing finer, not even Lincoln's famous Gettysburg dedication address which is universally rated as one of the most perfect gems of literary composition in the English language. You have to read it over a number of times to fully appreciate it, as it grows upon and becomes more impressive each time you read it.

As you will see, he was justly celebrated also for his fine penmanship. In those days there were no typewriters, and although he had a private secretary to attend to his correspondence, he managed to find time amid all his cares to write many letters with his own hand.

June 9, 1884. So the pen has been used by Washington, Lincoln and Grant. It may also be said that it has been used and admired by many of the crowned heads and noted people of the Old World.

Mr. Reed was a man of large means and carried his souvenirs with him on a seven years' tour of the world during which he kept a strict diary of his "treasures" as he always called them.

It is shown that Queen Victoria signed her name with the pen; on May 27, 1873, Signor Crispien penned a sentiment, and we note that on July 9, 1873, Pope Pius IX invoked a blessing

upon these souvenirs of three great and good men.

Regarding the value and final disposition of these rare relics it may be said that as Mr. Reed has no children, he repeatedly refused to part with them at any price but thought of donating them to some public institution. Commodore Kane of the N. Y. Yacht Club offered one thousand dollars for the pen to present it to the Union League Club.

Marronne de Struve, wife of the Russian Ambassador at Washington, bought a pair of horses from Mr. Reed for one thousand and twenty dollars, and offered to double the amount if he would

part with the pen. When in London in 1870 Mr. Reed was waited upon by William Churchill of the British Museum who informed him that the directors had authorized him to offer three hundred pounds for the pen.

"Why, I have already refused a larger sum in my own country," replied Mr. Reed; whereupon Mr. Churchill said: "I was only authorized to offer three hundred pounds, but on my own responsibility I will make it three hundred and fifty pounds, and submit it for your consideration."

This wonderful pen is more closely associated with the struggle for liberty in America than was the famous old liberty bell of Independence Hall, whose solemn tones first proclaimed to the world the birth of a new nation. The pen in its former shape was present with the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620 when, with Plymouth rock as the corner stone, they laid the imperishable foundations of American liberty. A century and a quarter later it saw Washington draw the sword in the successful defence of liberty and independence and was with him when he established the Union under the Constitution. It was with Lincoln when he took his solemn oath to defend the Constitution and preserve the Union, and, as he said, Heaven recorded it. It remained with him until peace dawned on a reunited country.

## Some True Lincoln Stories

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

**A** BIOGRAPHY of Abraham Lincoln, the beloved President, might easily be composed from the stories he told and it would set forth the character of the man more clearly than the words of any biographer, for Lincoln's stories were his own personal reflections. All great men have stories told about them, but Lincoln was his own story-teller and he never told one without it had some application.

For example when he first became President it was well known that he slyly poked fun at his cabinet officers and others in authority under him by references to their assumptions of superior judgment over his own. Once Judge Baldwin of California wished to get a pass to go to his brother in Virginia, but Secretary Stanton and the general in command refused to let him have it. The Judge went to Mr. Lincoln.

"Go to see General Halleck," he said.

"No good," said the Judge.

"Then Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln.

"No good, either," said the Judge.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Mr. Lincoln, with a broad grin, "for I can't do anything. You see I have very little influence with this administration."

But somehow the Judge got to his brother in Virginia.

Some of the serious-minded people who think everything that is important must be treated with the utmost dignity and solemnity have criticized Mr. Lincoln's story-telling habit as something unworthy of a great man. But they do not know what they are talking about. The main thing with every object in life is to accomplish it. With the most of us, thank heaven, the accomplishment must be by fairly honorable means. Mr. Lincoln's stories were told to accomplish his purpose and that he succeeded so well in so many difficult situations is sufficient proof that the means he used were correct. It often happened that by telling a story with a moral to it he could convince a man who could not or would not listen to reason or see the point of a fair argument.

One of these serious minded men, a Congressman, called on Mr. Lincoln one day at the White House during the dark days of 1862, on an important matter. The President began by telling a story. The serious man objected, and said he didn't come there to listen to stories. Mr. Lincoln became serious himself.

"Sit down," he said to his visitor; "sit down. I respect you as a sincere and earnest man. You cannot be more anxious than I am, always, and I want to say to you that if it were not for the occasional vent I find in these stories, I should die."

Another story will show further how much he appreciated humor. In the Toledo Blade "Petroleum V. Nasby" was writing humorous political articles which pleased Mr. Lincoln so much that he said to a friend as he laid the newspaper aside, laughing: "I'm going to send for Nasby, and if he can communicate his talent to me, I'll swap places with him."

We may readily believe that if the swap could have been effected it would have been a great relief to Mr. Lincoln.

Although the marriage of the plain and plebeian Lincoln to Mary Todd, the aristocratic Southern woman, was not at all times ideal, their married life was not worse than the average, and he thought a great deal of her. This was manifest on all occasions and notably so when he received word of his nomination for the presidency. He was at his home in Springfield, Ill., and when amid the shouts of his fellow citizens, the telegram was handed to him, he looked at it in silence, and putting it in his pocket he said: "There's a little woman down to our house who would like to hear this. I'll go down and tell her." And he left the noise and the shouting all for him and went with the news to the "little woman down to our house."

## Disapproved of Women Wearing Hoops

Women were always strong in their influence over him, but only the good women. His first sweetheart, Anne Rutledge, was always a dear memory to him. At the White House he never could resist the pleadings of women who came to see him about their men folks in the army. Once a girl came to save her brother who was under sentence of death for desertion. She had no political pull or friends at Washington, but she persisted till she reached him. He heard her story and pardoned her brother. In speaking of it afterwards he said: "She didn't have any representatives or senators to help her, but she would not be prevented by any obstacles and she didn't wear hoops."

"Hoops" were the prevailing style at that time and those who remember what hideous things they were, will not be surprised that Mr. Lincoln was willing to do his utmost for any woman who didn't wear them.

He was the idol of the soldiers though his military training had been confined to but a short experience as Captain of a company fighting the Indians. Desertion was, as it always is with volunteer soldiery, the greatest evil, and it was necessary that death should be imposed at times, but whenever President Lincoln could pardon or commute a death sentence, he was sure to do so. So anxious was he in this respect that the doorkeepers at the White House had orders to admit, day or night, and before any other visitors, a messenger coming to save life. One old man, very anxious about his son, over whose head hung a suspended death sentence, came to the President to get a full release. "I can't do it," said Mr. Lincoln, looking stern and very firm. "We have to make an example of someone." Then to quiet the fears of the father: "But don't you worry; that boy shall never be shot if I can help it."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



# A Few Words by the Editor

**T**HIS month we celebrate the birthdays of our two great national heroes, Lincoln and Washington—names which bring a thrill of pride to every patriot's heart. Your editor does not intend to dwell at any length upon the records of these great and glorious men, as we have made this a special Lincoln and Washington number, and the subject has been dealt at length with elsewhere, but we do wish to impress upon our readers that never was it more necessary—now that so many dangers beset our beloved land and its institutions—(dangers from within, and not from without), to study the characters and virtues of these great men, so that we can learn from them, and make their noble and patriotic ideals the guiding stars of our own lives.

Think what a glorious country this would be if every heart pulsed with the same noble ideals that animated the hearts and stirred the breasts of Washington and Lincoln! These men had but one thought—love of country, and an unselfish devotion to the cause of duty. Each found his country confronted by great dangers and each nobly did his best to guide the ship of state over the seas that threatened to engulf it, into the calm waters of peace, honor, happiness and prosperity. Both battled for mighty principles, and even those who fought against them, now admit the righteousness of those principles and the nobility and grandeur of the great souls who upheld them.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and if we are to keep this Republic to the ideals of its founders, we must each breathe into our souls the lofty patriotism of those two great Americans whose birthdays we are now celebrating.

The dangers which now beset our beloved land are too well known to us all to need repetition, they are perils which must be met and overcome, so that government of the people by the people for the people, may not be undermined by the greed of the monopolists, and the overreaching and insidious powers of great combinations of capital in the hands of unscrupulous men, whose only religion is dollars, whose God is gold.

No strong man can ignore disease when it has taken root in his system without becoming its victim, and no nation can survive which permits the exploitation of its people by the uncurbed hand of corporate greed. Such exploitation must inevitably lead to the still further enriching of the rich, and the still greater impoverishing of the already poor. With wealth accumulating in the hands of the few and the masses fighting for a dollar which purchases scarcely half of what it did a few years ago, and the struggle for that dollar

daily growing keener and keener, strong hearts, steady hands, and cool brains will be needed to bring our ship of state back on an even keel of justice and square dealing for all. Let us quote again that warning couplet of Goldsmith's:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

The sturdy hand of Theodore Roosevelt has checked the dishonest accumulation of wealth and taught the people that the moral fiber of the nation must not be allowed to fall into decay, but that every citizen in his dealings with his fellows must be square and honest, and in character as clean as the proverbial hound's tooth.

Let everyone of our readers take the lesson of the noble lives of Washington and Lincoln to heart. Breathe into your souls their lofty patriotism, copy their virtues, and keep their examples ever in mind, and you will be doing your individual share in keeping this great fabric of democracy, this glorious temple of liberty on a sure and indestructible foundation. Only in the strong hearts of a free and contented people can a nation find a sure foundation on which to work out its destiny of greatness and glory. Let Washington and Lincoln then be our watchwords, the noble names with which to inspire us to those lofty ideals of patriotism, which must sublimely thrill in every heart that is truly and worthily American.

**W**ITH the advent of February and St Valentine's day we would like to remind our readers that the cheapest, and most acceptable valentine you can possibly send your sweetheart, relative, friend or neighbor is a year's subscription to COMFORT. Those who have slender purses, and still wish to observe the day in a suitable way, can do so by giving a six-months' COMFORT subscription, to the idol of their hearts. We feel confident that if every love-lorn swain presents his Phillis with a year's subscription to this magazine, that he will reach her heart quicker, and at less expense to himself, than by the purchase of almost any other gift. Anyway we feel sure that our readers will take this suggestion in good part, for their own sakes even more than ours, for COMFORT has been the basis of more real and lasting friendships than any other medium, literally or otherwise, that has ever existed.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." That old aphorism is known to you all, and how true it is. It is the human nature in COMFORT that touches the hearts of our readers, and draws them together in a feeling of kinship, and makes them all one big family.

A tale of distress and suffering fills a million hearts full

of melting pity, and brings tears of sympathy to the eyes of tens of thousands of our big family scattered broadcast over our majestic land. Distance does not decrease the sympathy, or lessen the sympathy. A tale of suffering in an eastern State arouses as much interest in far California or Oregon, as it does on the shores of New England. One tale of hardship and suffering causes a wave of sympathy to flow from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the Lakes.

There are people who think that man's brotherhood is an evanescent dream, that we are too self-centered, too selfish, too wrapped up in our own affairs, too concerned with our own troubles, to care much what becomes of our fellow men in that great world outside of the narrow sphere in which we live, move and have our being. Such people are pessimists, and know little of human nature, as we are privileged to know it. Thousands of letters that pass through our hands testify eloquently to the nobility of men and women, to their goodness of heart, their unselfishness, and their strong faith in that God who is the Father of us all. There are self-centered, sordid souls, who care for no one but themselves, but they are greatly in the minority. The average human is ever ready to rise above the sordid things of life and show the image of the Divine that is in him when his better nature is appealed to. A man who dives into the icy waters to save another being from drowning does not ask what he is going to get for risking his own life to save that of another. He goes straight to what may be his death without a single thought of reward, animated simply by the desire to save a human life, even if he loses his own in the attempt. Greater love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his fellow man. When men are ready to die for their fellows no one need despair for the future of the human race.

In our sunshine work we see so much of the better side of human nature, so many loving, sympathetic hearts are exposed to our view, that we are naturally optimistic. All who come under the COMFORT influence, and get imbued with its spirit, soon become a part of our big family, and the family idea is the corner stone of civilization. The COMFORT family is a mighty one. Some day, we trust, it will include in its ranks almost the entire nation. If this is too rosy a dream, we are at least confident that the COMFORT ideal will be the national ideal. Service and brotherhood will link us all together in brotherly bonds that no power on earth will be able to sever. Get busy then and come into the COMFORT family. We are six millions strong, ever marching onward and upward.

Comfort's Editor.

## Washington and Lincoln Their Characters and Achievements Compared

**S**TRANGE as it may seem, no just estimate of the ability or character of a great man can ever be formed until after his death, when his deeds are seen in their true perspective and his policies and motives can be judged with impartiality uninfluenced by the extravagant eulogies of interested friends or the acrimonious attacks of bitter enemies—for every living man has enemies, and the greater he is the greater and more numerous his enemies. Washington and Lincoln were no exceptions in this respect, but in their magnanimity they disregarded or overlooked personal enmity and abuse and rose superior to it.

Now, that a generation has passed since Lincoln's death and three since Washington died, the verdict of mankind accords with the judgment of impartial history in placing them among the very greatest, ablest, wisest and best men that ever lived.

In many important respects there is a remarkable similarity between Washington and Lincoln.

In the first place the South has the everlasting glory of having produced both of them, for Washington was a Virginian and although Lincoln resided in Illinois when elected President, he and his father and mother were born in Kentucky.

Both were tall, muscular, athletic, powerful men; Lincoln six feet four inches high and so lean as to convey an impression of awkwardness; Washington, though nearly as tall and carrying no superfluous flesh, was finely proportioned and with his courtly manners and dignified grace of carriage, presented a grand and commanding figure and a distinguished air in harmony with his character and befitting the high position which he held.

Neither had great educational opportunities, Lincoln almost none; but both profited to the utmost by such as they had. Lincoln, because of extreme poverty and living on the frontier of civilization where there were almost no schools, attended less than a year all told, and that at very poor schools, and in his youth had very few books, although he read and reread every one that he could buy, beg or borrow; but by devoting every spare moment through life to study he acquired such a command of English that he was able to express his thoughts in such beautiful and forcible language as to make his speeches models of convincing eloquence and his writings gems of literature.

Washington, as the younger son of a well-to-do, we might say, wealthy Virginia planter, attended such schools as there were, though not very good, in his vicinity until he was about sixteen years old with the intention of completing his education in England, as his older brother had done, and as was then the custom among the sons of the wealthy planters of the South which, contrary to the practice of New England, had not done much in the way of establishing colleges or other institutions of higher learning. But the early death of his father, soon followed by the lingering sickness and death of his eldest brother, threw onto George Washington, when a mere boy, the management of his father's plantation and the settlement of his brother's estate, and put an untimely end to his education. Nevertheless, while making no attempt at oratory, Washington was a forcible and convincing speaker and a writer of recognized ability.

Both had unbounded moral and physical courage.

Both were men of iron will, uncompromising integrity, indomitable persistency capable of any sacrifice and of braving any danger in the support of a cause which they believed just, and as they loved their country beyond all else, they possessed in the highest degree all the attributes which make a patriot.

Both were cool, level-headed, common-sense men of wonderfully sound judgment in all things, intellectual giants capable of grasping and solving the greatest governmental problems with an intuitive knowledge of the right, and withal they were unselfish and magnanimous, and these qualities made them statesmen of the highest order.

Both had an unerring instinct for correctly sizing up the characters and abilities of other men, and the power of inspiring in the people unbounded confidence in themselves, and these qualities made them successful leaders. All these high qualities combined fitted them for the great parts which they acted in the world's history.

Both loved peace and detested war, but convinced of the necessity they carried on war, as everything else which they undertook, with the utmost vigor and determination for the establishment of lasting peace. And here the likeness ends, with the trifling though curious exception that both practiced surveying as young men.

Why was Washington called "The father of his country?"

Perhaps you would say, because through a seven years' war he led the army to final victory which established the independence of the

### Lincoln's Admiration of Washington

The Martyr President thus spoke of Washington in the course of an address: "Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since the mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation.

"On that name an eulogy is expected. It cannot be.

"To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible.

"Let none attempt it.

"In solemn awe pronounce the name, and, in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on."

United States. That would seem to be glory enough for one man, but it is only a small part of what he did to earn him that title.

Through the years of his early manhood he distinguished himself as a skillful and gallant officer in the terrible French and Indian wars. He was a prominent member of the first Continental Congress. He skillfully organized and ably commanded the Continental army through the war. But the government was weak and poor; there was no President and no constitution in those days; the States were jealous of each other and their representatives in Congress could not agree; the army not only was not paid, but was not properly fed, clothed, equipped or armed, and naturally was dissatisfied and often mutinous and desertions were frequent and numerous, and it was difficult to obtain recruits. The officers were jealous of each other and insubordinate. While fighting the superior forces of the British, he had to patch up the quarrels of his generals, to reconcile the difficulties between the States, to arouse Congress to action, to appeal to the patriotism of the people for soldiers and supplies for his army, to watch the enemy in front and keep an eye on traitors in his own army and in the rear. When distrust and disengagement were rife in the army and in the nation nothing but his personal influence kept the army together and held up what little government there was through the confidence which he inspired and by his personal appeals, and in these darkest days of strife when he was carrying this load too great for mortal man certain of his officers formed a plot with certain members of Congress to take from him the command of the army, but he ignored it as well as the personal abuse of jealous enemies in high places who should have been giving him their support. But the plot failed and by his force of character alone he triumphed over all enemies, overcame all difficulties and led the nation and army to victory. It seems miraculous that he succeeded against such fearful odds.

He was a man of very modest and retiring disposition, who disliked to hold and never sought public office. Distrusting his own ability and qualification, it was with reluctance and only from a high sense of duty that he accepted the many responsible offices which successively were thrust upon him. He much preferred the quiet society of his many friends, and with his dogs and gun to hunt the game with which the forests and streams then abounded; but it was fated he should have little time for the enjoyment of these pleasures, for the most of his life at his country's call was devoted to her service. Washington was in no sense a politician; he had no ambition for fame or power, but both came to him unsought because his pre-eminent fitness was universally recognized. He resigned the supreme command of the army as soon as possible after peace was established, and retired to private life, as he hoped, for good; but this was not to be permitted, for the newly formed government was not a success, and Virginia sent him as a delegate to the convention which made the constitution of the United States, and he unwillingly accepted a unanimous election as President and more unwillingly a second term, and positively refused a third term. No doubt he could have made himself King had he wished to do so, because at the close of the Revolutionary war and before the formation of the constitution the people, and especially the army, had lost confidence in Congress and in the weak and chaotic federal government which seemed to be going to pieces rapidly, so that many and even prominent men felt that the only escape from anarchy was by the establishment of a monarchy with Washington as King. But when, just before he resigned his command of the army, they proposed to make him King, he expressed himself as pained to think that such ideas existed, and begged that if they had any regard for their country or respect for him they would banish such thoughts from their minds. How many men from his day to this would not have felt flattered, at least, by such an offer?

After the war was over he helped to make the constitution, used his powerful influence to induce the unwilling and still jealous and distrustful states to adopt it, and as the first President established the government on a firm foundation and with prophetic wisdom mapped out its future course.

No wonder that on his retirement to private life after refusing a kingly crown he became enthroned in the hearts not only of his countrymen but of all liberty-loving mankind, and that the name of Washington is and ever will be "first in war and first in peace."

Lincoln had an unbounded admiration for Washington. Of the few books which Lincoln owned as a boy the Life of Washington was the one he prized most highly, and undoubtedly this had much to do with forming his character and shaping his ambition, for, unlike Washington, Lincoln was ambitious of attaining power and fame in a proper manner and for high purposes, sincere in his opinions and conscious of his persuasive power, he loved to talk to the people in private conversation or in public address.

Unlike Washington, with confidence in his own ability, he enjoyed public life, and delighted in the excitement of political contests.

Circumstances compelled him, like Washington, to assume the performance of duties beyond the sphere of his official position and to carry a superhuman burden of responsibility, for as Washington while holding only the office of general was obliged not only to command the army but also in a large measure to assist in running the government, so Lincoln as President was compelled not only to run the government but also, in consequence of the incompetency of some of his generals, to a considerable extent to plan military campaigns and give orders for the handling of the armies in the field. Each was engaged in a desperate struggle and had to invoke his personal influence with the people in support of the cause for which he was contending.

Lincoln, unlike Washington, relieved the severe strain of official duty by jokes and stories which had a moral or illustrated forcibly some point at issue.

In mental or moral force it is difficult to say whether either was stronger than the other; but surely Lincoln had one weak point, for while he had no difficulty in handling men he was not so successful in dealing with women. He never was afraid to meet any man under any circumstances or conditions but he was different in meeting ladies and betrayed a lack of courage and resolution in his courtship of the lady whom he finally married. After he had become engaged to her he doubted whether his affection was sufficiently strong to justify him in marrying her, and he called one day to tell her so and break the engagement, but on his announcing his purpose she burst into tears which so touched Lincoln's tender heart that he took her in his arms and kissed her, and so he was worsted in this encounter. Later on their wedding day was set, great preparations were made for the wedding; the wedding guests were assembled, the minister was there and the bride arrayed in her wedding gown and veil, and they waited and waited until they had to give it up because the bridegroom failed to appear. Lincoln's courage had failed him at the last moment and he had run away, but he soon returned and made amends by marrying her a little later. Of course this was long before he ever dreamed of becoming President, but Mrs. Lincoln even before she ever met her future husband confidently predicted that she was destined to marry a man who would be President. But this is a digression.

While Lincoln was steadfast in his determination to preserve the Union at all hazards and at any cost, the passions and hatreds engendered by the war found no lodgment in his kind heart, and it is an incalculable misfortune to the country as a whole and especially to the South, which needed a powerful friend after the close of the war, that he did not survive, like Washington, to heal the wounds of the nation and exert his mighty influence to protect the South from the outrages of the reconstruction period which resulted in more bitter animosity than the war itself. The North and South only now are approaching a state of reconciliation which, had Lincoln lived, might have been reached before he closed his second term of office.

But the whole nation now, the South as reverently as the North, unites in cherishing and doing honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln as it always has to the name of George Washington.

This month the President and President-elect assisted by the Governors of several of the Southern states will commemorate the centennial anniversary of Lincoln's birth by laying the cornerstone of a monument to his memory on the old Lincoln farm in Kentucky on which he was born and which has been purchased for a park by funds raised by public subscription. Well may the South pride herself in having given Washington and Lincoln to the nation.



# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knit stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; spa. space; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Hedebo Embroidery

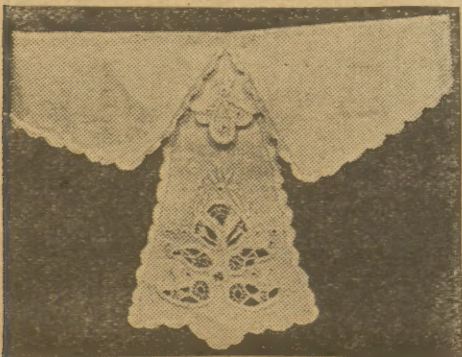
American women are quick to take up all the various kinds of needlework introduced by the natives of other countries.

The peasants of Denmark originated, and have for many years devoted much of their time to making Hedebo embroidery or Danish cutwork, which, recently, many of our women have become adepts in. The designs used are largely geometrical figures, the beauty of the work depending not on these forms, but the needlework which they enclose.

The collar illustrated in Fig. 1, is an original design submitted by Miss Elma I. Locke, and is worked on white linen with mercerized floss, although this or cotton may be substituted for the linen thread, it will not give as pleasing results and the wearing qualities of the article will be lessened considerably.

All the edges of this collar are closely buttonholed around in a small scallop.

As is often the case, French embroidery and eyelets are here combined with the Hedebo, the upper point being decorated in this way entirely, while embroidery surmounted the cutwork of the tab.



AN ORIGINAL DESIGN. FIG. 1.

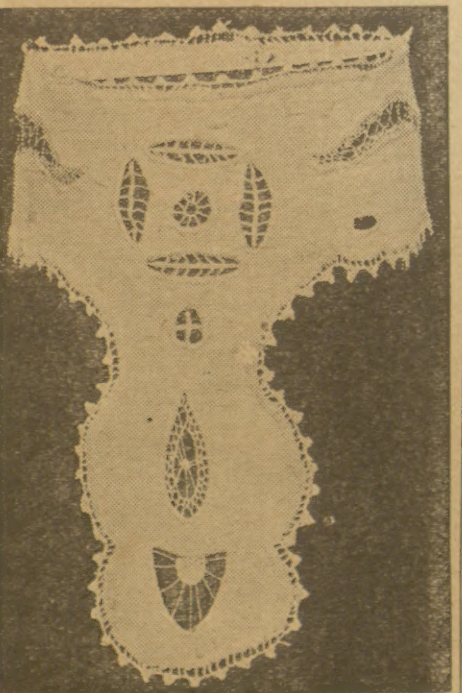
In doing this work a single thread is first run around each form and then they are outlined with buttonhole stitches set closely together, the purled edge coming on the inner side, after which the linen is cut away, leaving a firm edge.

Now fasten the linen securely to a stiff paper or oil cloth, care being taken not to pull the forms out of shape.

The filling stitches are mostly variations of the buttonhole stitch, although most any lace stitch is suitable for this work.

From Miss Lottie Skeen comes the collar illustrated in Fig. 2. In this instance the Hedebo lace edge is added after the buttonholing is done. To make this a second row of loose buttonhole stitching follows the first, then points are made by making four or five stitches and decreasing to one; from the point thus formed run up the side by taking a stitch in each row, and proceed thus to the next point, instead of breaking the thread.

The device in the center of this collar is perhaps the most difficult. After the four forms around the center circle have been buttonholed and the linen cut away, each section is filled with the Point d'Amers Far stitch, which is made by running two lengthwise threads in the center of each space, over and under these



COLLAR WITH HEDEBO LACE EDGE. FIG. 2.

the thread is woven, while at regular intervals it is fastened to the buttonholed edge and twisted back again to the central threads.

The curved horizontal figures on either side

are partially filled with buttonholing, caught together with a crosswise thread. The two figures in the end of the tab show so clearly, they can be easily copied.

When such handsome effects are possible only by the expenditure of considerable time and care, all linen materials should be used to ensure durability, the quality being determined by the article to be made, since this work can be employed to decorate personal belongings as well as household linens.

## Swastika Yoke and Armhole Bands for Corset Cover

This popular pattern can be made very easily as will be seen by the illustration, which shows swastika in detail.

Use No. 50 or 60 cotton and commence with a ch. of 46 sts., sl. st. into the 10th, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in 13th st., ch. 2, 1 d. c., \* ch. 2, 1 d. c., \* repeat from \* to \* 10 times, ch. 3, sl. st. in 3rd st. from last d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. in next to last st., ch. 1, 1 d. c. in last st., ch. 4, turn.

Spaces are made of ch. 2 and 1 d. c. Blocks



DRAWNWORK TOWEL END.

are made by putting 1 d. c. in each st.

2nd row.—1 d. c. in 2nd d. c. of previous row, ch. 5, 1 sp., 6 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 8, turn.

3rd row.—Sl. st. in center, ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 d. c., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., ch. 3, sl. st., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

4th row.—1 d. c. on 2nd d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., 5 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 8, turn.

5th row.—Sl. st. in center, ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 d. c., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., ch. 3, sl. st., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

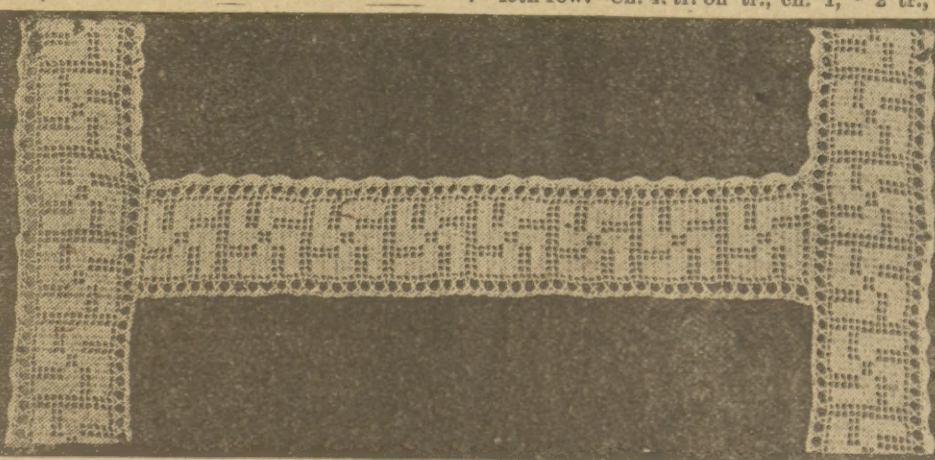
6th row.—1 d. c. on 2nd d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., 1 sp., 4 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 8, turn.

7th row.—Sl. st. in center, ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 d. c., 1 sp., 4 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., ch. 3, sl. st., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

8th row.—1 d. c. on 2nd d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 8, turn.

9th row.—Sl. st. in center, ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 d. c., 5 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., ch. 3, sl. st., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

10th row.—1 d. c. on 2nd d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 6 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 8, turn.



SWASTIKA YOKE.

11th row.—Sl. st. in center, ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 d. c., 1 sp., 6 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., ch. 3, sl. st., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

12th row.—1 d. c. on 2nd d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., 12 sps., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 8, turn.

This completes one pattern, make enough for each armhole and then join by overcasting together. The back band is made in one piece and the front can also be or with an opening as one prefers. After all is made and joined a scallop is added to the edges to form a finish.

CARRIE BARGE.

## Crocheted Cape

(For illustration see page 7.)

This unusually pretty cape is made of three colors, very delicate pink and blue combined with cream white.

Eight skeins of zephyr will be required, three of white, three of blue and two of pink.

It is fitted around the neck with a yoke of double crochet, to make which begin with a chain of eighty-one stitches, using the white.

1st row.—1 d. c. in each st. of ch., ch. 1, turn.

2nd row.—40 d. c., 3 d. c. in 41st st., 40 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

Take up only the back stitch on each row of yoke.

3rd row.—17 d. c., 2 d. c. in next st., 47 d. c., 2 d. c. in next, 17 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

4th row.—42 d. c., 3 d. c. in next st., 42 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

ROLLING STAR SQUARE.

5th row.—20 d. c., 2 d. c. in next st., 45 d. c., 2 d. c. in next st., 20 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

6th row.—44 d. c., 3 d. c. in next st., 44 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

7th row.—23 d. c., 2 d. c. in next st., 43 d. c., 2 d. c. in next st., 23 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

8th row.—46 d. c., 3 d. c. in next st., 46 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

9th row.—26 d. c., 2 d. c. in next st., 41 d. c., 2 d. c. in next st., 26 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

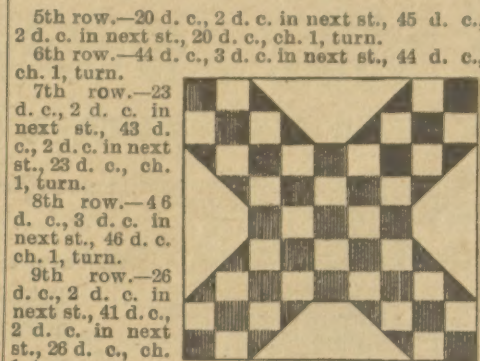
10th row.—48 d. c., 3 d. c. in next st., 48 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

11th row.—29 d. c., 2 d. c. in next st., 39 d. c., 2 d. c. in next st., 29 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

12th row.—50 d. c., 3 d. c. in next st., 50 d. c., ch. 1, turn.

Break wool and join on pink. Make 13th row in six-pointed star stitch, as follows:

13th row.—Ch. 3, draw a loop through 2nd and 3rd sts. of chain, a loop through each of first 3 d. c. of previous row, wool over the needle and draw through all six loops at once, ch. 1, drawing the stitch down firmly to form the eye of the star. \* Draw loop through eye of star, loop through loop at side of previous star, loop through same, d. c. loop through last loop of star and 1 loop in each of next 2 d. c., wool over the needle and draw through all six



FRENCH FOUR POINTS.

14th row.—With the pink begin at same end as previous row and make one row of stars as follows: Ch. 3, draw loop through 2nd and 3rd sts. of ch. 3, loop through end of previous row, loop through top of first star, loop through eye same star, wool over needle and draw through all six loops at once, ch. 1, \* Draw loop through eye of star, through side loop of star, through eye of star in 13th row, loop through top of next star, loop through side loop, loop through eye first star, wool over needle and draw through all six loops, ch. 1, \* repeat from \* to \* to end of row, fasten with d. c., ch. 3, turn.

15th row.—Make row of shells of 4 tr. in eye of stars of previous row. Fasten in d. c. of 14th row with 5. c., ch. 3, turn.

16th row.—Shell of 4 tr. on each shell, ch. 3, turn.

17th row.—Same as 16th. Fasten with tr. in ch. 3. Break wool.

18th row.—With white ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 3 tr., ch. 2, 8 tr., ch. 2, 3 tr., ch. 2, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, repeat to end of row, 1 tr. and turn.

19th row.—Ch. 4, tr. on tr., ch. 1, \* 2 tr., 3

d. c., ch. 4, shell on shell, 3 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1 repeat from \*.

23rd row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 4 tr., shell on shell, ch. 4, 1 d. c. under ch. 2, ch. 2, repeat until having 5 d. c., ch. 4, shell on shell, 4 tr., etc.

24th row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 5 tr., shell on shell, ch. 4, 4 d. c. separated by ch. 2, ch. 4, shell on shell, 5 tr., ch. 1, etc.

25th row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 6 tr., shell on shell, ch. 4, 3 d. c. separated by ch. 2, ch. 4, shell on shell, 6 tr., ch. 1, etc.

26th row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 7 tr., shell on shell, ch. 4, 2 d. c. separated by ch. 2, ch. 4, shell on shell, 7 tr., ch. 1, etc.

27th row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 8 tr., shell on shell, ch. 4, 1 d. c. under ch. 2, ch. 4, shell on shell, 8 tr., ch. 1, etc.

28th row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 10 tr., shell on shell, ch. 4, 1 d. c. on d. c. of previous row, ch. 4, half of shell, sl. st. to ch. of last shell, finish shell, 10 tr., ch. 1, etc.

29th row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 11 tr., 1 tr. in each of the first and second trs. of first shell, 1 tr. in each of the last two trs. of next shell, 11 tr., ch. 1, etc.

For the next row use blue and beginning with the 18th row repeat through the 29th, then use pink for the scalloped edge.

The Edge

1st row.—Six-pointed stars, turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 4, shell of 3 tr., ch. 2, 3 tr., in eye of 2nd star, ch. 4, skip 2 stars, 1 tr. in the third, repeat, turn.

3rd row.—Shell on shells, ch. 2, shell of 8 tr. in the 1 tr. of previous row, repeat.

4th row.—Like 2nd.

Make a scallop with white down each front, consisting of 3 trs. in the end of each row. Make a second row with pink, putting 3 trs. between each white group. Finish all around with pink, making shells of 7 trs. between those of the previous row down the fronts, and shells on shells all around the bottom.

Finish the neck with one or two rows of six-pointed stars and a small scallop and use ribbon for tying.

MISS ALICE LOWER.

Patchwork

The patchwork designs here illustrated are more attractive made only of two colors, but can, of course, be made of odd bits easily as such small pieces are needed. The Rolling Star Square is eight inches when finished and the French Four Points seven.

Knitted Edge

Cast on ten stitches.

1st row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2, 5.

2nd row.—K. 5, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

3rd row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 1, o. 3 times o. k. 3.

4th row.—K. 7, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

5th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

6th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 8.

7th row.—K. 8, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

8th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 1, o. 2, n., o. 2, n., k. 3.

9th row.—K. 5, k. 1, p., k. 3, p. 1, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

10th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 10.

11th row.—P. 1, n., o. 5, k. 4, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

12th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 5.

13th row.—K. 10.

Repeat from first row.

MRS. J. S. DASHNEY.

Drawnwork Towel End

This elaborate towel is finished on both sides and either side of the wide border with a double row of hemstitching. On the ends, between this hemstitching and the main border, leave a space of equal width. Then draw two and one half inches of threads and hemstitch on both sides into groups of three or four threads, after which go through the center catching groups of six together and carrying the thread first to one side and then the other instead of straight through the center. After this the groups are divided and tied (two and two together), three times on each side of the center, the threads at the ends being crossed, caught and darned in as shown in the design.

The three inch hem is decorated with the buttonhole trimming. To make this take a spool, place in the center of the space to be worked, and mark around it, then move it along until the edge of the spool comes to the edge of the circle just drawn, mark again and continue in this way. Now draw a line through the center of these circles, and draw a row of half circles above and below it, placing the spool so the middle of it will come where the circles meet, in this way small ovals will be formed, cut each through the center, turn in the edges and buttonhole loosely all around, then run the thread back through the center, catching the stitches together.

Handsome bureau or sideboard cover could be decorated with this same pattern.

MRS. N. C. DECKER.

Clover Leaf Applique

Chain five, join.

1st wheel.—4 s. c. under ring, ch. 4, repeat 3 times.

2nd wheel.—Ch. 6, join with sl. st. in 2nd st. of ch., ch. 4, \* 4 s. c. under ring, ch. 4, \* repeat from \* to \* 3 times.

Third wheel like second. Three wheels make a leaf.

2nd leaf.—Ch. 3, sl. st. in first p. of first wheel, ch. 9, s. c. in 3rd st. of ch., then same as 2nd d. wheel from \* to \*, repeat three times.

2nd and 3rd wheels of the 2nd leaf are made in the same way.

3rd leaf.—Same as the 2nd only catch with sl. st. to 3rd p. in 3rd wheel of the first leaf. Continue in this way, making the leaves alternate, first on one side and then on the other.

M. F. PHILLIPS.

THE WORK IN DETAIL.

20th row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, \* 2 tr., shell on shell, ch. 4, 8 trs., each separated by ch. 2, under ch. in shell of previous row, ch. 4, shell on shell, 2 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, repeat from \*.

21st row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, \* 2 tr., shell on shell, ch. 4, 1 d. c. between first and second d. c. of group of 8, ch. 2, repeat, making 7 d. c. in all, ch. 4, shell on shell, 2 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, repeat from \*.

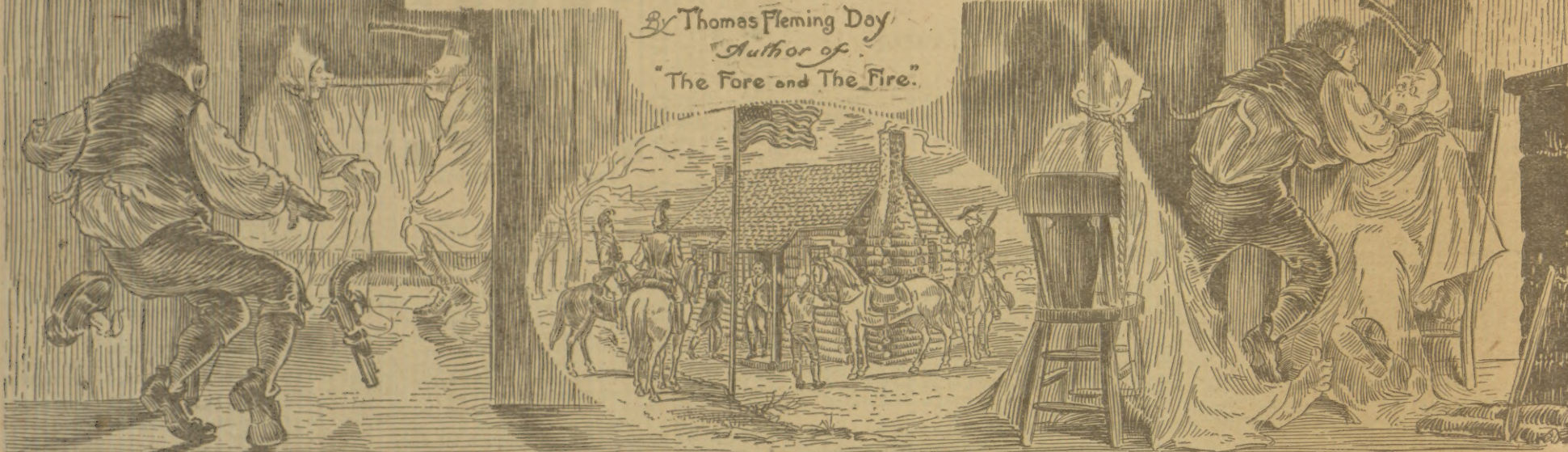
22nd row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr., ch. 1, 1 tr., ch. 1, \* 3 tr., shell on shell, ch. 4, 1 d. c. under first ch. 2, in previous row, ch. 2, repeat until making 6



# THE RIVAL SPOOKS

## IN AN OLD GENERAL WASHINGTON HOUSE

By Thomas Fleming Day  
Author of  
"The Fore and The Fire."



STARTLED AND HORRIFIED PEDDLE DREW BACK AND CANDLE AND PISTOL DROPPED FROM HIS HANDS.

THEN SEIZING SKIFF BY THE NECK HE RAMMED HIM DOWN IN THE CHAIR

SOME years ago, how many I don't exactly remember, there stood on the banks of East Chester creek, near New York City, an old house, said to be one of the many in which General Washington slept when he was around hearabouts fighting the British. As he slept in every house that was built when he campaigned in this country it was scarcely a distinction and brought no revenue to the owner, who badly needed help of all kinds, for a more miserable, half-starved loafer never dug a clam or hooked a flounder. Skiff Jake, as he was called, from the vehicle in which he constantly lived and journeyed, inherited the house and a bad reputation from his father, who was reputed to have been a horse-thief and drunkard, two distinctions that barred him from even such society as Westchester county of those days boasted. After a long life clamming and fishing, Skiff Jake passed away, but not in a natural manner; he was found one morning by an inquisitive neighbor hanging to a hook in the kitchen of his residence, and was cut down and boxed and buried at the public expense. His real property was taken over by another fisherman named Bob Baker, who loved both work and rum, but loving the latter best he only flirted with the first to procure the last. This Baker in a fit of industry brought on by his unexpectedly becoming a householder, somewhat repaired the ancient mansion both inside and out.

The house had been in its day, that is when Skiff Jake's grandfather built it, a good appearing, roomy abode, that faced a lane running from the main road to the salt meadows, its back windows looking over St. Paul's churchyard. Never, even in its gala day when Washington and his Continentals had been chased up the road by the Hessians and had made a stand at the turn just long enough to send a few of the German devils to other and warmer quarters, did it boast a coat of color. This absence of pigment seems to have saddened Bob Baker, for he no sooner came into possession of the property than he began to color the house, both inside and out, a deep, startling red. One night in a spirited frolic of this nature some person to the jury unknown, either in play or malice, introduced the edge of an axe in the top of his skull, and Bob, after interesting the coroner and a dozen of his fellow citizens for a few hours, was laid away somewhere near the remains of his predecessor in the property.

After this for about six months the place lay vacant until one day a negro family moved in;

they moved out faster the next morning. So on, regularly, at intervals of six months or so; families moved in and moved out. Two nights was the longest any of them stood it. The reason was for not liking the shade were all of the same kind, differently expressed according to the extent of the tenant's vocabulary, imagination, and actual experience. But they all agreed upon one point, that the house was haunted, and that in the loudest and liveliest manner.

After a while a man named Fay bought the place at a tax sale to get the piece of salt meadow that belonged to it, and he was about to tear down and destroy the old shack, when a stranger arrived on the scene and after listening to the tales of horror offered to buy the house and garden, which he did for the sum of \$50, and making a few necessary repairs such as renewing the roof, window panes and doors, he moved in his family and furniture, and going to bed settled himself for a sound and reinvigorating sleep.

The name of the person who purchased the haunted house, and despite the advice and warnings of his neighbors, took possession of it as a place of abode, was Peter Peddle. Peter was not a native, and nobody to this day can tell whence he came. All that was known was that he arrived one afternoon in a small sloop accompanied by his family and belongings like a settler from another world, and that he had money, a strong right arm, and was not afraid of work—three of the best letters of introduction a man can have. It was often times hinted that neither the wife nor the furniture legally belonged to Mr. Peddle, and that somewhere in the afar a man mourned the loss of both, but as East Chester has always been noted for its malicious and unlimited gossip, the story may be laid at the door of one of the old ladies of either sex belonging to that village without danger of offending history.

After an hour or so of sleep, Peter was awakened by a terrible uproar; a smashing and crashing of lumber, mixed with volleys of horrible language coming up-stairs, and having its source in what Peddle rightly guessed to be the kitchen. Grabbing a horse pistol and candle Peter descended the stairs and threw open the kitchen door. Keeping his body outside he thrust his head in and looked around. Seated on either side of the fireplace were two awful creatures glaring at each other—one with a hammer round his neck and the other with an axe sticking out on the top of his head. They were no other than the spooks of the former occupants—

Skiff Jake and Bob Baker. Startled and horrified Peddle drew back and candle and pistol dropped from his hands. Peter was a brave man, he had shown that by running away with another man's wife, but it takes more than bravery to face one ghost, let alone two. The fall of the candle must have disturbed the spooks into action, for, as if struck by a goad, they sprang up, seizing each his chair, began a fierce assault at the same time giving vent to a cloud of the most horrible yells and curses. The sight of his only property, Peddle sprang into the room and making between the ghosts hurried them apart. Then seizing Skiff by the neck he rammed him down in the chair and turning went through the same operation with Bob's ghost.

"Durn yer hides," shouted Peddle, "what der yer mean by bustin' them chairs o' mine." Neither spook replied; both gazing at Peter in amazement. "I ought to lamm you a good one, both of ye, gol darn yer fer makin' this here racket. What in blazes ails ye, anyway?"

"He's hauntin' my house," says Skiff's spook, with a snivel.

"Ain't his house," says Bob's, "it's mine."

"Well, it 'pears to me," says Peddle, "it 'tain't neither of yourn; it's mine."

"Ter live in," says Skiff's ghost, "but not ter haunt."

"Well, I guess if I'm goin' to live here there ain't goin' to be no hauntin', leastwise not of the particular noisy brand you two do put up to furnish. Sit back there, darn ye," said Peddle, as the spooks suddenly made a move to fly at each other's throats again. "Ef one of ye raises off his seat I'll soak him." So saying, and there being no more chairs, Peddle drew up the table between the two and seating himself on the edge, said: "Now, then, pile up your claims an' I'll judge which one of ye I'll kick out of doors first."

"I died first," says Skiff's spook, "right here in this here kitchen."

"Yer didn't die," interrupts Bob's ghost, "yer surricided."

"Shut up," says Peddle, giving Bob's spook a cuff, "or I'll fine ye fer contempt o' court. Go ahead neighbor," motioning Skiff's ghost to continue.

"Then I cum back to haunt this room what seen my tragic end, an' done a proper an' alone fer two years cum nex' Christmas."

"Well, what next," says Peddle.

"Then that red-headed, wood-sawing sun-

of-a-gun goes and gets his head split open to be murdered, an' he comes here an' tries to take my job of hauntin' away from me."

"How's that, prisoner at the bar?" asks Peddle, giving Bob's spook a touch of boot toe.

"It's a lie," yells the spook, and with that, up they both started to fly at each other, when Peddle drove a boot heel into each stomach and down they went again.

"Set down," shouts Peddle; "set down; don't move no more 'till I tell yers to. Now, then, you on my right, pipe up your story."

"I ain't no surricider, like him," says Bob's ghost. "I was murdered proper, an' ef yer don't believe it, just look at the axe in my head." And the spook turned round so Peddle could see the weapon that had put an end to Mr. Baker's carnal career.

"Well, that don't give you no weather board on him, does it?" asked Peter.

"Sartinly it does," says Peddle. "Been murdered makes you high hook in this here hauntin' business."

"That's what," says Bob's Spook.

"It don't," says the other.

"You're a liar," yells Bob's spook, and, jumping up, clinches with Skiff's, and over they go, rolling about the floor, cursing and shouting until Peddle pulls them apart and forces them back into their seats.

"Now, then," says Peddle, "I am a-going to lay down the law in this here case, and you've both of ye got to abide by it or else there'll be shifting of berths for both of ye. Now, I ain't a mean man an' never pulled in my latch string on nobody an' I ain't a-going to on yourse fellers, but I want decent behavior in my house, an' I'm goin' to get it. Now, neighbor, you with the rope, you can come here an' set by the fire three days in the week Mondays, Wednesdays an' Fridays, an' you, neighbor, can have the place the other three. But you've got to be quiet and leave the furniture be. Just try this here old-fashioned silent hauntin' fer a while an' see ef yer don't enjoy it."

An' now," continued Mr. Peddle, "being as I am sleepy an' wantin' to return to my couch, I'll just see ye both to the door and give ye a good by." And, so saying, Peter walked the spooks to the door and balancing them for a moment on the threshold until he got his aim and distance, kicked them successively out into the night.

"This been a ghost," said Peddle, with a yawn as he closed the door, "ain't altogether what it is talked up to be, I guess."

# HAND AND HEART A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR

By James L. Bowen

Winter, with its snowy mantle, passed away. It was July. The country was aroused. President Lincoln had issued his call for three hundred thousand volunteers for the service of the Union cause in the field. Volunteers were flocking in at an unparalleled rate. Workshop, farm and counting-room were deserted, and thousands of hitherto quiet, peaceable citizens became daily transformed into embryo soldiers.

It was a scene of joy and jovial festivity. Mirth and happiness prevailed, and care and sorrow were for the time being banished from the faces and hearts of those present. War had thrown its fiery hand over the country, and, as tonight they gathered in merry conclave, they remembered many a comrade who was away, at his country's call, and some who had already fallen on the battle-field.

Most of the company, in pairs, trios and groups, were sauntering leisurely up and down the saloon, while a few were seated, still more earnestly drinking in the scene before them. Among the latter were two ladies, seated a little apart from all others, conversing in quiet tones.

"Lucy, what a splendid couple Sarah Deane and Andrew Colton are, especially tonight! Did you ever see two persons better adapted by nature for each other than they?"

Thus questioned Annie Murton of her friend, Lucy Andrews, as they sat watching the happy company.

"I never did, truly," replied Lucy. "What a beautiful picture they would make, just as they stand at this moment. You could not select another such in this room."

"Indeed you could not. They seem to have been fitted by nature for each other."

"It is so," replied Lucy. "Yet it seems so bad, or at least it is so much to be regretted."

And she paused, half confused, while a look of regret settled in her dark, reflective eyes.

"What is so bad?" queried Annie. "You are not jealous, I hope?"

"Annie, dear, you well know I would not accept of Mr. Colton's hand were he to offer it to me. And yet, if I could prevent this, I would. Only think! Washington's birthday they are to be married!"

"And what if they are, Lu? I am sure I see nothing wrong in all that. I wish them much joy."

"And for that very reason, Annie, I would not see them united; for it is plain to my mind they can never be happy together as husband and wife."

"I do not see why they should be so unhappy, dear. I am sure he loves her, and besides, you know he is quite wealthy; and he is just the kind of man to make any woman happy. Why is it, dear, you entertain such an idea?"

"What you have said is all true, very true; but did you ever think—did you ever have any proof that Sarah loved him as she should to become his wife?"

"Why, of course. If she did not love him, she would not marry him. She has no one to control her hand except her own free will!"

"Very true. But I must tell you in confidence, Annie, what she told me less than a week ago. She was speaking of her lover, and she said that if it were not for his wealth, Andy Colton would sue for her hand in vain. But, she said, he is rich, and I can live like a lady, and I am afraid such a chance would not occur again. She said this in all sincerity; so you know now why she marries him."

"I would never have thought that of Sarah Deane!" slowly murmured Annie.

"Nor should I have believed it, had I not heard it from her own lips," continued Lucy. "I en-

deavored to remonstrate with her but she repulsed me almost angrily, and I closed the subject, seeing I could say nothing to change her mind. Now, do you blame me for not wishing to have such a marriage take place?"

"Not in the least. But is it not possible Andrew suspects the insincerity of—"

"Never! His soul is too noble to suspect how unworthy she is of his love. His heart would break did he know the truth. And I think it will soon be broken when he finds how heartless she is, and that she can never make his home happy."

"Well, I am sure I am sorry for Andrew. But it is possible she may learn to love him, and yet make him happy. We will see!"

At this moment the music struck up, the word was given, the sets were rapidly forming on the floor. As the partners of Lucy and her companion approached to claim their hands, Lucy quickly replied:

"It is just possible, but I shudder to think how very improbable it is. Sooner or later the jar will come, and oh! what a terrible awakening that will be to poor Andrew."

Very soon they were in the midst of the dance. Andrew Colton was happy that evening. He knew not how heartless was the beautiful girl he held so closely—knew not that while she had pledged herself so soon to become his own, her heart still slumbered unawakened in her bosom, and was slowly and surely becoming hardened to all the pure, genial impulses of true love.

The bridal day came at last. The appointed hour arrived, and before the light had faded away, he pressed his bride to his breast, and fondly murmured:

"My darling, now you are truly, wholly my own!"

One month afterward Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Colton returned from a bridal visit to friends in Boston, and Sarah entered upon her simple duties as mistress of the home she had so coveted. How onerous to her were the slightest tasks to render happy her husband. He was still the same affectionate; but how much had he changed. Yes, even in one short month had he scarcely the ties of friendship were regarded, the struggle to obtain the fortune she had sought had been very skillfully conducted, and now that she possessed it, how very soon were disregarded outward appearances.

Winter, with its snowy mantle, passed away, leaving the bare, desolate earth to the rejuvenating influences of spring, with balmy breath and fragrant flowers. The chilled earth had gladdened beneath returning suns, and assumed her most pleasant and flowery garb, while these again had given place to summer's more mature hue.

It was July. The country was aroused. President Lincoln had issued his call for three hun-

dered thousand volunteers for the service of the Union cause in the field. Volunteers were flocking in at an unparalleled rate. Workshop, farm and counting-room were deserted, and thousands of hitherto quiet, peaceable citizens became daily transformed into embryo soldiers.

Andrew Colton heard the call. He knew his country needed his service, and he also knew—

—that home was not the holy, sanctified place he had supposed it would be. Six months had been all sufficient to show him this, and to assure him that the woman he called by the holy name of wife had never loved him. Too late, had come the discovery, but not too late to wreck forever his happiness. He walked the earth a different man; no longer did bright day-dreams of life and future as well as present pleasures obtrude at all times upon his mental vision. Had home been happy to him—had a fond wife smiled upon and cheered him, in proportion to his own endeavors to make her happy—Andrew would never have dreamed of going from home to enter upon a life of peril and suffering. But it was not so, and as he felt the need his country had of his strong arm and fearless heart, he enrolled his name as one of his country's defenders. Previous to the departure of the regiment he was voted first lieutenant, which he accepted, and received a commission.

Tenderly he bade his wife good by. No tear dimmed her eye, no choking heart-grief for him she should see not again for so long—perhaps never. She was not sorry he was gone, neither was she glad; and when sometimes the thought occurred to her mind that she might never see him more, she stifled it with the thought that she would be a gay young widow, with an unencumbered twenty thousand.

"Lieutenant Colton, you will deploy your company as skirmishers, and relieve Captain Munford's company now on skirmish line."

It was the battle of Fredericksburg. Andrew's captain had been detached, and he was in command of his company on that memorable occasion. The river had been crossed, and one day's fighting had been done before his regiment had been ordered to the front. Now, under the cover of darkness, their line had been formed, and as they were lying on their arms, in readiness to renew the sanguinary strife on the morrow, the adjutant approached Lieutenant Colton with the order above given.

"Attention, company!" was the quick, quiet order, and in a moment every man was upon his feet, musket in hand.

It required but a few moments to acquaint the men with the duty required of them, to point out the line of direction, and then came the order.

"Company as skirmishers, on the right file, take intervals, march!"

Quickly and surely, without confusion the men separated, moved forward and deployed, and a noble skirmish line went moving up to the front. Quietly each man halted in his place, and the leveled dirt and powder-begrimed men, whose places they supplied cautiously moved back to the main lines. All was quiet along the lines of the enemy, and silent and watchful they remained in their places till morning light broke over the scene.

Scarcely had the gray morning broken over the scene of yesterday's bloody carnage, when the long lines behind were formed in order of battle, and the order quickly came to advance the skirmishers.

Drawing his sword, Lieutenant Colton sprang to his position, and his order, promptly given rang out in bugle tones along the line:

"Skirmishers forward! guide center, march!"

It was his last order.

Scarcely had his command commenced to move forward, when a burst of fire, and shower of bullets from the enemy, showed they were not unobserved. One of the line fell, mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Colton sprang to his side. Scarcely had he bent over the unfortunate man when another volley was fired, and the unfortunate officer staggered backward, then fell prostrate beside the wounded man before him. With a quick gasp he clasped his hand to his side and attempted to rise.

He struggled to his feet and attempted to walk, but before he had taken three steps he sank down, while the life-blood flowed from the wound in his side. He turned his eyes toward his gallant command, and he saw them moving steadily onward under the command of the second lieutenant. The foe were slowly retiring before them, while casting his eyes to the rear, he saw the heavy lines of the Federal troops moving quickly up. In a very few minutes they passed him, and as they did so he feebly cheered them on.

Scarcely had they passed when his eyes commenced to grow dull and filmy. He knew that his time had come, and earthly scenes were forever closing from his sight. He looked forward to the dense clouds of smoke, where friend and foe were engaged in fierce combat, and he saw his companions were still pressing on. He turned his eyes sincerely upward, and asked for their success, and then turned slowly, and with difficulty, toward his late companion in misfortune. He saw that he had already ceased to breathe.

"Poor fellow!" he said; "some kind heart will weep tears of bitterness for your early fate. But I shall soon be with you!"

Placing his hand on his breast-pocket, he drew forth a small miniature, and pressed it to his lips.

It was the picture of his wife.

Slowly he raised it and drew it nearer and nearer; and as he wearily, faintly closed his eyes, he murmured, softly:

"Oh, my wife, my wife, had you loved me as I loved you—as I love you still—this had not been my early fate. May God forgive you as I now do!"

A moment more, and he breathed his last, with the picture pressed fondly to his lips.





## Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; and that we kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand on an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as you receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear readers, will you please, one and all remember to write your name and address so plainly that letters which are sent to the address given will not be returned, as is frequently the case.

Mrs. L. C. Hetrick, Cove, Md., will you kindly send a card giving your correct address to Mrs. James M. King, Box 115, Wilbraham, Mass., as she wrote you at above address and the letter was returned.

Minnie Beckwith, 85 Kent St., Grand Rapids, Mich., will you also write Mrs. W. H. Logan, Greenville, R. D. 48, Pa., immediately; she has written you twice and had letters returned and is anxious to hear from you.

In answering the various requests kindly send communication direct to the parties instead of to me to be forwarded.

Requests for old COMFORTS or other papers cannot be published in these columns, but if sent to the publishers inclosing a stamp, a reply will be insured and the papers supplied if possible.

A sister who withholds her name, sends a letter containing much of interest. Her first suggestion is that we pass a rule that no one shall write only of their heart's sorrow for the good of others and also themselves. I second the motion.

Let us all trip as lightly over our troubles as possible, and tell of the bright as well as the dark days. Being a mother for twenty-five years she continues, saying, I have taught my children the value of health, and the care of it as a prime duty, the joy of labor, to have charity and a heart full of thankfulness for all blessings, thus have we been happy, though some days were dark and drear, and I have been many times repaid for all the care, simply by hearing my son's remark, "All I am or will be, I owe to mother." Is it not worth living for, to hear your children rise up and call you blessed? Then she calls attention to the growing popularity and value of outdoor life and regular physical exercise. Air and sunshine promotes health. Dear busy housewives and invalids if you cannot get out every day at least spend half an hour, sitting by an open window. Dress warmly and close doors so there will be no draught and you will not catch cold.

For worn-out nerves and sleeplessness try these exercises which can be taken in bed. Breathe deeply and lying on the back with the elbows close to the sides, bear weight on them, lifting the chest as high as possible, reverse lying face down. Then on each side, raising the weight simply by the arms. Deep refreshing sleep will be sure to follow.

Mary E. Mallett, Lee, Maine, sends these few words, a tribute to one whose life was an example and inspiration to many:

On Sept. 25, '08, an aunt of mine, in her 91st year passed on, to broader, grander fields of labor in the eternal home of the soul. She was born in Dana, Mass., where at an early age, the habit of industry was formed, by braiding straw. Always a student, and lover of nature for years, she found the joy of true living, forgetting self in doing for others and to the last planning her work in advance with as much interest as in her prime.

If all of those who loved and received gifts of Grannie Burr, should stand up, the number would swell into the hundreds. Never strong, but by being most careful as to diet and becoming almost a vegetarian she lived a long and useful life. How true it is that often the stoutest hearts are in the frailest bodies, such another example is Uncle Charlie, who constantly radiates cheer and sunshine.

I will introduce a newcomer from Illinois, a teacher's wife and the mother of two children which she is bringing up to be helpful. Responsibility develops self reliance. Mrs. H. says:

I hope all the COMFORT mothers believe in teaching their little ones to help. It is something that will never come amiss to them and may prove a great blessing, if ever, as frequently happens, they are left to do for themselves when older.

I am a great lover of flowers and always raise as many as I can find time to care for. I also enjoy reading and music. I am a member of the Christian church, broad minded, believing all the Father requires of us is our best and trust in Him. My sympathy goes out to all sufferers. As I am shut in considerable with hay fever and asthma, others unfortunate enough to be afflicted in the same way please write me, perhaps we can console each other. I would also be glad of tried remedies.

Mrs. LORENA HARRELL, XENIA, R. D. 1, ILL. Women living such isolated lives should surely be remembered by COMFORT sisters. I wonder how many of you will write this little pioneer from the eastern part of Colo. She says:

As I write, from my window I can only see the waving billows of buffalo grass which cover the treeless hills, and many lonely hours are spent, the stillness broken only by the call of the prairie chickens, Jack rabbits and other wild game. We are fourteen miles from Wray, the

county seat of Yuma Co., on a farm of three hundred and sixty-seven acres. I am twenty-nine years old, have one fatherless boy of five, and a blue-eyed girl of fifteen months by my second husband.

For crout I have found alum and sugar fine, grate the alum and add equal amount of sugar, give dry, dose according to age, for a child of four an amount the size of a bean, repeat in fifteen or twenty minutes, or until the child sweats.

**THE INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT of the United States is one of the most imposing ceremonies in the world. March COMFORT tells all about it. Subscribe now; learn how it is done.**

Rag carpet makers can save time and sewing by cutting slits in the end of each strip, then put the end of a strip through a slit and then the end of the second strip through the slit in same strip, draw down closely. Try this method and see how rapidly you get along.

Hoping some of the sisters will visit me by letter, Your COMFORT sister.

Mrs. EDDIE O. LAY, Box 46, Laird, Colo.

Mrs. Florence S. Powell, Mt. Juliet, R. D. 2, Tenn. would also appreciate letters and a remedy for tetter on the hands.

Mrs. Clara Jefferies, Bucklannon, W. Va., is lonesome as her husband is away all the week, letters and remedies for weak nerves asked for.

A daughter asks letters for her mother who has been ill since last April 27th. Address Mrs. HANNAH BOYER, Fairchild, R. D. 3, Wis.

A subscriber who has read these pages eleven years, writes an interesting letter, a part of which follows:

I can keep silent no longer, after reading our anniversary number from cover to cover. I am a happy wife and the mother of five boys, but like many another I have known sorrow, as our twin girls were called home, after being with us only a little while.

I have learned much from these pages and should like especially to hear from mothers on the training of children. We have such a responsibility to bring them up rightly. Maybe a few of my ideas may prove useful.

For one thing I have a large wash day apron made of white oil cloth, this goes almost around me and has a large bib in front, sleeves reaching from the wrist to the elbow of oil cloth, I also use in the summer when picking berries.

Castor oil is fine to apply to a burn, it will give almost instant relief.

When baby has a cold and cough boil down a handful of mullein leaves, strain, add one cup of this tea to one cup of honey with a lump of alum the size of a bird's egg, and one half ounce of Tr. Lobelia, set on stove and boil till thick syrup, bottle and give one half teaspoonful as often as necessary, it is also good for croup.

Can anyone tell me how to prevent spiders from webbing in pantries?

Mrs. M. A. Holt, Heron, Miss.

Mrs. Hattie Whitted, Wabedo, Minn. Try either extract or oil of cornsilk for inflammation of the bladder; it cured me completely.

ANNIE DUGAN, Orangeville, Ky.

Next a Homesteader from Okla. asks for a letter party Feb. 25, and also a true and tried

Lottie Briggs, will you kindly write Mrs. Roxie Sills, Fort Henry, Tenn., continuing the subject of your letter to this department?

Mrs. W. T. Horseman sends this information: Do the readers know that black ribbon can be made to look like new, by thoroughly steaming it over a teakettle and then pressing under a cloth. Velvet may also be renovated by steaming. Heat an iron, then stand on end, cover with a wet cloth and over this draw the velvet, pulling on the straight of it only, never bias, steam until all marks disappear.

A partial shut-in writes: I am sitting on a pine log in a grove of white oaks and dogwood, the birds overhead are singing their farewell to 1908 and Thanksgiving is almost here. For miles I can see fields of corn and cane and the cotton is tall enough to hide a horse, excepting his head and mane, just a solid sheet of white glistening in the sunshine.

At night these woods ring with hunters' horns and the barking of dogs. I have never sampled baked opossum but have had lots of fine rabbit. I love birds and think it is cruel to shoot them for sport, anything in the infantile stage appeals to me, even a pig. If I were strong enough I would go to the Orphan Asylum at Jackson, Miss., and devote my life to the children; as it is, I am trying to prepare for a trained nurse, but I almost despair of accomplishing it, for I am not well or independent.

Mrs. Abbie Grant. Get up early and watch the sun rise, walk in the woods and study nature, read your Bible, pray and study, thus it was I found Christ and peace. All please write me, I will answer letters containing stamps.

MEEDA COOK, Glading, Miss.

DEAR MOTHERS:

Especially those who have had their children grow up and scatter, can sympathize with me.

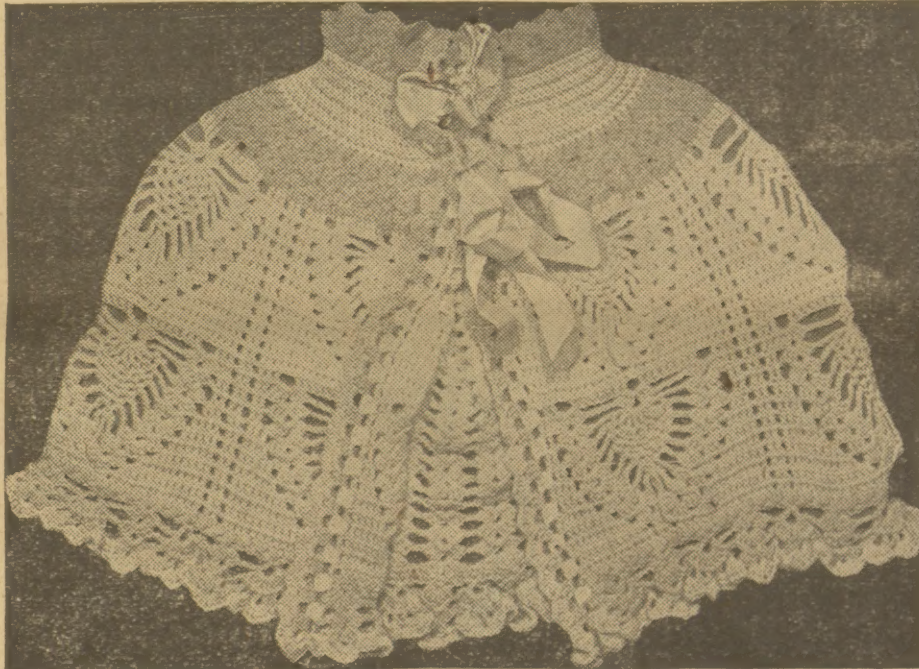
My husband died several years ago. I was left with four children, three sons, one daughter, my sons went West this last spring and I certainly know what it means to be left alone, and the way seems very dark sometimes; but we are to believe that "God doeth all things well," and try and be cheerful with our lot. I do feel so sorry for the shut-ins. How we ought to appreciate good health, and our good homes, where we have plenty of this world's goods to make us comfortable and happy. We cannot always have roses strewn in our pathways, but how much better we could all make this world if we would all extend a helping hand, a kind word, or a pleasant smile.

Then just a year ago last August I lost my mother, and since her death I feel doubly lonely. She, also, had been left a widow when I was a small child, and of late years had been living with her children. She came to Indiana when this country was new, and helped to make homes for each of her four children. She lived to see them all doing well. Oh, how we miss her council and advice.

I should be pleased to hear from those residing in the West as I should like to learn something about the different localities. Will answer all letters addressed,

Mrs. IDA L. PARKS, Jonesboro, Ind.

A seventeen-year-old sister who enjoys all kinds of fancy work says:



CROCHETED CAPE.

Sent in by Miss Alice Lower.

remedy for cancer. In closing she makes these suggestions:

Molasses added to stove polish will give a better polish and not burn off so readily. A tablespoonful of turpentine or ammonia added to a boiler of water will aid in bleaching.

Mrs. LUCY NEWMAN, Elk City, Okla.

A sister asks a favor for a friend who is gradually dying from diabetes. Anyone knowing of any remedy for this disease kindly write Mrs. Daggett, Fish Rock, Mendocino Co., Cal. Letters of cheer and reading matter will also be appreciated.

To partly repay any kindness shown, Mrs. Daggett sends the following:

For tuberculosis of most any kind or for ordinary consumption, set an iron pot on the stove and put some tar into it and as the smoke or steam begins to rise inhale it until you nearly suffocate, repeat the operation several times each day and it will entirely cure the disease.

For whooping cough, mix turpentine and olive oil half and half and apply to the nose, throat, chest and back, giving about five or six drops internally every time a coughing spell comes on. It will cure in from ten days to two weeks. I cured my two weeks' old baby that way when the children the doctor attended around here died of it. Two tablespoonfuls of the same mixture given internally every two hours will break up pneumonia in six hours, but it is not safe for a pregnant woman to take.

Juice of raw tomatoes is better than lemon juice for removing stains from the hands.

When bothered by flies if you will shut all the doors and windows but one small opening then burn a handful of cotton rags you will find all the flies gone.

Mrs. B. C. BRAYTON, Fish Rock, Mendocino Co., Cal.

Mrs. G. E. Roff, Logan, R. D. 2, Kans., a young mother of twenty-three years is suffering from an operation which resulted from caring for her mother for eight months before her death. She asks to be remembered in your prayers and also by letter.

Such a devoted daughter surely deserves cheer. Mrs. M. Wentworth, Sanford, Maine, also asks for remedies for diabetes.

A worker and devoted mother of ten children would like to hear from sisters who could give suggestions in regard to nervous prostration, good reading matter also solicited. Address Mrs. NANNIE C. WASH, Chilesburg, Va.

Mrs. R. Lee, Box 135, Washatook, Okla., a young widow, whose husband died April 4, '08, asks for letters of sympathy.

Mrs. Fannie B. May, Sayre, Okla., would like to hear from the sisters of a harmless remedy for reducing one's weight.

We have taken COMFORT for over ten years and could not do without it.

Uncle Charlie is doing some noble work among the shut-ins.

Lottie Briggs please write often, your letter was so interesting. Now I will send a few hints and close.

Salt pork will be nearly as nice as fresh if soiled in sweet milk and water, equal parts. Your pie crust will not be soggy if brushed over with the white of an egg before fruit is put in. Half a cup of vinegar in the water will make an old owl cook nearly as quickly as a young one, and does not injure the flavor in the least. A tough beef steak may be made eatable by mincing it pretty fine with a chopping knife and cooking quickly in a pot with a close cover to preserve the steam from escaping.

MARY EDWARDS, Shady Point, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to ask a favor. Who can tell me of a cure for bed wetting? My boy of seven is troubled in this way.

For twenty years I have read COMFORT and have laughed myself sick at Uncle Charlie's droll replies.

I also love to read these letters. I have passed most of my life in Iowa and spent eight years in the furniture city, Grand Rapids, and should like to hear from any readers living there.

We now live on a farm and I keep a small grocery store, so you can imagine how busy I am. Hoping the sisters will not overlook this and extending my thanks in advance for any assistance I remain,

Mrs. GERTIE LAMBERT, Hadlock, Wis.

**DID YOU FIND IT? Look on page 15 for the answer.**

A Kansas sister writes:

I agree with Mrs. V. V. Skeen and think a housewife should have every possible comfort. I am also sorry for "Mother of Four." Much is written about a woman's duty why not touch on a man's duty, but it would probably do little good as he would not read it.

Women blessed with good husbands ought to thank God every day of their lives, for many men keep their good words for outsiders and at home their natures are turned loose.

Mrs. Dewey. For eczema try ten cents' worth of cream of tartar and sulphur, take a teaspoonful each morning before breakfast, for three days, then skip three mornings, and continue until cured. With tincture of iron paint the affected parts once or twice.

For goiter, paint with iodine until the throat feels disagreeable, discontinue a few days and paint again.

Mrs. GRACE DOWNEY, Hugoton, Kans.

Here comes a sister from Chesapeake Bay, not far from where the fleet sailed from. Her advice is sensible and would lessen work.

Dear sisters save your strength in winter and don't wash muslin sheets. The weather wears them out and they give one a chill. Cotton blankets feel so much warmer and save washing; always get the largest size. Air them every day in the sun and when they have to go in the tub, take a windy day and do them alone early in the morning, let them air from noon until bedtime around the stove.

Always use two cases on each pillow, an old one next tick, or ones made of cambric, makes the outside one look much whiter, the ticking not showing through, then if one has only hair or a child is sick in the night, the cases can be quickly taken off before the tick is ruined.

I hope the sisters do not use salt to keep dust down in sweeping. A neighbor of ours went away one summer for a few days, but sickness kept her away two months. When they returned and opened the house they found the two parlors very damp, as if pails of water had been poured everywhere on that handsome carpet; had to take the carpets up that very night and they hung on a line many a week—seemed as if they would never dry out. They knew the house had not been opened and were at a loss, until I said salt. I do not care for any carpets give me nine by twelve rugs and matting, in sweeping those I dip broom in large pan of hot water every few minutes and scatter tea leaves on the floor, then there is little or no dust.

When the catsup is gone, make chill sauce from one quart can of tomatoes.

I would be glad to hear from mothers who have cured bed wetting. My baby, aged four years, is all right, but the nine and eleven-year-old ones are a great care. Doctors' medicine never helped them.

We moved from Pennsylvania here and I find it quite lonely, am glad to have work and sewing to keep me busy.

An unknown friend in Minnesota sent me COMFORT for a year. Must be a very sweet girl. I read six magazines each month then remail to friends so to get all the good out of them.

In making bloomers out of the father's pants put pockets in the fronts, then put on dark percale bands and make three buttonholes, heaps easier and does not show, one pair home made will outlast two pairs from the store and look just as good. May COMFORT live long to print the letters of the sisters, my favorite reading.

Mrs. J. P. BUTLER, Box 211, Cape Charles, Va.

**WHERE HAS THE MONEY GONE? Read our list of prize winners on page 30 and you will see. But there are lots more going in UNDER THE PRIZE. Big and small, during the next three months. Don't you want your share? Read our GREAT PRIZE OFFER on page 30.**

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is of age! And all those who have had its guiding in the past, can rest easy about its future. COMFORT certainly has been well raised. I can remember when it did not sit down at the first table. For several years I have noted a great change for the better in COMFORT. Caused, no doubt, by the constant care and advice of father, mother, sisters, cousins and Uncle Charlie. May COMFORT live long and prosper.

And now sisters, some of you may not know how to mount common wood cuts and surely you will all want to preserve the many interesting pictures given us in the anniversary November number. The fine group of Mr. Gannett and his family, our own Mrs. Wilkinson and dear patient Uncle Charlie. How good it is to see these faces, and to keep them in an attractive form; simply get a sheet of black cardboard which comes about twenty-five by thirty inches. Cut out the pictures, leaving a margin of white around each, when possible. Mark the cardboard the size to be cut, measuring with a ruler, cut very straight with a sharp knife, a wide margin looks best. Use a cold flour paste and don't forget to write or paste the name of each on the back.

Can any sister lend me "Chicago Quickstep"? I played it thirty years ago. I think that it is out of print. I will return it, in good order.

Since my letter to the Sisters' Corner last spring I have been almost deluged with letters, asking about this part of the country. I answered all who sent stamp and many who did not.

It is useless to write me about cheap land, as cultivated land on this island is high, and it is costly to clear the wild land.

I have been keeping house almost thirty years and may have learned some things the younger sisters do not know.

Keep canned fruit in a dark place—or wrapped with heavy paper, especially tomatoes, corn and beans in glass.

Never use starch hot. It will fade colored muslins.

Mrs. IDA S. BOWER, Dewey, Wash.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

So many have written to these columns praising the Western scenery I want to say a word for old New England, and especially the corner in Massachusetts which I call home. The beautiful little city of Pittsfield, lies in the heart of the Berkshire Hills, of which I suppose you have all heard. It is a beauty spot far famed and the summer home of hundreds of vacationists.

These hills of western Massachusetts lie between the Taconic range on the west and an extension of the Green Mountains on the east.

Pittsfield is a city of thirty thousand, situated ten thousand and thirty-seven feet above sea level and was settled in 1752 by families from Wetherfield, Conn., headed by Solon Dening. At first it retained the Indian name of Pontotoc or until 1761 when the town was incorporated and renamed in honor of the first Earl of Chatham.

It is now an ideal city of varied industries, with complete railroad and trolley service, fine buildings and pure water.

The equal, naturally and otherwise of any city of its size, a place of which its citizens are very proud.

The East has also many other beauty spots, so sisters write of them, let's not be outdone by those who sing of the glories of the West. My own state for me, let us hear from other New Englanders and any who care to write me will receive a prompt answer.

MISS ALICE L. GAUTHIER, 93 Dawes Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I feel as though it would be an honor to see my name on your page. I live in Oklahoma, perhaps I can tell something about the country that would be interesting to some of the Northern sisters. Corn and cotton is our main crop in this part of the state. I think the cotton the most beautiful crop I ever saw growing. It is one vast flower garden, white and red blooms, squares, bolls and open cotton all hanging on the same stalk at once. The cotton fields are a great curiosity to all, who, like myself, came here from the North, and give employment to big and little, old and young, when the crop is ready for picking.

At one time last year we had twenty-five in the field, ranging from children of six years old up to men and women of sixty. They make sacks to pick in from one to three yards long, with a strap over the shoulder and drag them along till they get as much cotton as they can handily pull then weigh up, empty their sacks and go back to picking again. The man owning the field generally takes a wagon with side boards on and drives out with a pair of scales on the end of the wagon tongue to hang the sacks on. Each picker is paid according to the number of pounds he picks, all the way from fifty cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents per hundred pounds. A good picker will average one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds a day, while some can pick five hundred pounds. When they get fifteen hundred pounds on the wagon it is hauled to the gin and baled,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



# A Fateful Wedding Eve

## or, The Pirate's Daughter

By Ida M. Black

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Moonlight everywhere, and Aunt Hope Hastings declares it's bright as day and there is no risk in a ten minutes' run to the village, and she asks Carlyn if she's scared. She is not, but takes Duke for company. The sands are a little lonely. Fifteen minutes pass and Carlyn is not in sight. Aunt Hope calls again and again. She is startled by Jack Devere, who tells her that King Carl is off the coast and there is a chance to make a cool thousand if they catch him at his old trade. Carlyn, heedless of her danger, goes on her errand. A tall, powerful man places his hand on her shoulder, asking, "In the name of heaven, who are you, girl?" In an instant Duke is at his throat. Carlyn hears the muttered oath and springs to defend Duke when she catches the stroke of the keen blade. She begs to be carried to Aunt Hope and swoons, and the man mutters, "What have I done?" He takes her to the cavern of the cliff. "This once, if never again can I hold you to my heart. I can press a father's kiss upon your unconscious lips and before God and my lonely heart call you my own."

Dame Trott throws open her parlor to Captain Jack Devere. Pat Burns declares he sees King Carl carrying off Carlyn Durham. If harm comes to the girl, neither God nor man shall save Burns from Devere's vengeance. Aunt Hope wonders how he came to claim his child? Captain Devere offers four thousand dollars for the capture of Carlyn Durham alive or dead. He springs forward—loses his footing, the earth opens beneath him, and he falls down. Regaining consciousness he finds himself the center of a group of men. He hears Pat Burns' voice. A keen dirk is raised. A strange spasm of pain darkens King Carl's countenance, and he orders Dallas to take the prisoner into the inner cavern. His life is the forfeit of their laws. Jack appeals in the name of God and man that their law may reach the villain who has Carlyn Durham in his power. Jack Dallas enters. The men swear Devere shall never leave the place alive. King Carl has reason to hate the name of Devere, and he exacts an oath from his prisoner that he will never reveal aught he sees or hears in the name of God and man. Carlyn's loving heart, so may heaven deal with him.

Carlyn regains consciousness and the old hermit bids her sleep and gives a soothing drink. She sleeps in safety and a bearded man bends over and kisses her with the purity of a father's farewell.

Squire Devere calls for his niece, Hortense. He hears from Jack. He has a fall and is at Dame Trott's delicious from his sickness. Hortense goes to him, and falling on her knees prays for his life. Jack's lips move and he whispers, "Poor little Carlyn. Is she safe?"

Aunt Hope tells Carlyn of the curse upon the hut of Jonas Devere, and his worming himself in with the Durhams. She means the Durhams, of Mrs. Dunham being timid when he was near, and Master Carroll's dislike for him, and of Mrs. Dunham too old and feeble to be left alone. Aunt Hope, as a young girl goes to Oakdale to be company for the aged woman. She questions Mrs. Dunham what are in the great boxes, and she begs her not to ask—there are her husband's time goes on, and the woman is slowly dying and looking for a sail that never comes. She whispers a word in Aunt Hope's ear, and she knows where the strange foreign things come from. Master Carroll brings his father to his dying wife. The end comes. Aunt Hope goes to the man's call. It is not in his power to render the last sad rites. Devere awaits him in the hut on the cliff and the pirate goes out to his death. Dying he prays the but may stand in the face of winds and wave until the vengeance of God and man falls on the villain who betrays him.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### CARLYN'S VOW.

**A** WEEK had passed. The alarm attendant upon the rumor that the dreaded pirates were again on the cliffs, had subsided. King Carl, and all the supernatural terrors that invested him, had faded into the unsubstantiated outlines of romance. It was even doubted whether the rakish little vessel that keen observers had noticed off the point, were not a mirage created by excited fancy.

The two witnesses that could have thrown light upon the subject chose to remain silent. Jack Devere, bound by his oath of secrecy to the pirate, could not reveal even to those nearest to him, the particulars of his awful peril and almost miraculous escape; while Carlyn, restrained by Aunt Hope's stern admonitions and mysterious warnings, shrank with a strange reluctance from any allusion to her meeting with the pirate chief.

The slight wound left by his steel on her arm had entirely healed; only the scar remained, serving as an ever present reminder of her night of terror. The pale cheek had regained its rosy freshness, the soft eye its usual light; and Carlyn, shielded by Aunt Hope's grim watchfulness, went on unquestioned, in her usual way.

Like some flower that had lingered, pale and scentless, through a clouded spring, the young girl seemed to have suddenly burst into the bloom of womanhood. The dream-world in which she lived had been swept aside, and her awakening heart began to timidly question her own emotions.

She must not give Jack Devere a thought, her aunt had said. He was wild and reckless and thought himself far beneath him. Yet he had risked his life in seeking her, as Pat Burns had told her the first time he had seen her, telling her that even now he was lying at the point of death for her sake.

And Carlyn's heart had followed him. All through this weary week, she had felt a strange, weary throbbing through that heart, as if it pulsed responsively to the fever-beat of him who lay in Dame Trott's darkened chamber, struggling back into life. If she could but see him, speak to him, even only ask after him. But some new timidity oftened her when his name would have passed her lips.

The little lover who had guided her faltering steps over the cliff, whose boyish devotion had such an element of high-toned chivalry; the roguish youth whose loud voice and wild merriment had grown hushed and sobered at her coming; the reckless man whose flashing eye and glowing cheek had made her heart flutter like a frightened bird, all these dreams and memories of the past were blended into one sad, anxious reality—Captain Devere, who lay ill, perhaps dying for her sake, at the village inn.

She had heard nothing for three days of him, and a nervous anxiety made her cheeks glow with a hectic flush. "You're lookin' feverish, Carlyn," said Aunt Hope. "You'd best take a run over the hills and stop at Deacon Hemperly's, and see if he is going to market tomorrow. I have a dozen or two of eggs that I ain't no use for, and he might as well turn 'em into a shilling ez not."

"Dame Trott said that she would take our eggs if we had more than we need," said Carlyn, hesitatingly, "it's nearer than the market town."

"Dame Trott'll get none of my eggs if she has to wait until her ducks caw," answered Aunt Hope, sharply. "I'll not have you gossiping around a village barroom, with all the loafers staring at your face, if I never sell an egg."

"I will go whenever you please, aunt. I will be glad of a walk over the hills, so pack up your eggs," said Carlyn, with a pleasant smile.

She drew a little flannel worsted shawl about her shoulders, and a hood over her curls, and with the crisp breeze blowing in her face, sped lightly over the hills.

On the slope of the cliff that overhung the farm toward which her steps were directed stood

a little old-fashioned church, which was built in colonial times by English worshippers, and had been abandoned for the larger and more popular meeting-house in Milton village. Lifting the latch of the gate she stepped into the churchyard, and drawn by some new-born impulse of devotion, stood beside her mother's grave.

The simple marble headstone was overgrown with moss and stained by the grass that grew in rank luxuriance around. Carlyn wiped away the blot from the inscription, and read,

"Carlyn,  
Beloved wife of Carroll Durham,  
Aged 20 yrs."

There was no other name on the marble, no companion mound to the little hillock that marked where the young wife slept. Carlyn knew that a strange mystery enshrouded her father's fate—a mystery that could never be unraveled until the sea gave up its dead. Aunt Hope seldom spoke of the past, but the orphaned girl had gleaned from her, at intervals the outlines of a history which her vivid imagination had rounded into a shadowy completeness. She knew that her father was a man of higher culture and attainments than those with whom her lot was cast. The books that had come down to her, with his dashing autograph upon the fly-leaf; the letters written from abroad to his young wife, tender and devoted in tone, it is true, but with a certain dignity noticeable in them, sketchbook, full of bold outlines that the artist had lacked the patience and perseverance to fill, all told the story of different aims, higher pursuits and more cultured tastes than belonged to the simple inmates of Cliff Cottage.

And he had gone away and broken her mother's heart!

This sweeping conclusion, which Aunt Hope never deigned to interpret always stirred Carlyn's young heart into childish sentiment.

In her earlier days, when she was wise in fairy lore, her father figured in her waking dreams as the Prince Wonderful, who, after having been bound for many years by some wicked spell, would return, with chariot and winged steeds, to confute Aunt Hope's slanders, and

with a sob, "so lonely and friendless! there is none in all the world to love or pity me!" "Pity!" he echoed, "child, what need have such as you of pity? Who has dared to make you feel the need of pity? Look up at me. Do not fear to let me read the secrets of your heart, speak to me as if I were the parent that you have lost, the father that you have never known. Tell me, poor little blossom, have you learned to love?"

The old man's tones were gentle and tender but Carlyn shrank from the searching gaze of his piercing eyes, the eyes that seemed to read her very soul. She buried her face in her hands, and trembled and blushed but was silent.

"Tell me," continued the hermit, "is your love happy? Is there aught that stands between you and your lover? If there is, it shall be removed. Yes, if walls of steel stood between you, they should be removed!"

"No, no," interrupted Carlyn, frightened at his eagerness, "you do not understand, I have no lover, I want nothing. Let me go, kind old man! I thank you for all your kindness and protection. You saved my life and I am grateful, very grateful—but—"

She tried to draw her hand from his grasp, but he detained her.

"Poor little dove, how it flutters! Ah, child, my sight is keen enough to see the arrow that you would hide. But, nay, do not shrink so, we will say no more about it. Only promise me before you go, here standing over your mother's grave, that if you need help or protection, if you need a father's counsel, or a friend's aid, you will come to me—to the old hermit, who is more powerful than he may seem, to assist you. See?" he said as he led her to the church, and parting the moss, showed her an aperture in the walls. "One little written word, dropped in there, will bring me to your aid. Will you promise to seek it, Carlyn? Child, child," he whispered hoarsely, "I knew your mother—I loved her! For her sake, as well as for your own, I would be your friend. Will you accept the pledge? Will you promise to call on the old man when you need a father's aid?"

"I promise!" faltered Carlyn, who, terrified



"WHO HAS GIVEN YOU THE RIGHT TO INSULT ME BY SUCH WORDS, ABRAM HEMPERLY?"

bear off his little girl in triumph to his kingdom of bonbons and bliss!

As fancy matured, the fairy prince sank into an earthly nobleman, who, banished from his own country, had wooed and wedded a simple cottage maid, and suddenly summoned from her side by some inexplicable change of circumstances, which he was not permitted to reveal, mourned for her, with gloomy fidelity, amid all his restored honors, and never would be consoled until the auspicious day when his loved one would be restored to the person of a lovely daughter, of whose existence he had been altogether unaware.

But of late the ideal father had been the object of a wistful yearning unknown before. Aunt Hope, cold, hard, and stern, condemned alike father and lover, hence their interests seemed allied in Carlyn's rebellious heart. Ah, if she only had the wise guidance, the protecting love of a father.

She lay her head upon the cold marble stone, and the unbidden tears trickled down her bright young cheek.

Unconscious of any observer, she started with affright as a deep voice whispered close to her ear:

"My child, my poor little child, I cannot bear to see this grief! Why do you weep?"

Carlyn, turning around, saw the tall form, the silvery beard, and the strange, piercing eyes of the hermit of the cliff! Why had he sought her again?

"Tis your mother's grave," the hermit went on, his voice trembling as he spoke, "and a mother's grave is sacred ground. But surely you do not weep for one so long at rest—for one whom you could scarcely have known? Come!—he drew her gently to a block of granite near—"sit down, and tell me your grief, poor little orphaned one, perhaps the old man can comfort and help you."

As Carlyn looked up in his face, the same fearless trust that she had before felt was awakened in her heart. "I am so lonely," she answered,

at the emotion displayed by her companion, was eager to escape from him. "I promise, on my word, on my oath."

"It is enough," he replied, more quietly. "I know that you will not forget." Then dropping the little hand he had held clasped in his own, he turned abruptly from her and entered the church.

She gazed after him for a moment with a sort of fascinated awe, then grasping her shawl closer about her, she fled from the spot that seemed invested with supernatural terrors. As she passed the open door of the ruined church she saw that it was empty—the mysterious hermit had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

The Hemperly farm was only a few steps beyond the churchyard. As she approached it she was hailed by Abram Hemperly, the deacon's son. He was a tall, gaunt, New Englander, with short, sandy hair and homely features yet there was an honest light in the clear blue eyes, an honest smile upon the bearded lips, and such staunch resolve about the rugged brow and then, 'twould be subtle to hold on to. Pat Collins was around last evening and told us about Jack Devere's attempt to rescue you the other night. I—I didn't know ez you had given him the right to look after your comings and goings, Carlyn?"

Poor Carlyn, this was too much for even her

gentle nature. The soft eyes flashed, as she turned upon her unfortunate tormentor, and said sharply:

"Who has given you the right to insult me by such words, Abram Hemperly?"

"Now don't get wrathful, Carlyn. I hevn't got no right, an' I don't care so much, ez long ez Jack Devere didn't hev no right nuther. I ain't much on looks, an' I ain't much on talk, but I am a powerful lot on feeling. Ef you'd only giv me a little hope, ef it was no thicker 'an an oat straw, I'd grip it like a drowning man, for I have somehow hed my heart set on you sence it could be set on anything, and love hez been a-growing and a-creeping and a-stretching all around, till I can't grub it out nohow. That's the farm and the house, and father and mother glad enough to hev you. An'—an' I wouldn't be much in your way, Carlyn, that is if ye didn't want me; an' there would always be a pair of good strong arms to protect you. Ye are drefull unprotected up on the cliffs and—"

"Hush, Abram, you grieve me more than I can tell," cried Carlyn, "I cannot listen to you. I cannot love you as you wish."

"I ain't asking for love," was the simple answer. "I am only asking you to be my wife, Carlyn."

"But I cannot be your wife without loving you, Abram."

"Why not?" was the sturdy rejoinder. "Ez long as I am willing to take the risk, I don't see that law or gospel hez anything to say agin it."

"But—but you don't understand, Abram, it can never be," shaking her head resolutely.

"Never! never!"

"It can never be—never!" he echoed, sadly. "I understand you. There's someone else that takes the loaf, when I only ask for the crumbs. Let him look to himself, then, that's all," said Abram, fiercely, "for if he dares to cast a shadow of sorrow on your path, though it is none of my business, I'll make it my work to protect you."

And stamping on the ground, as if in impatience at the emotion he had betrayed, Abram turned away, as his mother advanced to meet Carlyn.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE HERMIT'S WARNING.

The silken curtains of Jack Devere's windows were closely drawn; a bright fire leaped and danced in the polished grate; and the room was fragrant with the spicy breath of the exotics that was arranged with an exquisite taste in the Parian vases on the table. In the great arm-chair reclined the heir of Devere Manor, whose spirits and strength were just beginning to rally from the fever that had prostrated them.

He looked pale and wasted but there was a spark of the old fire in his dark eyes, and an echo of the old merriment in his weak voice; and his cousin felt, with a thrill of joy, that the worst was over—the unnatural quiet, that had been his most alarming symptom, had passed away. He was of the earth earthy again.

"You look pale this morning, Hortense," said the young man, tenderly, "and it is no wonder, you have made yourself a perfect slave, this past week. Between an old tyrant and a young one, you have not drawn a breath in peace. Go lie down and rest yourself, I am just as comfortable as I can be. Go! that's a dear girl, and rest a while, won't you?"

"I am not tired, indeed, Jack," Hortense answered, "not at all tired. I thought you wanted me to read to you."

"I did a while ago; but I have changed my mind. I don't want you to do anything, unless it is to talk to me. How's the uncle this evening? I was so weak when they brought me home this evening that I did not get a square look at him, but it struck me that he seemed a little more shaky than usual. It might have been the excitement of my recovery that unnerved him. He was performing a regular St. Vitus' jig on the porch below."

"His nerves are very much shattered of late," replied Hortense, sadly. "He seems to have had a fright of some kind."

"He was disappointed at the result of our search on the cliff," continued Jack. "He seems to bear some bitter grudge against this dreaded King Carl, his bitter threats made my blood curdle. It is well for all hands that the pirate got away. There has nothing else happened to stir him up?"

Hortense did not answer immediately. How could she tell him that their uncle had heard of his desperate championship of Carlyn Durham, and resented it more bitterly than she had ever known him to resent his favorite's acts before? How could she tell him that his uncle had told her that she had been destined by him, from the first moment of their meeting, for his nephew's bride—that nephew who had never betrayed any lover's ardor, any lover's tenderness—who had shown himself simply as the frank, affectionate brother who accepted the sisterly devotion as his right.

Hortense knew her uncle. In spite of the gratitude that closed her eyes to his cowardice and selfishness, she knew that his petty tyranny would ruthlessly crush all that dared to oppose it, that his cruel cunning would stop at no means of torture that he believed would drive his unwilling victims into submission to his will.

It was a difficult subject to approach. "I saw that pretty little girl yesterday evening, Jack," she said at length, forgetful that his last question was unanswered.

"What little girl?" he asked, unconsciously. "You know that little girl are my abomination just now. That red-headed sprite at Dame Trott's settled the whole species as a sort of a delicious nightmare. I can feel those sticky little paws crawling me yet."

"This little girl will scarcely come under the red-haired category," replied Hortense, smiling. "I speak of Carlyn Durham. I met her last night, just below the church, and she asked after you very kindly. She seems a gentle, timid little creature, somewhat above her station in life."

"She is well-born as well as well-bred," answered Jack quickly, and with some irritation in his tone. "There is no lady in the land more refined, modest and delicate. I have known her since the time she was a child, and—"

he paused, as if fearful to say too much; and then continued eagerly, "And she asked for me, you say, Hortense? Did she have courage for that? What did she say? How did she speak of me?"

"Oh, very kindly," answered Hortense, in a voice that grew hard and cold in spite of herself. "I hardly remember her words, in fact she seemed almost afraid to speak to me at all."

Jack did not love her, but he was careless and ease-loving. Would a union that would fix forever the fortune that depended on his uncle's will—a union that would insure him a continuation of the luxuries that seemed necessary to his happiness—would a union with her be an evil to him? Ah! the woman's heart answered its own question, and from its bitter depths whispered that love is the greatest good.

All day long the temptation had been working in her heart, all day long her noble nature had been struggling against it, and now she felt that the conflict must be decided before her uncle and nephew met again, for at that meeting she knew the subject would be broached that must change the frank, cousinly relation forever. She must learn this very evening if her cousin loved Carlyn Durham.

"Perhaps she took me for a tame ogre. But seriously, Jack, who is this girl, and what do you know of her? Uncle was speaking to me this morning of some faint rumor that had connected her name with yours, and he seemed very much irritated about it."

Young Devere's face flushed angrily. "What could rumor say that would be derogatory either to her or me?" he asked haughtily. "I could not hold even you, Hortense, in deeper reverence than I do that girl. You know my position, you know the idle, good-for-nothing,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

FOURTH MONTH OF COMFORT'S great and successful PRIZE CONTEST begins with February. Lots of money has been paid in prizes easily won. Lots more of big and small PRIZES for the next TWO MONTHS. NO WAITING. PRIZES PAID AS soon as earned. Read our PRIZE OFFER on page 30 and go in to win.





LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 25 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

"C" UDDLEDON" as the Scotch say, and let us have a cozy chat. This is the month in which our two greatest national heroes were born, Washington and Lincoln. Mr. Gannett has asked me to speak of them in my talk with you this month. There is much I could say of both, but to be candid I'd rather not mention them, for when I contemplate those two majestic figures towering mountain high above common humanity, I am lost in wonder and awe, and my tongue refuses to speak, and my pen to move, for how can I compare them with little statesmen and grafting politicians of the present day?

One thing I'd like to say is: That I don't think our nation, great as it is, has proved worthy of such men. I believe also, that if Washington were alive today, and saw how we have strayed from the path of honor he mapped out for us, he would apologize to Great Britain for ever having drawn sword against her, and I feel confident he would wish to make her take this country back again under her rule. Now yell Traitor! Not a bit. Let me admit that I am thoroughly satisfied with the industrial achievements and national progress of this nation, but honestly now, you must agree with me that politically we are almost, if not entirely, an utter failure. Washington thought that by driving out the British he had rid our country of its only oppressor, and he had a right to believe it. But Britain's enmity and oppression was child's play compared to the enmity and tyranny of the money power that has since sprung up and is now enslaving this nation. Our British enemies wore red coats, and came out in the open to shoot, or be shot down like men. The danger to the republic is now from within. Our enemies today wear no coat of red, nor do they fight with sword or other manly weapon, nor in the open. They call themselves American citizens, instead of America's enemies, and fight with money bags and check books in secret. These men are to be found close to the nation's heart, in our Senate, our House of Representatives, supposedly there to represent you, but in reality to represent corrupt, corporate interests that are unlawfully exploiting the people as the wolf exploits the sheep.

We find the public enemy in the form of the unlawful trusts impregnably entrenched behind their billions of ill-gotten wealth flayed by criminal practices from the hard-earned dollars of the people. We find them insolent, arrogant, defying the law, a law unto themselves, and by means of their immense and almost irresistible money power making the laws and administering them in their own interests. They have bought state legislatures and city governments outright; their influence is only too apparent in the U. S. Senate, and they have even dared to reach up and soil the hitherto clean ermine of our judiciary by demanding and enforcing the appointment of judges named by them to sit in judgment on the trial of causes between them and the people.

Europe long ago rid herself of the robber barons who with their armed followers used to ride through the country and prey upon her people, and their ruined castles on the hilltops still ornamenting her scenery are pointed out to American tourists as interesting relics of a semi-barbarous oppression that is gone forever, but when these same tourists return to free (?) America they find their fellow citizens compelled to pay oppressive tribute to the robber barons of the oil, the coal, the beef, the sugar, the tobacco trust and other trusts too numerous to mention, who nobly imitating foreign aristocracy live in princely palaces guarded by Pinkertons, and while demanding a high protective tariff to cut off foreign competition in their lines of products give their daughters with royal dowries to be the wives, and restore the ruined fortunes of dissolute and degenerate scions of the effete nobility of Europe.

Equally unscrupulous, the power for evil exercised by these modern Barons of Commerce and Napoleons of High Finance is infinitely greater than that of the cut-throat nobility of yore. Not only do they arbitrarily raise prices to the consumer, but like the beef trust and the tobacco trust they cut down the price which they pay to the producer whenever they see fit to do so. The American people are rapidly approaching a condition of practical slavery to the trusts.

This systematic robbery is bad enough, but that in fact is the least part of the evil. With their enormous annual profits these robber barons are buying up and rapidly acquiring control of our steam and electric railroads, our gas and electric light works, our water supply companies and other public service works. But even that is not the worst feature of their growing power and depravity. They are using their money to debase our national ideals, to lower the popular standard of honesty and decency, and are corrupting our youth and blurring the consciences of the rising generation by giving to fraud, perjury and bribery on a large scale a false glamor and an air of respectability. By hypocritical prayers and prominent activity in the church they atone for devouring widows' houses; by ostentatious contributions to public charities they fool and quiet some people by large gifts to the church they have lulled its opposition and hushed the anathemas of the pulpit, and by the endowment of colleges they are influencing the education of the rising generation to a false and debased standard of honesty, integrity and public duty.

Through every walk of life, political, municipal and corporate, we see the loathsome figure of Graft brazenly displaying its unholy head. The whole nation is worshipping the golden calf, and is being crucified in turn on a cross of similar material. Plutocracy has displaced democracy. The press is largely muzzled or speaks for the multimillionaires who control it. COMFORT is not muzzled and so it dares to speak the truth and give the word of warning to the people. The grand old American eagle has moulted into a Standard Oil Trust can, and the stars on Old Glory are being converted into dollar signs, and soon we shall have to sing:

The star Spangled Banner continues to wave  
O'er the land of the trust and the home of the slave.

Please do not misunderstand me. It is not wealth or corporations that I am attacking. Corporations, if properly conducted and legally organized for legitimate purposes under suitable laws for the protection of individual rights and public interests, are not only beneficial to the community but are indispensable to our present advanced civilization. So also the right to possess honestly acquired wealth is not only a mighty and inalienable right but it is such a mighty incentive to productive labor, temperance, obedience to law and numberless other virtues

that without it the existence of civilization is hardly imaginable. Mind you that I say *honestly acquired* wealth, because any system of laws which permits the holding of dishonestly acquired wealth must inevitably lead to anarchy.

If Washington and Lincoln could come out of their graves today, they would either sweep through Congress, scouring certain misrepresentatives of the people, and ridding it of lobbyists, and corporation lackeys as Christ cleaned the Temple of money changers, or return to their graves broken hearted. Perchance, though, Lincoln would hear the cry of the children and women in the sweat shops, and wage a war for the freedom of the white slaves. Perchance Washington would buckle on his sword and fight the monopolists, and the entrenched hosts of privilege and corruption, and give us a country once more patriotically based on simple Ameri-

can ideals, a country without criminal trusts, a country ruled by the people for the people, and not for trusts by trusts. One hour of Lincoln or Washington, and we should have a government savings bank in every post-office in the land, and a government owned telegraph ticking in the same office, where messages at a cent a word could be sent all over the land, and a parcels post, which we are not allowed to have today, because the Express Companies have a pull in Congress, and the people have none. All these improvements denied to America, monarchical Europe has enjoyed for half a century. When a monarchy can do better for its people than a republic, isn't it about time that we woke up and opened our eyes, and looked around for another Lincoln, or prayed for another Washington to make us free once more.

Every year we laud our national heroes—but what good does that do? They're dead, and don't hear us, and care nothing for our flattery. Washington and Lincoln lived and died, not to win cheap applause from the galleries of posterity, but that we might use their lives as beacon lights to keep the ship of state from drifting on the rocks of destruction. The prophets and sages did not all live in Bible days. Washington and Lincoln are our prophets and saints, just as Jeremiah, Daniel and Isaiah were the prophets of Israel of old. Let us then use the lives of these great men to hearten us in the struggle for better and purer government, Federal, State, and Municipal. Let us use their lives to promote real patriotism, the patriotism that makes for upright living and national righteousness, and not the fire cracker patriotism that makes us follow a blatherskite grafter to the polls on election day, and hand him our vote for a dollar and a drink of whiskey. Let us use the lives of Washington and Lincoln as the mariner uses his compass, so that we may steer our barks o'er the ocean of life straight to that harbor, where we as individuals, and as a nation, can win the approval of the Almighty God in whose image we were created.

President Roosevelt, the greatest, truest, noblest American since Lincoln, has been fighting single-handed and alone the people's battle against the criminal trusts for the last seven years, but because of the delays and technicalities of the law and the opposition of certain powerful interests in and out of Congress progress has necessarily been slow, but results in the right direction have been accomplished, which reflect the brightest credit on his administration. The people have stood by him and they must continue to do so.

We most sincerely hope and pray that his successor in office will take up this most important work where he lays it down and push it with equal vigor and determination, in spite of all opposition to a successful issue, and if he makes the effort we bespeak for him the hearty support and cooperation of the people.

Valentine's day will soon be here. Toby is drawing some beautiful valentines to send to Billy the Goat, and Billy the Goat is preparing to hand a bunch to Toby that will give him bronchitis of the tail for the next six months. I presume you have all a valentine up your sleeve to hand to me. Needless to say I hope it will be a new member for the C. L. O. C. The C. L. O. C. is certainly becoming a great organization. It would be a greater organization still, and have treble the members it has now, if you older folks would come in and join us. So many of you who have passed the thirty mark are under the impression that the C. L. O. C. is a kid organization, and only for young folks and children. This is a sad error, and it hurts you, and hurts us. COMFORT's League of Cousins is for the whole COMFORT family, and young, middle aged, and old should all come into our ranks. It is probable that the picture at the head of this page, in which children alone appear, gives you the impression that this is a juvenile outfit solely. Now get on the third rail, and wake up. Whenever you renew your subscriptions, whether you are one minute or one hundred years old, add your little five cents, and we will send you our certificate of membership, and the handsomest club button you ever saw or ever will see, and you will be a member of the best and grandest

organization on earth. On our club button appear these words: "Love, Mercy, Virtue, Brotherhood." That surely should draw you to us, for young and old can march under a banner inscribed with such a motto. Only about one in ten of the COMFORT family belong to the League, and I want everyone of you to come in to it. All COMFORT's readers peruse this page, and know what its objects are, and I want to see a million and a quarter members in this League, instead of thirty thousand odd. Now do come and join us. If all COMFORT's readers would become members of the C. L. O. C. Mr. Gannett would have to hand over two hundred and fifty wheel chairs to me to distribute, and he would be only too glad to do it.

I want to tender my heartfelt thanks to all of you who have written such beautiful letters of sympathy to me, since Mr. Gannett put you wise to certain facts in my life, that I never intended you to know. I wish I could reply to the writers of these blessed letters individually. In some cases I have, but I have neither the strength nor the time to devote the whole of my life to letter writing. I work for my living like the rest of you, and I toll from eight o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, unceasingly, the whole year round. Sickness only interferes with my schedule of toll.

You should bear in mind that the COMFORT family has six millions of members. It is more than a family, it is a nation, and though I can write you all collectively, it is impossible for me to write you individually.

I remember it to be our banner year. Help me all you can in the good work we are trying to do. Form COMFORT clubs in the village and towns in which you live. Write to Ernest Hartwell, Clovis, Cal., and he will tell you how he formed his club, and the wonderful work it is doing.

As regards my valentine, you can send me five subscriptions to COMFORT, and I will send you a volume of Uncle Charlie's Poems, autographed, always, by my own hand, and not somebody else's. This will make the best valentine you can possibly give. With each book is presented a fine half tone picture of Uncle Charlie dictating to Maria. So many of you have written and asked me for the true story of my life. You will find the best part of it in this book. You can have your books in either a beautiful shade of lilac or brilliant scarlet, silk ribbed cloth, the finest ever.

Don't forget that we have elegant League buttons, made of bronze. They look like eighteen carat gold. These articles come in various designs, lockets, buttons, stick pins, etc. They are beautiful and artistic, and only cost ten cents to League members. Those who are not members of the C. L. O. C. can obtain them by joining our organization. Send thirty cents and you will get your certificate of membership, a bronze membership button, and COMFORT for one year. If you want to join us and have the ordinary button, and this is exceedingly handsome, send twenty-five cents. Do not write and say: "Father subscribed to COMFORT six months ago, so I am sending you a nickel, and want to become a League member." Nickels don't go. Twenty-five cents must positively accompany all applications for membership. If father wants to hand you a button, or you want to hand father the paper that is up to you, and is none of our business. Fix that between you, but don't wait till six months after father and mother have subscribed, and think you can float in on a five cent basis. We have no room for people with five cent souls and nickel minds in this League.

CUMMINGS, KANS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my card and button all right and think them fine. I have been much interested in your funny letters and have had many good hearty laughs about them. I am a very small boy, fourteen years old, five feet ten inches in height, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, have brown hair, black eyes and always have a smile for everyone, especially for the pretty girls. I go to school and have a good little teacher. I like to hunt, fish and skate, as well as anyone. I have been trapping some this fall. I caught a large opossum yesterday morning and had to shoot him five times, and then stick him with my knife before I could get him out of my traps.

I live in the little town of Pardee, Kans., the nearest post-office is Cummings. We have a R. D. through here. My father has been sick for over four years and has not been able to do anything. He has bronchitis and asthma. Whenever the weather is bad papa has to stay in the house and he gets so homesick. I have two brothers, two sisters and a mother. I remain your loving nephew,

ARTHUR JONES, (No. 24,122.)

Arthur, I am very much shocked at something in your letter, I guess you know what it is. You mention that you caught a large opossum in a trap and you had to shoot him five times, and then stick him with a knife. After this open confession of cruelty, I think you ought to resign from the League. When you became a member of the C. L. O. C. you solemnly promised to be kind to dumb animals. I would like to ask you how you would like to be in that trap, with one of your limbs maimed and torn by hideous cruel steel, and then have had that opossum come along and shoot you five times and then jab and stab you with a knife.

ANNABEL MOTT (19), Lindale, Ohio.

You have an idea that the opossum has no feelings, and does not suffer. This is where you are wrong. I think trapping is cruel and barbarous anyway. If an animal is to be killed, be merciful and kill it with one shot. You must be a pretty poor shot, and pretty poor sportsman, to use five bullets to kill a single animal that is within a few inches of the muzzle of your gun. Did it ever occur to you boys, and you men too for that matter, of the awful torture animals endure when they are caught in a trap, and have to wait for hours, and sometimes days, before they are put out of their misery. So barbarously has mankind treated the animal world, that it would nerve us right if God Almighty took every dumb beast from off the globe, and left cruel man alone by himself. You boys who are ever ready to throw stones at every animal and bird you see, and are ever ready to whip every horse you chance to drive, and mete out torture to such unfortunate dumb brutes as come within the range of your savagery, how would you like to wake up one morning, and find the barnyard empty, the cows, horses, sheep, hogs, cats, dogs, chickens, ducks and all the birds of the air gone? You would shudder at the ghastly silence, you would tremble and wonder what had hap-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

## A Great Wonder

Strawberries, 4 months from seed. Here is a berry that will fruit in 4 months from seed, and every body can and will grow it. It is an ever bearing variety, producing fruit continually, and over half pint of berries have been picked from one plant as late as October. Seed sown in the house in winter will begin to fruit early and bear all summer; it will even fruit in pots in the house. Perfectly hardy anywhere.

To introduce this wonderful Strawberry we will send for 10c. one packet of the seed, a 10 ct. Sue Bill, good for 10 cts. worth of any seed you want. Also our 1909 Catalogue, which contains many colored plate pages, Novelties and curiosities from all parts of the World you cannot obtain elsewhere. Send to-day.

Write Seed House, Box 80 Rose, Hill, N. Y.

If you mention this paper and enclose 10c. silver we will send Free Seed of a new flower from Japan.

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In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1909 model. Write for Special Offer. Finest guaranteed.

1909 Models \$10 to \$27 with Coaster-brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1907 & 1908 Models \$7 to \$12

500 Second Hand Wheels All makes and models. \$3 to \$8

Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship On Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

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## ONLY 2 CENTS

This Gigantic Tomato Here is the king of all Tomatoes, largest and most productive, fruits often weighing 3 to 5 lbs., each, and 100 to 150 lbs. have been grown on one plant, very smooth, few seeds, solid all through, ripens early being a handsome red color. A few plants will produce more Tomatoes than any family can use.

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We want every person who uses seeds to see our 1909 Seed Catalog and this Gigantic Tomato and we will send a sample packet for trial, with Seed Book for only 2 cts. This book is full of new vegetables, Fruits and Flowers at 2c. a packet and upwards direct from our Farms. Save money by buying your Seeds from us.

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50 designs. They are durable—built from the best materials. A large assortment of Shetland Ponies kept at the PONY FARM. Send for free illustrated catalog "B" of Pony Vehicles. We furnish Pony, Cart and Harness—the whole outfit complete. Our Free catalog "A" tells all about 250 styles of full size vehicles.

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FREE To prove that our Blizzards of the country we offer to send 5 Fine Spruces 4 to 10 ft. tall free to property owners. Wholesale value and mailing expense over 20 cents. To help, send 5 cents or not as you please. A postal with trees and our catalog containing many colored photo plates of our choice Blizzard Belt Fruits. Write today. The Gardener Nursery Co., Box 52, Osage, Ia.

## SEEDS GIVEN AWAY

We are giving away seeds of these 10 kinds as Free Samples for trial to introduce among new customers, to test our seeds, which will produce bushels of Vegetables, Fruits and Flowers worth many dollars.

1 pkg. Mammoth Blackberry, Big Kind; grows from seed.

1 pkg. Beets Scarlet Globe; grows beets in a few weeks.

1 pkg. Cabbage, Early June; forms good heads in June.

1 pkg. Garden Lemon, fruits color and size of lemon.

1 pkg. Radish, New Lightning, Scarlet; quickest grower.

1 pkg. Tomato, Early July; ripens by July 14th in North.

1 pkg. Plant Field Corn, Biggest in the World; 14 ft.

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1 pkg. German Soup Beans, New from Germany.

1 pkg. Sweet Peas, 80 Named Kinds in a Mixture.

These 10 Sample Lots growing in your garden, will be your delight to show and surprise your neighbors, and we will mail all 10 pkgs. in a Coupon Envelope for 6c. postage and packing, and this Coupon Envelope when emptied will be accepted as 10c. payment on anything in our catalogue.

1909 Catalogue of Seeds, Plants, Fruits, Novelties, with 10 Colored Plates, mailed free with every Sample Lot.

F. B. MILLS CO. Seedmen, Box 444, Washington, Iowa.

## FREE TO FARMERS

By special arrangement, Ratekin's big 1909 seed catalogue, with a sample of "Diamond Joe's Big White" seed corn that made 153 bushels per acre, will be mailed free to every reader of this paper, who are interested in the crop they grow. This big book tells how to make the farm and garden pay. It's worth dollars to all who plant or sow. Write for it and mention this paper. The address is Ratekin's Seed House, Shenandoah, Ia.

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By mail, in a few weeks spare time home study, under our Practical Instruction—and a good paying responsible position is yours; we are unable to supply the demand. Many energetic graduates have worked up to salaries of \$5,000 a year. We send complete outfit, and you PAY US NO MONEY for tuition until position secured. Write today for special offer, stating which you prefer to learn.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.



# A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

**F**EBRUARY, the short mid-winter month of many holidays is here. The boys in the North are coasting and skating and making snowballs, the Southern lads are going barefoot and playing ball. This is a great and glorious country of ours. It is a world in itself. Boys, do you realize that we depend on you to keep our country great and our national honor stainless? Take example from the noble Washington and immortal Lincoln, who were born in February and make your life a credit to your country.

## Plan for a Sled

The sled described here is of the sturdy type that will stand any amount of hard knocks. It is pre-eminently a boy's sled, good for coasting, hitching bobs, and belly butting. Get two pieces of one inch cypress or any tough wood forty inches by seven inches and mark out the diagram of a runner as shown in top cut. Take time to get the lines graceful and smooth. The most important step in the whole construction. After being shaped and smoothed the runners are put together by two crosspieces whose ends are cut as shown in Fig. 2. The top of the sled as in Fig. 4, is then sawed out and four small holes spaced as shown are bored to receive the fastening screws. Four two inch screws are used and should be driven so that their heads are slightly lower than the surface of the sled top. To finish, the sled should be sand-papered and painted a bright red. If you are handy with the brush you can stripe it prettily and paint your name on the side.

IT WILL STAND HARD KNOCKS.

## For Mr. and Mrs. Bunny

The drawings herewith represent a neat, commodious and easily constructed rabbit yard. A close study of the drawings and plan at the top is really all the information a bright lad should need but to make doubly sure that my nephews, one and all will understand I will explain it as far as space permits. The frame to which the fastening is two by two inches. The little squares in the top cut represent the upright posts. Cut those first and then connect them with your long strips. Nail them together securely with three inch finishing nails. The boxes at each end of the yard are exactly similar. Their average height is eighteen inches, width thirty-two inches, length thirty-six inches. Be sure and give the roof a slope of two inches so it will shed the rain quickly. The cover is hinged on at the high end and locked at the lower end with a padlock. A hatch built after this plan can be cleaned and aired very easily and has the advantage of being readily moved from place to place. Refer to the illustrations as you proceed with the work and all will be plain. Write to Uncle John about this or anything else you like.

## Automatic Fountain

Here is a wonderful scientific fountain that can be made by any boy who has a taste for mechanics. Even if you do not want to construct one a careful study of the principles involved will repay you a thousand fold. Note carefully the length and position of each tube and the level of the water in the several basins. To use it the tube which forms the jet is taken out and through the opening thus formed the upper globe is nearly filled with water. The jet tube is then replaced and some water poured into the basin. This water in the basin, acting by its own weight flows into the lower globe through the tube on the left as indicated by the arrow. This flow of water into the lower globe forces out a part of the air in it, which ascending by the tube on the right, accumulates in the upper globe. The pressure of the water in the upper globe with the added air pressure forces a part of the water up through the jet tube. If made exactly as pictured here the fountain will play for hours without refilling. I would like to receive a letter from all COMFORT nephews interested in science.

## Card Trick

The player stands with all the audience in front of him and after permitting as many as wish to shuffle the deck, to do so, he places the cards face down on the table and picking up one at a time he holds them with the spots to the spectators, and though he is looking at the back of the card he calmly names it. "How in the world do you do that?" they cry. Some think he sees through the card, others that he sees the

reflection in a mirror or window, but when the performer is placed in the darkest corner of the room he can still name every card he picks up by simply looking at the back. The trick is to hold the card curved to about the shape of a half circle and on one of the top corners you can see the number and small spot representing the value of the card. Try it.

## A New Style Windmill

It is claimed that a windmill built after the pattern of the small model shown here will be much more powerful than the ordinary kind. It is composed of four little sailboats mounted and pivoted in a very simple manner. The body of each boat in this case is whittled out of a solid block. You need not hollow it out but be sure and give the sides and bottom the regular boat shape as that helps it materially to cut through the air. The sails made of small pieces of muslin are placed, on each as shown in Fig. 2. A shallow notch is cut in the bottom of each boat to receive the flat stick upon which it is to be mounted. The mounting consists of an upright axle in a spool, and two crosspieces as shown in Fig. 1. I hope every COMFORT nephew will try this plan and then write me a nice letter about their success with it and if it's possible to make improvements.

## About Japanese Boys

Did you American school boys who think yourselves so wise ever know that every Japanese student over twelve years of age can speak the English language? Well, they can, even though they do live at the other end of the world and still retain many of their ancient and savage customs. Each child in Japan must begin school attendance at the age of six and continue until he reaches his fourteenth year. For the first four years the only languages he studies are his own and the Chinese but after that he is compelled to study English. It can therefore be said that every Japanese graduate of a common school can speak and write English.

## More Problems

Last month's problems created intense interest and much difference of opinion. If you get really and truly tangled up write to Uncle John and he will fix you up all right. Be sure and get next number of COMFORT to see if your answers to the questions given below are correct.

- 1.—The top of a church steeple is 268 feet above the ground. Three fourths of the height of the steeple above the church plus 12 feet is equal to the height of the church. Find the height of the church.
- 2.—A man has two farms together worth \$20,491. The first farm is worth five sixths as much as the second plus 1,560. What is the value of each?
- 3.—A man divides 100 marbles among three boys. Every time he gives A 5, he gives B 3, and C 2. How many does each receive?

The correct answers to last month's questions are herewith printed.

- 1.—Horse cost \$200. 2.—441 boys. 3.—40 per cent. loss.

## Picture Puzzles of February

It is said that although February is the shortest month of the year more festive days and anniversaries occur in it than any other month. The pictures here represent days of national importance. I think they are familiar to all. See if you can make them out, and then write the answers plainly. Correct answers will appear in the Boys' Corner next month. In the mean time if your subscription is run out now is the time to renew so you will not miss the answers and other great features of the great March number. DAYS OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE. Get your friends to subscribe and enjoy this department with you.

The answers to last month's match puzzle are: First, take away matches number 1, 5, 4 and 9; second, take away matches number 1, 5, 10, 14, 19, 4, 9, 13, 18, 22; third, take away matches number 6, 10, 11, 15, 8, 12, 13, 17.

Be sure and try all those tricks and puzzles and make one or more of the dandy articles described here. You never know what you can do until you try and if you should happen to get puzzled write to me and I will explain everything more minutely. In next month's Corner will appear a host of how to make sketches and the best puzzle you ever saw. Good by and good wishes to you all.

UNCLE JOHN.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

pe-ed. Then you would read this big sign on the barnyard gate: "All animal life has gone from the world to return no more, banished forever, owing to the cruelty of tyrant man, and tyrant boys especially." Let me tell you this: that a world without our dumb friends, the horses and cattle, the poultry and the birds, would not be worth living in, and if it were not for the birds you could not live in it anyway, as the insects would eat up every vestige of the crops that you would raise. Arthur Jones, before you shoot or stab another opossum or tortoise or other dumb animal, remember God Almighty sees what you are doing, and I doubt if the most merciful God could ever forgive you for the torture you must have inflicted on that poor defenceless animal. Remember all of you this beautiful verse of Colridge's, memorize it, and repeat it to yourself every time you contemplate ill treating a dumb creature,

"He liveth best who loveth best  
All creatures great and small,  
For the dear Lord who loveth us  
He made and loveth all."

MONROE, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I am poor, a widow, with two children, one four years old is blind, the other fourteen years old, a boy, is our support. He cannot make much and I am suffering with consumption not able to work, and with his wages I cannot get medicine or nourishing

food. The doctors say I could be cured if I had proper treatment, and I want to ask you if you know of a place I could go for treatment free, or at least at moderate cost. My friends and relatives might possibly pay for me if it did not cost too much.

Our state has a certain amount of money set aside to provide such a place but it will be too late for me, I am afraid. Time is very precious in a case like this, and I realize the danger of delay. I feel somewhat, and I assure you I will be very grateful more so than I can tell. Oh! you can't know the despair one feels in my condition, no money and no one to care whether you live or die!

Dear Uncle Charlie I shall look anxiously for a reply to this.

Very sincerely,  
MRS. A. G. TENNANT.

That is a sad letter, a letter that tugs at my heart strings terribly. Here is another case, where a good woman's life is to be sacrificed, and children left motherless for the want of a few wretched, contemptible, loathsome bits of green paper, all covered with microbes and disease germs, that we call dollars. What Mrs. Tennant needs to get well is this! A glass of milk every hour, and not less than six or eight eggs beaten up in milk daily. She needs to sleep in the open air, and have a mind free from care or worry, and only perform such light tasks as will keep her mind occupied; tasks that call for no drain upon her vitality. The nourishment she needs should not cost more than fifty cents a day. Sleeping in a tent or in the woods, or having one's bed in the window costs nothing, except a little effort and a little courage, and plenty of blankets. Sunshine, fresh air, abundance of nourishment and freedom from worry will cure all but the worst cases of consumption. Making long trips to Colorado often does more harm than good. Home sickness is almost as bad as consumption, and the thought of dying far from home among strangers is a depressing terror that won't down. There are institutions for consumptives, but it is exceedingly hard to get into them. There is always a lot of red tape, in most cases seven dollars a week in the best cases, and the atmosphere is very depressing. Never go to an institution if you can help it. What Mrs. Tennant wants is plenty of nourishment. Here is another case for you cowboys and others, who spend your dimes for villainous fire water, called whiskey? Cut out one drink a week, and send y dime to Mrs. Tennant for a quart of milk. Girls cut out your candy, and send the money to Mrs. Tennant for milk and eggs. The best way to help shut-ins is to get interested in one case, and stick to that case. Suppose twenty-one of our million readers sent Mrs. Tennant ten cents a week for a year regularly and unfailingly, that would provide all the milk she needs. Some of the rest of you might supply the eggs. Now I have pointed a way for you to help this poor soul. Put yourself in her place, and for God's sake don't let her die for the want of a few quarts of milk (an article that often runs to waste in many of your homes), and a few dozen eggs. Mrs. Tennant, from her letter, I gather is a woman of education and refinement. Anyway she is a human creature, your sister, so for pity's sake don't let her perish.

CORRY, PA.

## Well Uncle Charlie:

As I am writing, one of our young men neighbors is going down town to take a Sunday drink. His older brother is just ahead of him, with all the booze he can carry. What a time they will have when they get back home! Home—can we call such a place a home? How would you and all the cousins like a home that contained three or four drunks every day. I say stop the profit in the saloon business, and then not a saloon-keeper in the land will sell liquor. The saloon-keeper likes the business only because there is a seven-cent profit in a ten-cent drink. If the government owned the saloons, there would be only about one tenth as many as there are now. Saloons would then furnish pure drinks at cost of production. Saloon-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

## How to Become a Ventriloquist

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY FRED T. DARVILL.

Copyright, 1909, by Fred T. Darvill.

Persistence and practice will enable one, with written lessons, to become a Ventriloquist. There are two kinds "near" and "distant." The near is used in connection with dances, and the distant in imitating sounds from a distance. To acquire the two sounds the methods are quite different. In the Echo practice the object is to obtain a sudden and complete change from the ventriloquist to the natural voice. Commence saying "Ah" with your ordinary voice, repeating the same ventriloquially, taking care to range the sound at distant pitch.

To enable one to master the foregoing lessons your subscription should begin with the December number.

## LESSON 4.

IT is easy to acquire the echo practice but to properly master it is a long task. Even when you think you have thoroughly mastered the sudden change from ventriloquism to natural voice you will most likely find—always when you expect it—that you are using a ventriloquial delivery when you ought to be speaking naturally, and vice versa. Do not get disheartened and throw up your ventriloquial exercises in despair. The difficulty is a common one and is encountered by every beginner, no matter how capable and clever he is. You must accustom your vocal organs to the sudden change from ventriloquism to natural. Whenever you find that you are going wrong drop ventriloquial speech for a time and practice the drone. Remember, the longer you practice on the drone the easier will be your task when dialogue is used. The echo practice is the first stage in acquiring the distant pitch. Begin with the word "Hallo". You will find it impossible to aspirate the "h" in making the ventriloquial reply. Never mind. Drop the "h" and call back ventriloquially "Allo". Now you wish to make the voice sound from above as though coming from the roof. Very well; throw the voice slightly forward in the mouth making it strike against the top of the hard palate. It will cause a tickling sensation across the roof of the mouth. After two or three attempts you will be surprised how easily the "above" pitch will come. To bring the voice gradually level strike the sound further back on the roof of the mouth.

At this stage you will make the interesting discovery that you can sound five distinct notes in bringing your voice from above to level. First, the isolated overhead sound which modulates till the ventriloquial voice is brought quite level. You familiarize yourself with these notes—by practicing a scale exercise with the drone, using each vowel in rotation, but beginning with "Ah". Now, instead of making "Ah" sound clearly from the back of the throat, we reverberate it against the roof of the mouth commencing the sound in the hollow behind the teeth, then against the top back and finally the back of the mouth. This gives us the scale. After mastering the use of one vowel along the scale practice on the others in rotation. Then, when you have succeeded in obtaining the five notes on each vowel you may practice with speech. If you have followed my previous instructions you will find no difficulty in rehearsing a short dialogue like the following. We will suppose there is a man on the roof whom we wish to address. Let us call him Jack. We have got to bring down a ladder and land him safely on the ground. We begin by calling his name.

Ventriloquist (calling)—"Jack! Jack!"  
Jack (answering above)—"What's up?"  
Ven.—"I want you. I want you."  
Jack (second note)—"I'm coming."  
Ven.—"You'll find a ladder against the wall. I say, you'll find a ladder. Do you hear?"  
Jack (third note)—"All right, old man; don't you worry yourself."  
Ven.—"Come along then; look sharp!"  
Jack (fourth note)—"I'm nearly down."  
Ven.—"Eh, but you're a long time."  
Jack (voice level)—"You ain't got no patience. I'm down now."

Practice the foregoing dialogue till you are able to repeat it easily. It is always well to be more talkative in your natural voice as it heightens the effect when you change the delivery to ventriloquism.

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## The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

### Beautifying on a Milk Diet

WHY not be pretty, why not be well, when drinking milk every day for a month or two will surely bring about that result? Milk is a great beautifier, rounding the figure, making the hands and arms soft, beyond your wildest desires. On a Milk Diet your eyes will grow strong and bright and your lips red as twin roses. Isn't this worth striving for, especially when the striving isn't going to be an especially hard kind of striving?

Of course when you are on a Milk Diet, it is essential that you should give up candies, indigestible puddings and fried cakes for breakfast, in fact fried food of any kind. Coffee and tea, pickles, cake, rich gravies and the delectable pie must also be put away while you are becoming beautiful on a Milk Diet. Does this seem as if I were asking too much? I think not because in the last fourteen months I have found COMFORT girls, both young and old, extremely sensible. They all want to improve when improvement is needed, and so I think they will be glad to read about this special diet.

There are two ways of taking a Milk Diet, one way you give up eating entirely and live on milk also. The other way you eat one meal a day and the rest of the time take milk. The first is the better way to take the treatment, I think, as your progress is much more rapid.

On an entire milk diet you should gain anywhere from three to six pounds a week and this is good solid, healthy flesh. The average bust development on an entire milk diet is from one half to one inch a week.

Milk is the most easily digested of animal foods. It contains all the ingredients needed for the nourishment of the body, as it furnishes the materials which build the body up and keep it in good repair and also those which supply it with fuel to keep it warm and furnish the animal machine with the power needed to do its work. Milk taken alone makes a better balanced food for mankind than meat, because it contains the different kinds of nutritive ingredients or nutrients, in proportions more nearly adapted to supply the wants of the body than is the case with the nutrients of meat. It may surprise you to learn that by test tube analysis one quart of milk is equal in nutrition to three fourths of a pound of beefsteak!

Now that you know all about the scientific part of milk, I'll start in to give you a milk treatment on paper.

The girl who starts on a Milk Diet, must begin it as soon as she gets up in the morning, by taking a glass of milk every half hour through the day until she has taken her five or six quarts, as the case may be.

An important thing to remember my dears is that the milk must be sipped very slowly if you want to get the best results from the diet. Bear in mind that milk is a food just as much as beefsteak or ham and eggs are and "chew" your milk just as you would chew a piece of bread. Most people take a glass of milk down at one gulp and then go around complaining that milk makes them bilious. Is it any wonder? Suppose you swallowed a quarter of a pound of ham without chewing it don't you think you would hear from it? Milk needs to be held in the mouth until it has become thoroughly mixed with saliva, thus rendering it easy of digestion. If presented to the stomach in its raw state it will form into hard lumps or curds and cause much discomfort.

It may seem next to impossible to take five or six quarts of milk a day but keep right on though your stomach feels full to bursting. The more milk you insist on your stomach taking the more it can take.

The five or six quarts of milk a day treatment is intended for those who are willing to give up eating in order to get well rapidly. The people who find this treatment undesirable or inconvenient will do well to start on a partial Milk Diet. You begin with a glass of milk the first thing in the morning (no breakfast, you understand) and take a glassful every half hour during the day until you have taken four quarts. If you begin at eight o'clock you should finish your four quarts by three thirty o'clock. This gives you probably three hours in which to get up a good appetite for dinner.

Quite a few of COMFORT girls are employed away from home and so will have to have a special milk treatment given to them. I would advise one quart of milk and some salted crackers for breakfast and a quart of milk for lunch (have a bottle left at the office every day by the dairymaid). In the evening, an hour after dinner, begin drinking milk. As you are not restricted to drinking only at the half hours you can easily take a quart before going to bed and possibly two quarts.

### The Milk Crisis

Whenever you are troubled with nausea, girls, take courage because this means that your much abused stomach and other digestive organs are getting into a healthy condition and are throwing off the accumulated poisons that they have been too weak to throw off, before. When this crisis begins, stop your milk for a few hours and then begin with a very small quantity. If this agrees with you, increase the quantity every half or three quarters of an hour until you are back to a full glassful.

Which ever you take, continue it until you have accomplished what you wish and then stop your milk, unless you like it so much that you want to go on taking it—as I do.

There seems to exist quite a little confusion in the mind of "my girls" as to whether I mean sweet milk, boiled milk or buttermilk, when speaking about this Milk Diet. Let me emphasize the fact that it is sweet milk and that it must not be boiled or warmed, as that destroys the nourishing properties. I do not approve of flavoring it with sugar as some have suggested. I advocate a diet of pure milk, without any additions.

A GLASS OF MILK EVERY HALF HOUR.

The COMFORT girls who live in the country will have no difficulty in getting delicious fresh milk night and morning, but those of us who live in towns and cities, will have to content ourselves with dairy milk. This is what I drink and I flourish on it.

If you are troubled with constipation, you will find that the more milk you take the less trouble you will have with this so-called "constipation", which interpreted, means that the bowels are so shrunken and withered, that a movement becomes difficult. This Milk Diet if persisted in for a while will almost always cure chronic cases of constipation.

If you only take a quart or two of milk each day its action may be binding and I would then advise a mild cathartic. Six prunes soaked in warm water over night and taken the first thing next morning will help you without upsetting your stomach. Drink the prune water and eat the prunes. Another good thing to take for constipation while on a limited milk diet is a half cupful of dry bran each evening, being careful to chew it well.

This Milk Diet I am so enthusiastic about is very efficacious in cases of nervous prostration, eczema, anemia, insomnia, gout, rheumatism, chronic constipation, diabetes, dyspepsia and intestinal indigestion. In fact all chronic diseases yield to this rational method of treating disease by rebuilding the body, with but one exception. CAUTION. People afflicted with heart trouble should avoid this treatment unless under the care of a trained nurse, as the Milk Diet increases the quantity of blood and a feeble heart should not be subjected to the strain. This, however, only applies to severe organic heart trouble. The diet is a boon to people with weak lungs. If taken before the third stage of this disease has been reached. If you are gaining new pure blood every day you cannot die of consumption. If your torn down tissues are being constantly repaired, so that the wasting away has to stop, you cannot die of consumption. Drink milk and be cured.

Take this Milk Diet and become a brand new girl with health and beauty!!!

### Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

#### DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND:

Do you remember one time you told us to go to our room and take a quiet survey of ourselves, which I did and the result was that I was rather disappointed at myself but by carefully following your advice, today I am more than pleased. I wish I could tell you how thankful I feel towards you. My hair which is dark brown, almost black only when the sun changes it to a golden brown, has grown longer, glossier and falls in loose deep waves and is not nearly as hard to do up neatly as it was. Milk Diet has filled up the hollow places, none of us desire. My arms are plump and no longer marred by superfluous hair. Drinking hot water and taking long walks in the beautiful summer morning, and these golden October days have cleared my complexion, brightened my dark blue eyes and brought the roses of health to my cheeks. These may not seem much to anyone else but to me they mean a great deal.

Kansas Daisy.—Thank you for your sweet letter. It is pleasant to know that I have helped you so much. To plump hands dainty with warm olive oil and massage with a rotary movement.

A Subscriber.—Thick lips can sometimes be reduced by rubbing with the following: Melt an ounce of good cold cream and add a gram each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips. Let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheesecloth. Have your druggist put this up. The reduction of flesh, will, of course, be gained by the diet, but not to such a degree that the feet will be reduced so that you can wear a shoe two sizes smaller as your neighbor would like.

Miss E. B., Mrs. M. O. E. and others interested in fat reduction.—There are many ways of reducing fat. I am going to give you a special diet to reduce flesh. It reduces slowly but surely and is not injurious. It is this: Give up eating altogether, but live on one and one half to two quarts of milk each day. This is sufficient to keep you nourished but gives no chance for flesh formation. You can eat salted crackers with the milk but nothing more. You will lose from three to four pounds a week on this diet. You cannot reduce your bones.

Mrs. H. S. C., Williamsport.—See reply to Miss E. B. for flesh reduction. As you are troubled with pimples and blackheads avoid rich foods, gravies, candies, etc. Eat fresh vegetables and fruit. Take two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal. The best thing for you is a sulphur steam bath. Fill a copper vessel with bathing water, put a narrow strip of tin along the bottom, which is hot saucer containing sulphur. Cover the head with a large towel so the steam cannot escape, hold head over basin, steaming the face thoroughly. Do this three times a week. For blackheads wash the face at night. Cover completely with soap jelly and let remain for ten minutes. Wash off with warm water and massage with skin food. Do this every night until blackheads disappear.

Miss F. W. and others interested in Vaucaire Remedy for bust development.—Forty grams of simple syrup, ten grams of lactophosphate of lime, ten grams of tincture of fennel, ten grams extract of galega. Be sure the druggist uses the freshest materials. I see no reason why you cannot obtain the materials at your drug store. Massage the bust gently each night with cocoa butter will also increase bust.

Mrs. M. O. C.—Reduce abdomen and hips by standing erect with arms stretched out straight in front of you. Now bend, keeping knees perfectly rigid, until your finger tips touch floor. Repeat exercise fifteen minutes night and morning. You won't be able to touch the floor the first time but in time you will. See answer to Miss E. B. and others in this column.

Nina.—Massage arms with warm olive oil to plump.

Peaches and Cream.—I do not advise a girl of fifteen attending places of amusement alone with men. There should be some older woman with them. For complexion see Mrs. H. S. C., Williamsport in this column.

Elizabeth H. W. and others interested in getting a good growth of hair.—Wash the hair every three weeks with Castile soap, rinsing it very thoroughly first with hot water and after the soap is all washed out rinse with cold water. At night rub yarrow into the scalp, massaging it gently by placing the tips of the fingers upon each side of the head, pressing firmly and moving the scalp up and down rapidly. Go all over the head this way until the head is all in a glow. Do this for ten minutes night and morning. To restore gray hair: Sulphate of iron, one gram, sulphur, one half gram; tincture of jaborandi, one ounce; extract of rosemary, four drams; extract of thyme, four drams; rectified spirits, one ounce; glycerine, one ounce; elderflower water one pint. Apply daily until color is restored.

Anxious Lunette and others interested in the Milk Diet.—You can increase your weight and remove stomach troubles by living mostly on milk. Take three to four quarts a day, a glassful at a time, beginning in the morning as soon as you rise, eating your dinner at night. I advise your not drinking either tea or coffee. After a short time you will see a great improvement. To the one who has heart trouble and wishes to take the milk, try at first one pint a day, one glass in the morning, one in the middle of the afternoon. After a few days take four glasses, one in the morning, one in the middle of forenoon and middle of afternoon and one at bedtime. This I think you might safely take.

Princess, Mrs. W. and others interested in removing scars and freckles and enlarged pores.—As Princess is seeing the good effects of the Goward's Lotion on her enlarged pores and the scars all except one scar, we advise keeping up the treatment. Probably this scar is much deeper and requires a longer time.

Formula for Goward's Lotion: Jordan almonds (blanched) one ounce; bitter almonds, three drams; distilled water, one pint; bicarbonate of mercury (coarse powder) fifteen grains. Never wet cloth at the mouth of the bottle as this causes the solution to decompose. Pour small quantity of liquid into a saucer and immediately cork the bottle. Apply twice a day letting it dry on the face for a few minutes, then wipe off with a soft cloth.

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Miss Pearl K.—To straighten out your hair switch, which you have gotten so tangled up in washing it: Put a great quantity of vaseline on, saturating it thoroughly and then lay on a flat surface and holding one hand firmly upon it comb at the ends a little at a time, gradually going higher. With patience you can get it combed out.

La Rouge and others who are too thin and who are always chilly.—What you need is a quantity of good red, warm blood and when this is coursing through your veins you will get plump and rosy. Try the Milk Diet. See reply to Anxious Lunette in this column.

Pauline.—If the spot the size of pin which is always red is the only blemish you have, forget it and do not fuss with it. You might do harm. This is nothing to worry about.

Frieda.—If you still have a red nose and do not dress tight or eat rich foods, try drinking eight glasses of hot water each day before meals and before retiring.

Fayette.—I do not think anything can be done for a receding chin, caused by upper teeth overlapping the under ones. By massaging the chin and pushing and rubbing forward and up, one can change the contour caused by flesh—but not the jaw bone. A bump on the nose will probably yield to massage after a long time.

Magnanimus.—I do not know of anything that can stop your growth. Why should you want to? A tall woman is considered a very much admired person. Many girls are practicing stretching exercises to get taller. Stand straight and say to yourself, "I am all right. Other people no doubt think so. Do not take anything."

Blue Belle.—Do not worry over your eyes changing color from dark blue to lighter. That is one of the most attractive kind of eyes, varying in color. The dark ring under your eyes will go away if you drink plenty of hot water—eight glasses a day. Sleep well.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Anole Root recommended so highly for the hair by the editor of the Pretty Girls' Club in November COMFORT, can be obtained for \$1.00 a pound by sending to Porterfield Drug Co., Silver City, New Mexico. It has been used by the native people there for generations and they have splendid hair.

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## Washington and Lincoln.

HENRY C. WORK.  
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## America

## (My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From ev'ry mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet Freedom's song;  
Let mortal engines pause,  
Let all that breathe pause,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
To sound the praise.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To Thee we sing,  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

## Just Before the Battle, Mother

Just before the battle, mother,  
I am thinking most of you,  
While upon the field we're watching,  
With the enemy in view—  
Comrades brave are round me lying,  
'Till'd with that's of home and God;  
For well they know that on the morrow,  
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, you may never, you may never,  
mother  
Press me to your breast again;  
But O, you'll not forget me,  
Mother, you will not forget me  
If I'm number'd with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,  
And the loving ones at home,  
But I'll never leave our banner,  
I'll in honor I can come.  
Tell the traitors, all around you,  
That their cruel words we know,  
In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers,  
By the help they give the foe.

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,  
'Tis the signal for the fight,  
Now, may God protect us, mother,  
As He ever does the right.  
Hear, the "Battle cry of Freedom,"  
How it swells upon the air,  
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,  
Or we'll perish nobly there.

CHORUS.

## The Star Spangled Banner

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last  
gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the  
perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly  
streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in  
air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still  
there,  
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the  
deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering  
steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first  
beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:  
'Tis the star-spangled banner: Oh long may it  
wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and wild war's desolation:  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven rescued  
land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a  
nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto,—"In God is our trust!"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall  
wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

## When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When Johnny comes marching home again,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
We'll give him a hearty welcome then.  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,  
The ladies they will all turn out,  
And we'll all feel gay when  
Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
To welcome home our darling boy,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
The village lads and lassies say,  
With roses they will strew the way,  
And we'll all feel gay when  
Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
We'll give the hero three times three,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
The laurel wreath is ready now  
To place upon his loyal brow,  
And we'll all feel gay when  
Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
Their choicest treasures then display,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
And let each one perform some part,  
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,  
And we'll all feel gay when  
Johnny comes marching home.

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## At the Mercy of Lincoln or Baby Bunting's Appeal

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY IDA M. BLACK

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"I LOVE you, and will be true to you until death!"

A pair of white arms went about the handsome army officer's neck, and his dark eyes gazed steadfastly into the blue ones that returned his loving glances.

It was a place for lovers—that far, far Southern clime—with the full moon bathing in its white sheen the handsome park which surrounded the stately mansion, where Richmond's first military ball was in full progress, and the young couple who had stolen away for a moment of "sweet silence" together, far from the "maddening crowd" of brave officers and fair women.

Lionel Darrell had fallen desperately in love at first sight with Beatrice Fleming, who with her widowed mother and little sister, Baby Bunting, as she was called, had been visiting the wife of one of the officers. It was a true love match and they were perfectly suited to each other, for youth and love were theirs, and youth is strong and love is sweet.

The course of true love had run smoothly with them until Colonel Chadwick met Beatrice. His Southern blood was fired with the girl's daintiness, bewitching beauty, and he had sworn to win her at any price.

He was the colonel of Lionel's regiment, and Lionel had good cause to know that he was a man of indomitable will, and that he never gave up anything until he had accomplished his purpose.

The sounds of approaching war were, over-spreading the land. Abraham Lincoln, that grand man, was holding the reins of government and the black race of oppressed slaves were looking forward to freedom. In war times quick advancements are made to those brave men who do and die for their country. Lionel Darrell was a brave man, and his one ambition was to win a laurel wreath of fame for Beatrice's sake, for he knew the high sense of hero worship she possessed.

The strains of the "Guards' Waltz" floated on the air, which was filled with the odor of a million flowers. The young lovers were intoxicated with its fragrance, and repeated again and again their vows of eternal fidelity.

Colonel Chadwick had watched unseen the lovers and heard their protestations of love, and again swore that he would part them. He determined then and there to get rid of Beatrice's lover by fair means or foul.

The very next day the opportunity seemed to come for he received word from headquarters that a detachment should be sent at once to capture a nearby fort. It was an exceedingly dangerous expedition, and with malice in his heart, he commanded Lionel Darrell to be one of the detail, under his own leadership.

Colonel Chadwick, although seemingly brave and true to his country, was a spy, in the service of the Confederate army. How he had escaped detection was a marvel, due probably to his remarkable cunning and shrewdness. Lionel Darrell often felt that something was wrong, for his orders so often appeared unreasonable, and very seldom accomplished any good result.



HE KNOCKED HIM SQUARELY IN THE FACE.

All through that long and perilous ride Lionel's mind was filled with thoughts of Beatrice; the memory of her loving, soulful eyes inspired him until he was utterly oblivious of all danger, and, on reaching the fort, forgetting that he was under a superior officer, he scaled the heights, secured the colors, and returned unharmed, amidst the shot and shell, his very recklessness almost paralyzing the movements of the enemy. His bravery inspired his comrades and they rushed eagerly to the fray and captured the fort, even against the wishes and plans of their commandant.

He was white with anger when Lionel, flushed with triumph, presented his trophies, and in his ungovernable rage, scarcely knowing what he did, he flung them to the ground, stamping on them in his madness.

He fell with a dull thud, and when his men gathered around to help him up they found that Colonel Chadwick was a corpse, and Lionel Darrell his murderer!

Before Lionel scarcely realized the extent of his calamity he was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, with a respite of only thirty days.

When Beatrice Fleming heard the tragic news she was heart-broken, nothing could comfort her. Even Baby Bunting's kisses and efforts to cheer her were scarcely noticed, or if so, only made her weep the more. She thought that her lover, so brave, so handsome, so full of love and strength now, in so short a time was doomed to lie in a dishonored grave, almost drove her mad. She had loved him passionately, cherishing his bravery, her ideal had always been a military man, and now it seemed that everything was shattered. Not even his last brave deed would receive the recognition due it, shadowed by this terrible catastrophe.

Utterly depressed, scarcely noticing the outside world, she was startled one morning, after twenty days of the respite had passed, hearing Baby Bunting talking to her dolly, a dolly that had been her inseparable companion ever since Santa had brought it to her on her fifth birthday. She loved it dearly and would not be parted from it day or night.

"You're sorry, Dolly, aren't you, that poor Bee's Lionel is going to be shot? I'm so sorry, too. I wish you and I, Dolly, could go to see Mr. Abraham Lincoln and ask him to not leave the bad soldiers shoot him. I heard mamma say that he could stop them, if he would. I am sure he would if we could ask him, for Topsy told me how good and kind he was to all colored little children, how he keeps the bad men from taking them from their mamma's, and I'm sure if he only knew how good my Lionel is and how it makes poor Bee cry, he wouldn't." "He his bad soldiers shoot him, would he, Dolly?"

The words were like an inspiration. Beatrice Fleming sprang up and clasped the child in her arms.

"Thank God, darling, you have given me a ray of hope. You and I will go to see the President. I feel, I know, that God will hear my prayer and show me the way to reach his heart. I, too, have heard that he is a man whose heart sympathizes with the troubles of his people, surely Lionel's case will find with him."

No more hesitations for Beatrice Fleming. With nervous energy she pleaded with her mother for permission to go with Baby Bunting, who, through dutifulness of conscience, reluctantly consented. Three hours after the lady's latest promise, she and Beatrice were speeding out of Richmond, on their way to Washington.

It seemed, indeed, that God's hand was leading her, for all the seemingly unsurmountable difficulties melted away, as if by magic. A stranger in Washington, she succeeded in interesting the officials in her story so that they did all in their

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her arms around Baby Bunting, and Dolly too, clasped her to her breast, as she thanked with passionate sobs the greatest example of the Man of Heart that history has yet produced.

How different was their return to Richmond! It seemed like a new world. Never had the sky seemed so blue, nor the grass so green, nor the birds' songs so sweet. How proudly she handed the pardon to the governor, who told her that information had just reached him that proved Colonel Chadwick to be a traitor that richly deserved the fate that had befallen him.

When Lionel Darrell received the news of his pardon, he threw himself upon his knees and thanked God for his release, and vowed renewed allegiance to the cause of so kind-hearted a President.

When the troublous times were over and peace had once again descended, Colonel Darrell, for Lionel by his bravery had been advanced to the head of his regiment, returned to Richmond to claim his bride.

In the month of June when the whole world seemed running over with joy, amid the woodbine and the roses, Lionel led his bride to the altar. Baby Bunting, still carrying Dolly in her arms, only a gloriously radiant dolly in her bridesmaid finery, for Baby insisted that she must be a bridesmaid too, for as she said, "if it had not been for Dolly there could not have been any wedding at all," walked proudly ahead of the happy couple, scattering roses beneath their feet, radiantly happy that "Bee's Lionel" was home again.

As Lionel and Beatrice wandered happily through the interesting Capital buildings, for they had chosen Washington as the best place in which to spend their honeymoon, Beatrice could not help recalling her last visit, which had so nearly ended disastrously, until Baby Bunting saved the day.

## Virgie's Inheritance

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

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## CHAPTER I.

"GOD IS GOOD."

"T O think," continued Sir William, after a moment of thought, "how systematically she set about her dreadful work, how remorselessly she persisted in it until she had achieved her end. And Mrs. Farnum! how she could see and know you, my darling, in whom was centered the hopes of both of us, and lend her aid, is a marvel and a shame upon the name of woman! She shall never cross the threshold of Heathdale again."

"I cannot understand how she could have lent herself to such a base intrigue!" said Virgie, thoughtfully.

Sir William smiled bitterly.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, remarking it.

"I suppose I can give a reason, although it may sound somewhat egotistical," he returned.

"Sadie Farnum—now Lady Royalston—once aspired to become Lady Heath, while it was the dearest wish of both her mother and my sister, who have been life-long friends, that I should marry her."

Virgie flushed. She could now understand why she had been the object of their curious glances when they first came to the Hotel, New York.

Sir William leaned forward and touched his lips to her crimson cheek and murmured:

"But I never saw but one woman whom I could be willing to have reign as mistress in my home. Virgie, I shall take you to Heathdale immediately."

Her whole face was dyed scarlet in an instant.

"You forget," she faltered, humbly. "I have no right to go there. I have forfeited all title to your name and home."

"I did forget," he answered, growing pale and sighing heavily. "I cannot realize since I have found you but that you belong to me now as in those early days; and you do, before Heaven, you are as truly my wife today as you ever were. But," and his arm closed tenderly about her, "the only obstacle is a legal point, and that is easily removed. You wish it, do you not, my darling? You will come to me at once."

"I should die if I lost you again," Virgie cried, clinging to him with another burst of tears. "It has been a weary struggle to live without you all these years. But for Virgie I would gladly have laid down the burden long ago."

"Then may I go to London immediately for a

special license, since we must conform to the letter of the law? I can never be separated from you again," said Sir William, as he fondly wiped her falling tears.

"But how can I leave my uncle, Lord Norton?" Virgie asked, suddenly remembering that new claim upon her and her promise not to leave him while he lived.

"Lord Norton your uncle? Ah, that accounts for your being here. I could not understand it," returned the baronet, looking astonished and remembering for the first time where she was.

Virgie explained how the relationship had recently been discovered, and informed him of his lordship's wishes that she should remain with him for the present.

"We must respect the wishes of a dying man," Sir William gravely replied, "and I, too, had forgotten my own obligations to him."

He told her all the circumstances of his cousin's accident and the summons that had brought him thither; of his proposal to try and complete the manuscript of Lord Norton's book, as, of course, Mr. William Heath would not be able to resume his work for a long time, and his lordship was liable to pass away without having his heart's desire accomplished if he attempted to wait for his recovery.

So it was finally agreed between them that they would wait at least until the completion of the manuscript before taking any steps for their reunion. They would see much of each other every day, while Sir William thought it would not be liable to create quite so much excitement in society if it was announced beforehand that he was soon to marry the niece of Lord Norton.

He declared, however, that his sister should know nothing beyond that fact until their return to Heathdale; but Virgie was so happy in being reunited to the love of her youth that she was almost willing to overlook and forgive Lady Linton's instrumentality in her previous suffering, and even to invite her and her family to be present when their new ties should be solemnized.

But Sir William was inexorable.

"No," he said, sternly; "it shall come upon her like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. She has always wanted me to marry, and doubtless she will be jubilant when I announce my intentions; then she will imagine her triumph over you complete, and she shall not be deceived until she sees you enter our future home as its mistress, for, of course, she will never dream that you and Lord Norton's niece are one and the same person; hers will be a double punishment when we all get home."

"Double! how so?" Virgie asked.

"It has long been her desire to marry Lillian to Rupert, my ward; but it seems, my darling, that he has chosen our daughter to be his wife. How strange it all seems," he concluded, thoughtfully.

"How did you learn so much?" Virgie inquired, with some surprise.

"The young gentleman himself came and told me a couple of days ago; he said he considered it his duty to inform me; but, let me tell you, my sister's disappointment will be no light one when she learns the fact," Sir William answered, all unsuspecting that her ladyship had learned the secret at the same time that he was informed of it.

"Does Lillian care for him?" Virgie asked.

"I am afraid she does," was the sober response.

"Poor child," sighed Virgie, regretfully, "and I am really sorry for Lady Linton's disappointment."

"Can you so readily forgive my sister, Virgie?"

"I believe I can, Will; I truly desire the spirit of forgiveness even for the great wrong that she has been guilty of; and, since nothing can ever again mar our trust in each other, I do not wish to cherish bitterness toward anyone. I am truly grieved for Lillian; she is not accountable for her mother's faults, and I have suffered too much, in believing another had usurped my place in your heart, not to feel a deep sympathy for her in losing Rupert."

Sir William sighed.

He regretted Lillian's unhappiness too, for he was very fond of her. She was a bright, beautiful girl, and for years had been the light of his home; and he believed, away from her mother's influence, she would make a noble woman. Still it was a matter for rejoicing with him that the young man whom he loved as a son would soon become a son indeed.

Virgie's meeting with her father was quite touching. Her mother had never told her who he was, he had shrunk more and more from the ordeal as the time drew near when it must be revealed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



## How Washington Was Saved or Peggy's Midnight Ride

Written for Comfort by I. M. B.

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IT was a cold and stormy night, such a blizzard was raging that one could scarcely see a foot ahead, consequently the streets were almost deserted. But the storm did not seem to prevent carriage after carriage rolling up to the stately Shippen Mansion, where a reception to the military was in full swing. The house was ablaze with a thousand candles, and within its walls was a scene of warmth and beauty.

All the wealth and beauty of the quaint City of Brotherly Love had gathered to do honor to the military officers who had made so many friends within its gates. All the buds were out in full force, vying one with the other, in winning the admiration of the young officers. Fashion had lent all of its fancies to make the scene one of rare brilliancy, while the Continental uniforms of the dashing officers added warmth and color to the scene.

Conspicuous in all that number of brave and handsome officers, Colonel Herbert Graham was the cynosure of all eyes. None so tall nor so distinguished in appearance. His well-knit figure, his piercing black eyes, his clear, olive complexion, his brilliant conversational powers, and, best of all, his magnetism, had made him the lion of the evening.

As he walked through the drawing-rooms, apparently searching for someone, a cloud shadowed his handsome face.

"This is strange!" he murmured to himself, "Peggy surely sent me the signal she would meet me here. I cannot see anyone that resembles her in the least, still there is never any telling in what guise she will appear."

Just then there seemed to be a murmur in the crowd, and Herbert Graham looked in astonishment at the girl who was just entering the room and was being presented to her hostess.

"The Lady Isabel Duncan!" he heard his friend, Mrs. Whitney, who appeared to be her chaperon, say. "I took the liberty of bringing her with me tonight, she is the daughter of my dearest friend, and surprised me completely this afternoon by arriving from London, never even sending me word that she expected to come. I had never met Isabel before, and I shall take great pleasure in having her meet my friends."

He scarcely heard his hostess' polite words of welcome, so confused was his brain.

Was the girl insane? No one but Peggy would attempt such a hazardous game.

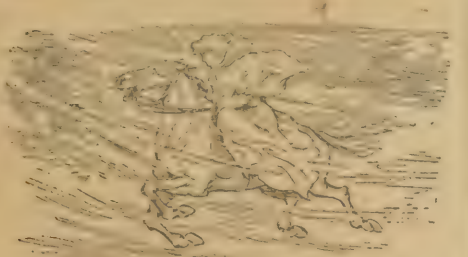
A thrill of admiration ran through the room. Of all the beautiful women there, this girl, with her queenly figure, her mass of shining red-gold hair, coiled like a coronet upon her head, her eyes of brown, that danced like diamonds at every passing thought, her perfect complexion, with the faintest rose peeping through, seemed little less than a queen, born to command and to be obeyed.

Colonel Graham could scarcely believe his eyes. It surely was Peggy, but how came this transformation?

As she moved through the rooms with her chaperon, all the officers begged for an introduction, and in a short time her dance card was filled.

Graham eagerly watched her, but did not go near her, until he saw her for a moment alone with the exception of Mrs. Whitney, then walked up to where they were sitting.

"Oh, Colonel Graham," cried Mrs. Whitney, "I am so glad for you to meet Isabel, for I want the daughter of my old friend, Lady Duncan, to see what handsome and fascinating officers we Americans possess. Isabel, allow me to present to you Colonel Graham. The Lady Isabel Duncan, Colonel Graham."



PEGGY FLYING THROUGH THE STORM.

Herbert waited for one gleam of recognition. No, the eyes were as calm, and the voice as cool, as that of a perfect stranger.

I am very happy to meet Colonel Graham. I am sure everything in this charming Quaker City attracts me, even to the military," she murmured, in a voice, limpid as music.

"I am glad the Lady Isabel is pleased with our city. May I have the honor of showing her through the conservatory?" asked Colonel Graham, eagerly.

Lady Isabel placed her daintily gloved hand on the arm of the Colonel, and they strolled slowly away from the crowded drawing-room.

"Well, Bert, now what do you think of my ability as an actress? Could your distinguished cousin have acquitted herself any more royally?" cried the Lady Isabel, as they entered a deserted nook in the conservatory, her eyes sparkling like diamonds, and grasping his hands in a convulsive clasp.

"Oh, Peggy, Peggy! You almost take away my breath. How did you ever do it? I always knew that you were the loveliest girl that I had ever seen, but tonight I am nearly dazzled with your brilliancy in this remarkable toilette. Where did you get it? And why this masquerade? I little thought when I used to describe to you my handsome English cousin that you would ever impersonate her. Come, darling, tell me, what does it all mean?"

"It means, Bert, that you must pass the lines this very night. I have just heard that General Washington is to be attacked at White Marsh tomorrow at noon, and he must be warned tonight. Will you take the warning for me? I only heard the plot this morning and I tried in every manner to communicate with you, but could not, as I was told that you had gone out on some skinning duty. You had told me that you would attend the Shippen reception, so I hid my plans accordingly. You had told me so much about the Lady Isabel that I felt that I could easily assume her name, and I knew that Mrs. Whitney had never met her, so I could easily deceive her. My plans worked like magic. I held your little Peggy, yesterday your friend's daughter, today transformed into a lady of nobility, merely by a great amount of presumption and the loan of a friend's hair dress. Now, you understand, will you take the message? We have not a moment to lose."

"Peggy, you are a girl in a thousand!" cried the officer, in admiration. "But, my dear, no message can reach Washington tonight, it is storming here, no man would attempt such a ride a night like this."

"No man? Perhaps not, but a woman will! I shall take the warning to General Washington myself. An hour from now the Lady Isabel will have disappeared. I wonder what Mrs. Whitney will think when she can discover no traces of her, and the time is running on to save General Washington and his brave soldiers, who are enduring all the hardships of this severe weather."

"I wish to God, Peggy, I could take it, but you know it would be impossible for me to pass the line tonight. Even now I feel that I am suspected of leaning towards the revolutionists. It would never do for me to spoil my military career, for when the war is over, I expect to take you back with me to England, and show them over there the kind of woman the new world has made. Come, darling, give up this wild project. It may all be a mistake, I have not heard of any expected attack. Where did you get your information?"

"Promise me on your word of honor, Bert, never to tell anyone what I shall disclose to you. You know I told you that my mother had rented the room next to mine to one of the officers; this morning he told my mother to see that no one was in hearing distance, as he expected to hold a council there, and did not want the proceedings to be overheard. This awakened my curiosity at once, and I knew how I could satisfy it. Years ago we had a closet between the two rooms but it had been walled up, but behind my high chest of drawers there was a loose panel that I could easily remove and gain entrance and overhear any conversation that would take place. This I did, and to my amazement heard that on the morrow General Washington would be attacked when he least expected it, and they were sure that he would be destroyed with the greater number of his soldiers. Then and



WASHINGTON OVERWHELMED WITH THE MAGNITUDE OF HER BRAVERY.

there I vowed that he should be warned, and I surely thought that I could count on your help. What is your love worth, when you refuse the first favor I have ever asked? I will never marry a man afraid to venture his life for me when duty demands it."

"My God, Peggy, that is just the trouble. If I do it for your sake I will betray my country. No, even while you are dearer to me than life, I cannot sacrifice my honor. I am sorry that you have told me, but Peggy, dearest, let me prevail upon you not to risk your life in this wild ride. It is not safe, even if it were a mild night, but in this terrific storm, you will surely lose your way, and perhaps your life. It may be all a mistake, and besides General Washington is able to take care of himself. He himself would never permit a girl like you to risk her life and health in such a manner."

Peggy shook her golden head. "There is no use talking against it, my mind is determined, if you will not take the message, then I will. There is no time to dally. Good by! If I never see you again, remember that there is one girl that loves her country better than herself."

"Stay! Peggy, I beg of you!" cried Graham, hoarsely, but the girl was off like a will of the wind.

He ran after her, but she was lost in the crush, and search where he would, he could find no trace of her. When Mrs. Whitney was ready to return she could not find her anywhere, she seemed to have entirely disappeared, no one had seen her leave the house, and to her horror, she could find no trace of her.

Out in the storm hastened Peggy, regardless of evening dress, so oblivious was she to the weather that she scarcely felt the sharp sleet upon her face. She fairly flew until she reached the home of her dearest friend, May Bartram. Peggy and May had been school chums, and their friendship grew warmer as they reached womanhood, even though Peggy had met with misfortune. Her father having lost his fortune just before his death, thus leaving his widow with absolutely nothing to support herself and children. She turned her handsome home into a boarding house, and had secured a number of the officers for tenants. Colonel Graham had called to see some of his fellow officers, and had met Peggy, and had lost his heart at first sight.

May Bartram's father admired Peggy and had often allowed her to ride his firefly so she could accompany May in her rides, and she was a fearless rider, and could manage firefly, even when he was at his wildest.

On Peggy hastened until she reached the Bartram stables. It took but a few moments to awaken Pat the coachman. Peggy had enough wit to easily persuade Pat to give her firefly, and in less time than it takes to write it she was on his back, and flying through the storm, on her way to White Marsh.

The storm was growing fiercer every moment, the snow was blinding her eyes that she could scarcely see the way, but her only thought was how she should pass the British line. She knew that her mother bought most of her groceries in Frankfort, if she could only persuade

## Have You Confidence in the Publisher of "COMFORT"?



Watch the Woman!

Do you think she is really working? Not a bit of it! Yet she is doing a big week's washing. The real work is done by the 1900 Gravity Washer, which makes most of its own motion. The thing that helps to make it go is under the tub.

If women knew what a wonderful help the 1900 Gravity Washer is, not one would be without it. It saves work and worry and doctors' bills. Takes away all the dread and drudgery of wash day. It saves soap, saves wear and tear on the clothes. Never breaks buttons or injures the most delicate fabrics. It certainly does beautiful work.

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We ask no cash in advance—no deposit—no notes. The trial is absolutely free. If you keep it, simply pay us a little each week or each month, out of what it saves for you.

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the sentinel that she was on her way to the store! She tried to concoct all sorts of excuses for being out so early in the morning, for it was now nearly four o'clock, and by the time she was stopped with:

"Who goes there?" she had such a plausible story that he allowed her to go on in safety.

With a heart as light as a feather, after this good piece of luck, she urged firefly on. Faster and faster he flew. Up one hill, and down another, the bitter wind biting her face until she could scarcely stand it. Her hands were so frozen that she could scarcely hold the reins. The further on she rode, the deeper grew the snow, it had drifted in some places so that firefly could scarcely make his way through. She threw her arms about him and begged him not to fail her.

"Only a little further, firefly, and we will have saved the day! Just think firefly, you and I can work for our country, even if we are not men and soldiers!"

Perhaps firefly understood, for he seemed to make a new effort, and they fairly flew up the road that led to White Marsh.

The dawn was just breaking as Peggy rode into camp.

It was a very different looking Peggy from the Peggy that was the Queen of the Shippen reception, posing as the Lady Isabel. With hair unbound, from her wild ride, covered with snow and sleet, her nose almost frozen, red and swollen, tears streaming down her cheeks from the intense pain, and so exhausted from the strain that she could scarcely speak, she begged for an interview with General Washington.

With the luck that had followed her throughout her endeavor, General Washington commanded her to be brought to him immediately. With eager haste, Peggy soon acquainted him with the particulars she had so fortunately obtained.

The general was overwhelmed with the magnitude of her bravery, and ordered that she should be given refreshments and a safe escort back to Frankfort, for she insisted on returning at once, so that her mother would not be alarmed by discovering her absence.

General Washington immediately gave orders

so that the camp was fully prepared for an attack, and when the British arrived they were able to repulse them with a great loss to the enemy, while if they had been unprepared the loss would have been terrific for the Americans.

Peggy rode home with joy in her heart, made her purchases at the Frankfort store and rode through the British lines unmolested. She did not forget to give firefly an extra lump of sugar before turning him over to Pat. When May's father heard her story, he shouted "Hurrah! for firefly and the bravest little girl that ever rode her!"

When the war was over, and General Washington inhabited the White House, Peggy Washington took her new husband to call on the President, and told him how she had tried to persuade Colonel Graham to betray his country for love of her. She confessed then and there, that his refusal for honor's sake had made her determined that if she ever married, he should be the man.

Colonel Graham took his bride across the seas, and proudly introduced her to the Lady Isabel Duncan. Many a laugh was given, as he repeated the story of that fateful masquerade, which was a means to an end in saving the life of the Father of his Country.

### Something About the 1900 Washer

It is rather out of the custom for the Editor or Publisher to personally endorse any article advertised in his columns, but we want to call attention to the following letter from Mrs. W. H. Gannett, the wife of the Publisher of COMFORT, written to the 1900 Washer Company, Binghamton, N. Y. Mrs. Gannett felt so delighted and is so enthusiastic over her Washing Machine that she thought she must write to the manufacturers all about what a nice time she was having doing her own washing with this wonderful invention of theirs. As Mrs. Gannett was a farmer's daughter and has done many a washing with her own hands, she is well aware of the drudgery and hard work the poor overworked wife, mother or daughters have to get through their wash days each week, and she feels the 1900 Washer is one of the great inventions of the century.

Augusta, Maine, Nov. 19, 1908.

GENTLEMEN:—I tell my friends I would not part with the 1900 Washer for a thousand dollars. It works to perfection; washing my clothes as white and as clean as possible and doing my washing very easily and quickly. It happened the machine came one of the hottest days of the year, and as my washerwoman was late that day I thought it was a nice time for me to give it a good trial. I was certainly very happily surprised to find how quickly and easily a large washing could be done without my getting so very tired. Thus I was able to do my washing, hang out my clothes and visit my friends out of the city all in the forenoon. At another time I went home at ten o'clock Monday morning and as the woman I had engaged to help me was ill at home, the 1900 Washer again came to my rescue and I was able to get the washing all done before noon. The more my servants use it the better they like it, and we could not keep house without the 1900 Washer. It has saved the price of the machine many times and there is no wear and tear on the clothes washed in this way.

I am voluntarily writing you this letter hoping it will be the means of helping other housekeepers to overcome some of the difficulties and drudgery of wash day, for if they will only TRY the 1900 Washer I know they will always use it, as I find it washes and wrings so well. I have not time to say more about it, but I will be able to place a 1900 Washer in every home in the land, I am,

Yours very truly,  
(Signed) Mrs. W. H. GANNETT.

### BUCKBEE'S BIG SEED CATALOGUE.

We wish that every reader of ours would send for a copy of Buckbee's Big Seed and Plant Guide for 1909. It is replete with good illustrations showing many vegetables and flowers in their true and natural colors. This book contains a vast fund of information of especial value to buyers of seeds, plants and bulbs. The Buckbee advertisement appears in this issue of COMFORT, Page 19. H. W. Buckbee, Farm 12, Rockford, Ill.

## Did You Find It?

Well, if you didn't find it, never mind it. But if you did find it, TAKE CARE.

FIND WHAT?

Why, that pale yellow thing, you know. That buff Envelope Folder Subscription Blank. If you found it last month wrapped inside your January COMFORT, it means business. It means that your subscription has expired, and that if you have not renewed your subscription, this February number is surely your last.

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## A Speckled Bird

BY MRS. AUGUSTA J. EVANS WILSON.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent. There is a clandestine marriage.

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-see, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come." Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Marcia." They enter the silent memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates. Eliza guards Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father" Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. A sob and tears follow. Eliza recognizes in a cash boy the soloist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at—Fourteenth St.

Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing prohibits all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type. A note is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. Eliza's mother refuses all help. Eliza realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for her boy. The law fees he is to be paid where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy recognizes no validity in divorce. Eliza's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Herriott. Her father warns her of bitter consequences. Eliza questions Noel why her father resigns the senatorship. Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother—" Beside the body of his dead boy Vernon again asks his wife's forgiveness. She cannot forget and requests to be alone with her dead.

The barrier between Judge Kent and his daughter strengthens with Eliza's assurance that Mr. Herriott will not ask her the second time to marry him; she begs for the old place in her father's heart. Defiance he never forgives. Until she comes to an appreciation of his wishes, she can expect only the courtesies one cannot avoid. Eliza goes to work. Herriott finds her in the old Greek-Roman theater at Arlington and he realizes an undiminished annoyance by his presence. Mrs. Mitchell asks Herriott to explain the cause of Judge Kent's secretiveness. She cannot see Eliza break her heart over his selfishness.

In a street strike Mrs. Dane is seriously injured. Father Temple takes her to a hospital. Dying she forgives everything. Eliza and her father return to Nutwood, Mrs. Maurice's old home. Mr. Whitfield continues his stewardship. Judge Kent is called away. He refuses an explanation and Eliza fronts the world with calm defiance. She learns from a newspaper clipping the cause of her father's resignation.

Father Temple tries to dissuade Mr. Herriott from his proposed Polar trip. Eliza receives and reads a letter from Mrs. St. Clair concerning Mr. Herriott's future plans. Eliza hears footsteps, and her father's voice, "Eliza will be home soon." Herriott is glad to talk in her absence. Judge Kent knows the deplorable matter to which he refers. Duncan Keith dying exerts an oath from Herriott, that he take a box to his boy when he is twenty-one—the proof of his innocence is in it. Judge Kent knows it will disgrace him and break Eliza's heart. She listens numb with shame, she will secure it at any cost. She meets Noel and begs him not to leave her. If he goes it breaks her heart. If he must go will he take her with him. They can be married at night. They board the train. There is only one proof that will convince her she is first in his heart. Give to her the box of papers that will incriminate her father. He refuses and she admits her object in marrying. She cannot get possession of what she purchases. She has no papers and he no wife. He requests the ring. Will she allow him to throw it away. He has no right to it—it is hers. He places it back. It is the badge of her loyalty—not his. Nothing avails to abate the rage of his disappointment.

Noel receives a telegram announcing Duncan Keith's death, and her father's shame is shielded. Judge Kent receives a telegram requesting him to meet Eliza at Philadelphia. Mr. Herriott takes Eliza to his old home. Amos Lea meets them at the door. Going to Noel's room, Eliza realizes for years he has been entirely hers. She begs for one word of forgiveness—he shall never be out of her life.

Eliza returns to her home. Her father avoids all mention of Herriott, except to rail at the imbecility of Arctic explorers. Eliza receives a parcel from her husband and a note without any address. His words sting her. Mrs. Mitchell refuses to believe she wronged him. Eliza notices the frequency with which her father falls asleep. He is striving to keep his mind from recovering a little he asks Eliza to remember that no other man ever had such a daughter and how precious she is. Judge Kent dies and Eliza carries his body to his native State in New England.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"I HAVE LOVED HER SINCE SHE WAS TEN YEARS OLD."

ITS alliterative jingle had probably commended Dairy Dingle to Marcia Maurice when she selected a name for the new home of the over-see, Robert Mitchell. Here he brought his bride from Nutwood, where she had lived since her father's death on the battlefield. A Federal cavalry raid, intended specially for the looting of Y—and the destruction of its factories, had loitered too long at Willow Bend plantation, and finding Confederate soldiers in hot pursuit, the Union troops were forced to retreat, after burning every building in sight except the cabins of the Negroes. General Maurice loved the rambling, airy, old-fashioned country house where he was born, and here he specially brought his family to spend Christmas, and make good-time holiday for his numerous sisters. After the raid only rock chimneys stood as commemorative pillars, and a few tufts of grass, where the smoke had been visible. At a hotel facing the smoking ruins stood a Federal cavalry mill which supplied several plantations with meal, and passed a road to a house in a line of a row of houses. The mill, a large one, extended the dance, and produced a strong one whose sound was heard far and brought their contributions to the help. Now the old mill and Mrs. Maurice built a house to her over-see, and after Eliza's marriage she and the adjoining site were of cleared land to the young wife. It was a small, square lot of a house, with four rooms, broad, low-pitched porch, and wide hall running through the middle. When the first gallery opened a second was being laid, led to the kitchen and dining room. On the left, at a sudden dip of the land, stood a small, round, stone daisy, a low structure, and over a small stream ran from the hot spring that gushed out of the ground a hot and mineral falling into the creek, and then the stream.

A place was found along the center of the daisy had been used with rock, and here, winter and summer, the milk bowls and butter jars stood in water rippling against their sides. While General Maurice lived, he kept only his Jersey herd at Nutwood, but at Willow Bend his

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)

# The Hero of Snake River

## The Story of a Soldier Boy Who Failed to do Two Men's Duty

By Fred F. Fitch

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THROUGHOUT the long, hot day, the army in blue had swung along the dusty turnpike. Before sunup the advance guard had rested upon the cool, verdant bank of the Snake River. Since then thousands of blue-clad men had defied the torrid sun and choking dust; and now, in the grateful fading twilight, the ragged hills still vomited forth long files of sweating, swearing men.

But for the hum of voices, the evening silence was broken only by the rumbling of heavy caissons, the rattling of accoutrements, and the ponderous tread of the marching host, with an occasional call from a startled catbird, or the melancholy hoot of some vigilant owl, lurking in the fringe of woods along the river bank.

Already the shelter tents had risen, and their shadowy outlines, together with myriads of glimmering fires, told the late comers that the bivouac was at hand. The rear of the line, swinging into place, passed a file of infantry, headed in the opposite direction—the pickets going on duty. For, since early morning the river bank had been sentinelled. It was rumored that "Jeb" Stuart's corps lay across the stream, awaiting engagement with the Union army.

As the night lengthened the cloudless sky sparkled with blinking stars, the fires flickered and died, and deep silence fell upon the slumbering camp. Occasionally came a night-bird's call, or the echo of a desultory shot far in the rear. From the hills on either side of the rushing stream flashed signal lights, now rising and falling, now circling and twisting; spelling their messages of the night.

And along the wood-fringed river the pickets paced, conversing in low, guarded tones when they met, and lapsing into meditative silence when they turned. These men were of the Third Maine Infantry, one of the last regiments to arrive, and their personnel embraced men of every age, gray-beards marching shoulder to shoulder with beardless boys. But in each and everyone, old and young, throbbed the quick pulse of patriotism.

On the picket line this night tramped Jimmy Wood. He had lied undyingly, with never a tremor of his full red lips, or telltale quiver of heavy lashed lid, and so the enlistment record showed his age as eighteen years, instead of sixteen as it really was. But he was large for his age, and apparently strong. And thus far he had

The excitement of the day had caused Jimmy Wood to forget that he had not slept for nearly forty-eight hours, but now, in the tranquil twilight, his overstrained senses suddenly succumbed. He marched with the regiment back to camp, but he stepped out mechanically, already half asleep.

In the shelter of a friendly tent he suddenly collapsed, gun in hand and fully accoutred. There he slept, oblivious to everything, his taxed nerves drawing grateful relief from his heavy slumber. How long he slept he could not tell, but the stars were twinkling brightly and the moon was riding high when he struggled back to consciousness, under the stimulus of prolonged and persistent shaking.

"Jimmy!" He recognized the tremulous voice of Arthur Dix, a boy like himself, whose immature years had marked him out as a chum from among the older men. Jimmy remembered now that the boy had looked wan and pale throughout the long, hot day, and wondered drowsily why he was not asleep with the rest.

"Are you awake?" the boy asked brokenly. "Oh, Jimmy," he complained weakly, "I'm so sick, and I'm ordered on picket duty. Jimmy, I can't go. I can't," and he fell to sobbing.

Jimmy Wood, now fully awake, placed his arm affectionately about the weeping boy's shoulders. "There, Arthur," he said soothingly, "you go and turn in. I'll relieve you. It's all right. I've had a good sleep, and I'm all right again."

And as the squad came by he slipped quietly into place, and again took his position in the picket line on the bank of Snake River. He was now wide awake and alert. But as he paced the hours away, weariness again stole upon him. His overtaxed body cried insistently for rest, and once or twice he found himself nodding. To keep awake he tried various devices. He realized that if he would ward off the seductive drowsiness he must keep his mind alert, and with an effort he centered his wandering thoughts. Tenderly he recalled the contents of his mother's last letter, which, crumpled and soiled, in his blouse pocket lay close to his heart.

She was so pained, she wrote, that he should have left home without saying good-by. It was lonely now and she missed her dear boy very much. But since he had taken the step, she wanted him to do his full duty. He was young and could probably not accomplish much, but he must do what he could. If he came home to her unscathed, she said, she would be grateful to God for his safe return, but he must not shirk his duty, even at cost of his precious life.



HE HEARD THE SHARP CLICK—CLOSED HIS EYES AND CAUGHT HIS BREATH.

borne the rigors and hardships of war with stoic and boyish indifference. But the long, hot march had left its trace, and the warm, seductive Southern night, with the soft whisper of the trees and the soothing murmur of the stream, lulled his drowsy senses like some powerful narcotic. Several times he nodded. But each time his duty confronted him and brought him back to wakefulness. He knew full well the need of keeping the picket line intact.

A bare three hundred yards of shallow water lay between the sleeping army and possible destruction. If, as was rumored, the opposite wooded shore sheltered Confederate troops, then the danger was manifold. A single lapse, and the rebel horde would pour in upon them. Again, to sleep on duty meant—death. He shuddered at the grim thought. To die gloriously in battle was one thing; to be shot down ignominiously by his own comrades, was quite another.

His path lay close to the river's brink, and on his next return he laid down his gun, removed his coat, and rolling the sleeves of his heavy flannel shirt high above his elbows, plunged his arms into the cool water, afterward laying his heavy eyes and hot face. Thus refreshed, he again took up his gun and resumed his measured march up and down the river bank.

He now found it less difficult to keep awake, and once or twice his vigilant eyes caught a quick flash of light in the dense thicket across the stream. His senses quickened and drowsiness left him. Throughout the long, peaceful night there came no overt move, but toward morning, when the first streamers reddened the eastern sky, he caught fleeting flashes of butternut uniforms through the trees on the opposite bank.

This circumstance he reported to the captain of the guard, who, the next morning, sent him back to camp. Here he found that the news was general. There was no doubt that across the river lay scores of the enemy, and in the opinion of his comrades an engagement was imminent. Even as he listened over his pan of steaming coffee, a rifleman came a trifle of distant musketry that possibly promised to an intermittent rain. An officer, half-dressed and heavy-eyed, came running from his tent.

"Fall in, boys!" he shouted as he ran. "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" and excited men ran to and fro. But out of the morning chaos came quick order, and soon the ranks of many fast-colored regiments were seen. The last's regiment took position on a hill to the rear, banking a last row of upland, and throughout the last morning they peered down, to an atmosphere of pungent, acid haze, and with the part of the heavy cannon pointing against their straggled ranks.

Not until late afternoon were they sent into action, and then the engagement was brief, for the Southern willows fell swiftly, and as dark night settled the Confederate troops withdrew speedily.

And as he paced the silent watches, her brave, tender words came back to him again and again, and loneliness stole upon him. His eyes filled, and gropingly he stumbled along his lonely course. His mother's words burned in his brain. Do his duty, she had said. His duty—his duty—the words danced before his heavy, fevered eyes. His duty—the gun slipped from his nerveless hand, he crumpled and slid to the ground, his head pillowed upon a projecting root, and sleep encompassed him.

The sun was high when a heavy hand grasped his shoulder and lifted him to his feet. His blurred and wavering vision finally focused upon a stern bearded face, that of Captain Graves, the officer of the day. Then his perplexed gaze wandered about the circle of pitying faces surrounding him, and his benumbed brain dimly comprehended the import of the significant words that fell sharply upon the stillness.

"Private Wood, you are under arrest." Then he awoke to full realization of his offense. He had slept on duty—and the penalty was death. His hand stole into the pocket of his blouse and closed upon his mother's letter. Remorse and shame overwhelmed him and blinding tears filled his eyes. And as they led him reluctantly away, someone remarked pityingly: "Poor kid."

The court-martial was in session, and about the headquarters' tent pitying men loafed, hoping against hope that the boy's youth would save him. Said Corporal Tucker dubiously: "I'm afraid for the boy. There's been a lot of snoring lately, and the Colonel's furious. You know that someone bungled when the rebels slipped through on us at Sandy Crossing. The Colonel swore then that he'd make an example of the first one caught asleep on duty, and I'm afraid that the poor lad will be the one to suffer."

And when finally the tent flap was thrown sharply back, the waiting men read the verdict in the orderly's grave, set face. "Guilty!" The word spread through the anxious camp. Men cursed beneath their breath, and among the boy's comrades was many a glistening eye.

And Jimmy Wood, white-faced and heart-sick, marching between two files of muskets, thought that he read in the averted faces about him aversion and sullen satisfaction. Poor boy, his overtaxed conscience blinded him to the sympathy that lurked beneath the downcast glances of his comrades, and in their attitude he could see nothing but a reflection of his own soul-torturing accusations.

Once in the guard tent, he threw himself upon the ground in an agony of weeping. "Tomorrow at dawn," the adjutant had said. He was to die in the morning—not gloriously, in battle, with his face to the enemy, but like a dog, shot down by his comrades. Already, in fancy, he saw

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the file of leveled muskets; saw himself facing them, blindfolded, with ears strained for the fatal word.

Poor little Jimmy Wood! No longer the valiant, light-hearted soldier; only a broken-hearted, frightened boy. He threw his hands before his eyes to shut out the terrible picture, and his agony culminated in one despairing heart-sick cry:

"Mother, dear mother, why did I leave you!" And the bearded Sergeant on guard drew his hand furtively across his eyes, and swore silently and deeply.

As the day drew on the boy became calmer, with a numb, hopeless indifference. He was facing death, and already he seemed apart from life. The world seemed to be slipping away from him. And through the long, terrible night he lay there on the bare earth, thinking, not of the ordeal awaiting him, but of the ignominy into which he had been so suddenly and unwittingly plunged.

And when they came for him, in the cold gray dawn, he breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving that the long vigil was ended and the suspense would soon be over. He moved as in a dream, calm and deliberate, dominated by that terrible numbness. When they stood him at the head of the open grave, freshly dug, and bound his hands and bandaged his eyes, even then the apathy held him.

Through the tense silence he heard distinctly the low-voiced order and the rustle of preparation as the muzzles of many muskets were brought to bear. Then he heard the sharp click of many locks, and he closed his eyes and caught his breath quickly, awaiting the fateful word. Then, suddenly the bandage was stripped from his eyes, and a dim, faraway voice cried excitedly:

"A reprieve! Jimmy, a reprieve!"

Corporal Tucker caught the boy as he swayed forward and crumpled. He lifted him in his strong arms and laid him tenderly upon the ground.

"Thank God it came in time," he said fervently.

In Washington at the White House, an anxious mother waited in an ante-room. Presently the President's secretary entered and crossed quickly to where she sat.

"It's all right, Mrs. Wood," he said kindly. "The dispatch reached him in time. He should be here tomorrow—if nothing happens," he qualified, hastening to add: "You see, at a time of war the trains are not always on schedule time. He'll get here all right," he assured her, "and the President wishes to see him upon his arrival." He accompanied her to the door and ceremoniously bowed her out.

And accordingly, the next afternoon Jimmy Wood, in his faded uniform and frayed army overcoat, with his mother, was ushered into the President's presence. He wondered, as the tall, awkward man slowly arose and advanced to greet him, if this could be the great President of whom he had heard so much.

"Old Abe," "The Rail Splitter," and sundry other familiar and affectionate names were the titles by which he was known in the army, but now, in his presence, none of these names seemed to fit. Here he was the President. There was a quiet dignity in the lined, gaunt face and a world of sadness in the large dark eyes. His voice too was sympathetic and tender.

"So," he remarked sympathetically, as he towered above them, "this is the soldier boy who failed in the attempt to do two men's duty?"

Placing his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of the abashed boy, he said with evident emotion, "My son, I hope, the extenuating circumstances, which justified the exercise of extreme clemency in your behalf are so fully understood by your comrades at the front, that their solidly regard for strict discipline, so essential to the efficiency of the army, has not been diminished by my action in your case."

Turning to the mother he said, "Out of the goodness of his heart only, and with no intentional neglect of duty, he attempted that which ripper experience would have taught him was beyond human endurance, and therefore inconsistent with the stern necessities of cruel war. To the pleasure which I always have in saving life whenever consistent with duty, I restore to you your son absolved by my full and free pardon from all imputation of ignominy or disgrace. May God bless and protect you both."

And Jimmie Wood, wonderingly, saw a great tear roll down the President's cheek and fall upon the lapel of his coat where it hung sparkling like some radiant jewel.

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# Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

managers would not seek to get you drunk for the simple reason that there would be no profit in it for them, as there is now. Our crazy competitive system drives thousands of people into the saloon business, and thousands of others into the drink habit. While the government owning things would have the opposite effect.

The over work of mothers in factories and sweat shops is a very hot bed of drunkenness for generations to come.

That great and grand woman, Frances E. Willard, said—mark her words well: "I have said over and over again that poverty was caused by intemperance, now I say after twenty-one years of study and observation, that intemperance is caused by poverty."

Now, uncle, as long as there is a profit in liquor, local option will not stop its sale. Take Georgia for instance, they have local option and Tennessee liquor firms are getting rich from the orders they receive from those local option counties. I say, let us stop the profit, then we will stop the liquor, as there will be no saloons when the profit is cut out. In this town we have a dozen or more saloons and our young men and young women are there drinking at the bar. Now if we take the profit out of the saloon, it would stop drinking; it would stop two thirds of the crimes that are committed, it would make better fathers, better mothers and above all, better citizens and when we have good citizens we have less liquor drinking going on about us. Now cousins, let's vote down with profits, it's better than local option, as that does not keep out the liquor.

Your cousin,

A. T. McELRAY.

Mac, there is much food for thought in your excellent letter, and I wish more would write such letters as yours. The liquor habit is a dire and awful curse, and any plan for either controlling or abolishing it is well worthy of consideration. Personally I dislike to discuss the matter, for if you suggest any plan except that advocated by the prohibitionists, you might as well go and engage a seat in a graveyard at once. That noble and glorious man, the late Bishop Horatio Potter, dared to attempt to reform the saloons in New York, knowing that it was not in his power to abolish them, and knowing too full well, that as far as New York was concerned, they would not be abolished for a number of years at least. He tried to humanize the saloons, tried to abolish all its worst and most dangerous features. He tried to replace food with drink, hid the beer and whiskey under the noses of the thirsty. The plan had already been tried in Europe with great success. It is the only plan that will ever sober up that nation of drunks, the British. Bishop Potter was a broad-minded man, one of the saints of the earth, but his plans and ideas were not approved of by the saloon abolitionists, and they simply felt on Bishop Potter, and literally tore him to pieces, because his methods were not their methods, and if I approve of your method, Mac, I would get torn to pieces until there was not enough of me left to cover a three-cent piece. Just as you say, the saloon-keeper is in the business for the profit he can make out of it. If he had to pay ten cents for a drink of whiskey, and sell it at ten cents, or go to jail if he charged any more for it, he would not be in the business very long. People usually only engage in such pursuits as bring them profit. There is not a saloon in the country that would keep open for the fun of it. As the saying is, people do not go into business for their health. When it comes to prohibiting things by law we need to be very careful. In Germany, the people drink their beer from the cradle to the grave, and would fight to the death rather than give it up. They don't want to get drunk on it. The majority don't drink it for the sake of the alcohol in it, they like it for its palatable qualities, and I presume there are millions of them who drink it all their lives without doing any particular injury to themselves, and for that matter any particular good. The trouble is, however, that to every three or four who can drink a light beer moderately, there is one jackass who is weak by nature, and who is going to make a beast of himself and go to a drunkard's grave, ruining possibly half a dozen other lives in his downward

course. It is the ruin wrought by these drunkards upon themselves and their families, that has brought about the prohibition movement, and made its members fight liquor as they would small-pox or any other deadly disease. Those who can drink moderately, and there are millions who can (this is where I will catch it) must and should be willing to give up the enjoyment they get from a bottle of beer at meal-times or an occasional glass of California wine, in order that their weaker brother may be saved from ruin. Personally, if I were a drinking man, which I am not and never was, I could gladly sacrifice anything, any pleasure, if it could save my brothers or sisters from temptation and ruin. Life is a stewardship, the dollars we have, the bodies we have, the talents we have, everything we possess, should never be regarded as entirely our own, but held for the general good of society. Service is the weekday, workday religion of the future, and service entails sacrifice. If drunkenness could only be abolished by the abolition of the liquor traffic then abolish it, for no nation can ever realize itself in a Godlike ideal, when it is sober one end and drunk the other, any more than this nation can go on existing as it does at present, with tramps one end, and millionaires the other. (You remember Abraham Lincoln said that no nation that was half slave, and half free could continue to be a nation.) The only trouble about the prohibition principle is, that it is liable to be carried to such an extreme that there will be little personal liberty left. After rum has been abolished, there will be a movement to abolish tea and coffee, for there are already tea and coffee drunkards galore. I know a ray meat crank, who would like to arrest and imprison for life every man who ate cooked meat, and I know several vegetarian cranks, who would imprison, nay actually shoot down all those who ate meat of any kind. Whatever ideas we may have on either eating or drinking, never let them interfere or cloud our judgment or impair our fairness of vision and broadness of mind. Government abolition of the profit system on liquor would automatically abolish the business, then the government would not need to own the saloons, as no one would engage in an unprofitable business. Personally, I wish the government owned everything; railroads, mines, factories and everything else, then we could all have what we are all looking for, a government job, and there would be no more worry, no more poverty, and when you abolish poverty and worry, you abolish crime and make men care free, happy and contented, and mighty few of them then would have any desire for liquor. Rich men and care-free men do dissipate and drink, but if the government were running everything, there would be no idle rich, neither tramps, nor millionaires. Poor humanity has never had a chance yet. As I have often said, we are but veneered savages at present. Man's genius will abolish practically all human ills, and make every man what he should be, thoroughly Godlike, for it was in the image of God that we were created, and when we have risen to higher and nobler things as we shall, we shall become Godlike again, and then there will be no need for prohibition laws, nor for whiskey either, for men will neither need the restraint of the one, nor the stimulation of the other.

LEONARD, R. D. 2, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

Here comes another girl from the Sunny South. I am fourteen years old, am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have light hair and blue eyes. I live three miles from Leonard, a thriving little town of one thousand and six hundred inhabitants. It is situated on the M. & T. R. R. We are very lonely at present. Our father is in Grandfield, Okla., buying cotton for the Okla. Gin Co. Perhaps some of the cousins have met him that live in the West.

Uncle Charlie do you like music? I do. I have a sister that can play the mandolin and I accompany her on the guitar. We have some nice music. I have a brother that is a fine bass singer, and a little brother six years old that can sing bass, alto and tenor. How many of the cousins like to go to Sunday school?

I do. I haven't missed a Sunday this year. We take the COMFORT and like it better than any paper we take. Well, I will close, hoping you will print this for me. From your affectionate niece and cousin.

LUCY WATSON.

Esther, I am very glad to hear from you. I hope your papa will secure all the cotton that is necessary for the Oklahoma gin company. If he does not let me know, and I will send you a small portion of Billy the Goat's cotton undershirt, and trust it will help out. You ask me if I like music—you bet your life I do. I like all kinds of music. The sweetest music in the world to me is the rustling of the one dollar bill that comes to me every month when I draw my salary. You speak of accompanying your sister on the guitar. I have got you skinned to a finish. A sweetheart of mine was singing to me one night on the piazza of her mansion, when a dam half a mile back of the house burst, and let down about a billion tons of water on us. When the surging flood struck us, she was singing that beautiful ballad entitled, "Take back your heart, I asked for liver," and while she was in the middle of the song, the surging waters swept us both off our feet, and I accompanied her on a folding bed. I am very much interested in your little brother who can sing bass and alto. You also mention that he can sing "tinor." What kind of music is "tinor"? Maybe if he can sing "tinor," he can also sing plumber as well, and a few other trades and professions. Your brother ought to be on the upper part, I mean operatic stage, he is too great a prodigy to be running around loose in Texas. I am glad you have not missed a Sunday at Sunday school, Esther. I wish every boy and girl in the country could say the same thing. I went to sleep one Saturday night, and woke up Monday morning. That was the only time I ever missed a Sunday and I hope I shall never miss another. Sunday is the best day in the week, and every day will be Sunday by and by—if we are good boys and girls and don't sing "tinor."

JENNINGS, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am six feet high, weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds, am twenty-two years old, blue eyes and light hair, complexion light. I am a farmer and miller. Uncle I received my button and card and was much pleased with them. I love to read the COMFORT and mother does, too, and I have a little pet dog that loves to hear me read your letters and especially about Toby. Uncle, have you got your cellar built to your chicken coop yet? I would like to know something about that. If there is any advantage in the poultry business in having a cellar on the coop, I will put me one on mine. When a fellow has as much poultry as I have, looks like he needs some place for them. I have one old hen and expect to buy me another one as soon as she lays eggs enough to pay for another one.

Well, uncle, I must not make my first letter too long or you will give it to Billy. Well, Uncle, I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you and the cousins. Love to all. I remain your nephew,

ADOLPHUS C. REED. (No. 25,291.)

Adolphus, I congratulate you on being a farmer and a miller. I would like to shake hands with that little dog of yours, who loves to hear you read my letters. I have a great admiration for the whole dog gone family of dogs. There is not a dog within fifty miles of my residence that does not subscribe for COMFORT, and read every word that appears in this page monthly. In fact, I have a special edition of COMFORT published for the dog family. This dog edition is printed on dog biscuits. Usually the dog eats his literary biscuit, and as he digests it, the beautiful thoughts that are printed thereon fly upward to his canine brain. I tell you, you can give literary knowledge to a dog if you only know the proper way to go about it. Now as regards my chicken coop. I wish you to understand that the cellar is built on the roof and the attic is thirty feet underground. You walk on the ceiling, and have the floors overhead. I want you to thoroughly understand that my chicken coop is built on original lines. You have only an old hen in your chicken coop, I have one rooster in mine. When I bought the rooster I was under the impression that it was a hen, I know so little about poultry that I was easily fooled. We don't need a hen in our chicken coop anyway,

as I had a man yesterday to lay in the coal for me, and then too, I am laying for a man who owes me thirty-seven cents, and so after all you see, our chicken coop is a paying proposition from a poultry handler's point of view. Billy the Goat is also under the impression that he comes under the head of poultry, as just at present he is laying for Toby. I trust that these few facts about the construction and management of my chicken coop, will be of interest to you and the cousins generally.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I feel sure it is beneficial to all of us cousins to be members of the League; it helps us to be better boys and girls in more ways than one. There are about twelve or fifteen girls in my class in Sunday school and I'm going to try to get everyone to join C. L. O. C. Uncle Charlie, I like to read the cousins' letters and your witty replies. I read your story of your life in the Jubilee number and I just laughed and yelled like one of our blanket-Indians, and then I read the true story of your life by Mr. Gannett, and I cried and felt so sorry. I think you, dear Uncle Charlie, for your patience, your kindness, and your heartfelt sympathy for suffering humanity.

I am a blonde, five feet and two inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds and am twenty-one years old. Most people judge me to be about sixteen. I like books and music, but can't play on any instrument. I have lived most of my life in Oklahoma and Texas, and had rather live in the western country than the eastern. I live at the capital of the Oage Reservation. The Oages are the wealthiest tribe of Indians in the world, and Pawhuska is the richest town in proportion to its size. The Indians are an interesting nationality and some time I will write a letter containing a full description of them.

I would like to correspond with any of the Montana, Wyoming, Arizona or New Mexico cousins and especially Montana, as I intend to go up there in the spring time.

Love to you and all the cousins. I am, your loving niece,

PEARL GILLILAND. (No. 25,859.)

Thank you, Pearl, for your kind remarks about myself. I am sorry you cannot play on any instrument, but remember, even if you cannot play on any instrument, you can always play on the floor. If you cannot play on the floor, you might achieve distinction by playing on the roof, if you wait it good and hard without intermission for a few weeks. There was one little incident in my early career that I forgot to tell you about in the November issue, so I will tell you now. I was once paying a piratical visit to a neighboring peach orchard. I had climbed up a tree and was busy collecting peaches when the farmer came up and said: "Ah, you little thief so you are the one who has been stealing my peaches, eh?" I said, "No Boss, I never stole a peach in my life." "Well," said the farmer, "what are you doing up that tree?" "Well Boss," said I, "it is like this. There was a wind storm just now, and it blew a lot of peaches off the tree, and I am up in the tree sticking them on again." I think that was a pretty neat explanation, and it tickled the old man so that he tore the tree up by the roots and handed it to me as a souvenir. You say it is a great thing to have imagination, and it is a greater thing still to have peaches. I will say, Pearl, if I ever should select a peach in Oklahoma, I should select you. The peaches growing on the human tree have all the other peaches skinned to a finish. Girl peaches bloom all the year round and the crop is never disappointing.

PLYMOUTH, NEBR.

HELLO UNCLE CHARLIE:

I've have been reading COMFORT since I was a small child. I am especially delighted with your corner. I am an Oklahoma girl. I have thought for sometime of writing you but have neglected as I thought your corner was for young folks only. (How foolish—Uncle Charlie.) I saw Mrs. W. W. Hunt's photo, so I thought I would write, too. I am a young married woman, with but very little experience in the line of household duties as I was the youngest of our family and very badly spoiled at that. I am full of fun, have lots of company, and go about lots, have a good time and have lots of friends. I am very youthful in my manner, nobody guesses me to be over eighteen. I have had quite a time learning to do and manage housework. I, or rather we, came to Nebraska after we were married one year, and that year I staid with mamma, so I knew no more than

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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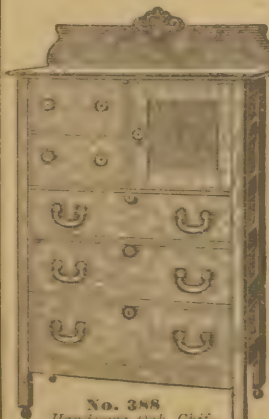
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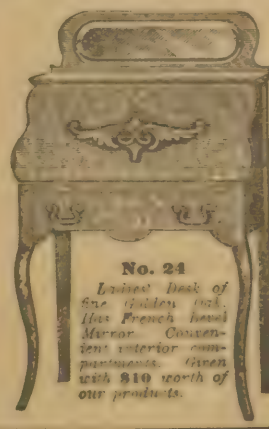
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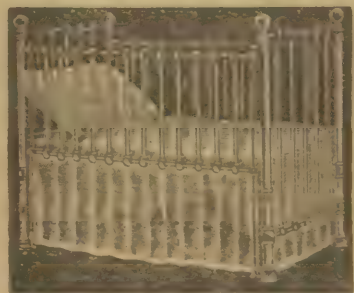
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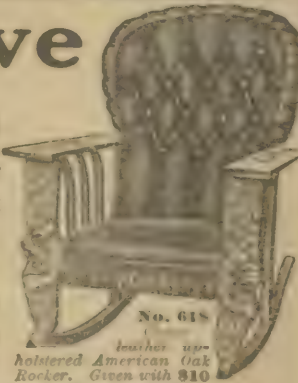


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## A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

famous Short-horns, red, and red roan, roamed over pasturage extending hundreds of acres. The "cow pen" and milking shed were not visible, hidden on the edge of a plateau running far away to a stretch of primeval, lonely pine woods crossed only by cattle paths. In a green cup encircled by wimpling hills the overseer's home nestled like a white bird hovering to drink. The sharply curving creek that divided it from the plantation was bridged a half mile below the mill, and a dense growth of trees and vines clothed the banks. In an opposite direction, beyond the house, and mantling the upland slopes, lay fields of grain, glistening as the wind crinkled the yellowing folds.

Locust and china trees, overrun by English honeysuckle, coral, and buff woodbine, shaded the cottage, and all about the spring house clustered azaleas—white, pink, orange, scarlet—filling the quiet hollow with waves of incomparable perfume.

Into this green, shadowy dingle had come its long absent mistress, and, closing Nutwood, Eglah shared her foster-mother's secluded home in the heart of the pine woods.

For many months after her father's death she seemed a mute, breathing stature rather than a

suffering woman, so deep lay the pain no words could fathom. Close and tender as were the ties linking the two, Eliza dared not probe the wound, and when Eglah closed the door of her own room, the loving little mother would have broken into a sealed tomb as soon as violate her solitude.

Two miles beyond the plantation, across the creek, a new railway line had established a station called Maurice, and about this nucleus a village grew with surprising rapidity. The site selected on Eglah's land by the railway company chanced to be that of the neighborhood schoolhouse, where, on the fourth Sunday of each month, a Methodist minister of many mission chapels preached. Mrs. Mitchell had organized a Sabbath school, and Eglah had given a cabinet organ, but the figure shrouded in mourning was seen only when driving in her trap, or more frequently alone on horseback. These long rides through rolling pine forests and silent sunny glades, where she met none but her own velvet-eyed, browsing red cattle and shy, happy rabbits, were hours of immeasurable relief; yet, at intervals, proved battle-ground on which she fought the crowding specters of a somber, brooding future. Political and social ambitions were shut forever in her father's grave; domestic duties ended when the doors and gates of Nutwood had been locked; and business affairs were in far wiser hands than hers. What should she do with her empty life?

One afternoon, goaded by sad thoughts, she had ridden farther than usual, and, returning, reined her horse in at the brink of a meadow to tighten her coil of hair, shaken by a rapid gallop. Before her a group of young, red, dappled calves lay in the thick grass, their soft eyes wonderingly alert, and all Pan's orchestra seemed rehearsing. A wood-lark in a crab-apple bush set the pitch, a red-bird followed; two crows answered from the top of an ancient pine, and among beech boughs a velvet-throated thrush trilled, while under sedge shadows frogs croaked a hoarse bassoon. From the edge of a pool dimpling the turf white herons rose, flitting slowly across an orange sky, where cloud fringes burned in the similitude of scarlet tulips. If she could cease to be a woman with an aching heart and an immortal soul, what a peaceful home was here among the sinless forest children vast mother earth had called to sing and play in her pine-roofed, grassy nursery. If the sylvan quietude of this Theocritan retreat had power to widen her surging pulses to unbroken calm, she might hide for ever in her own green aisles, secure from stinging shafts of gossip and derision. She lifted the reins and the horse sprang forward.

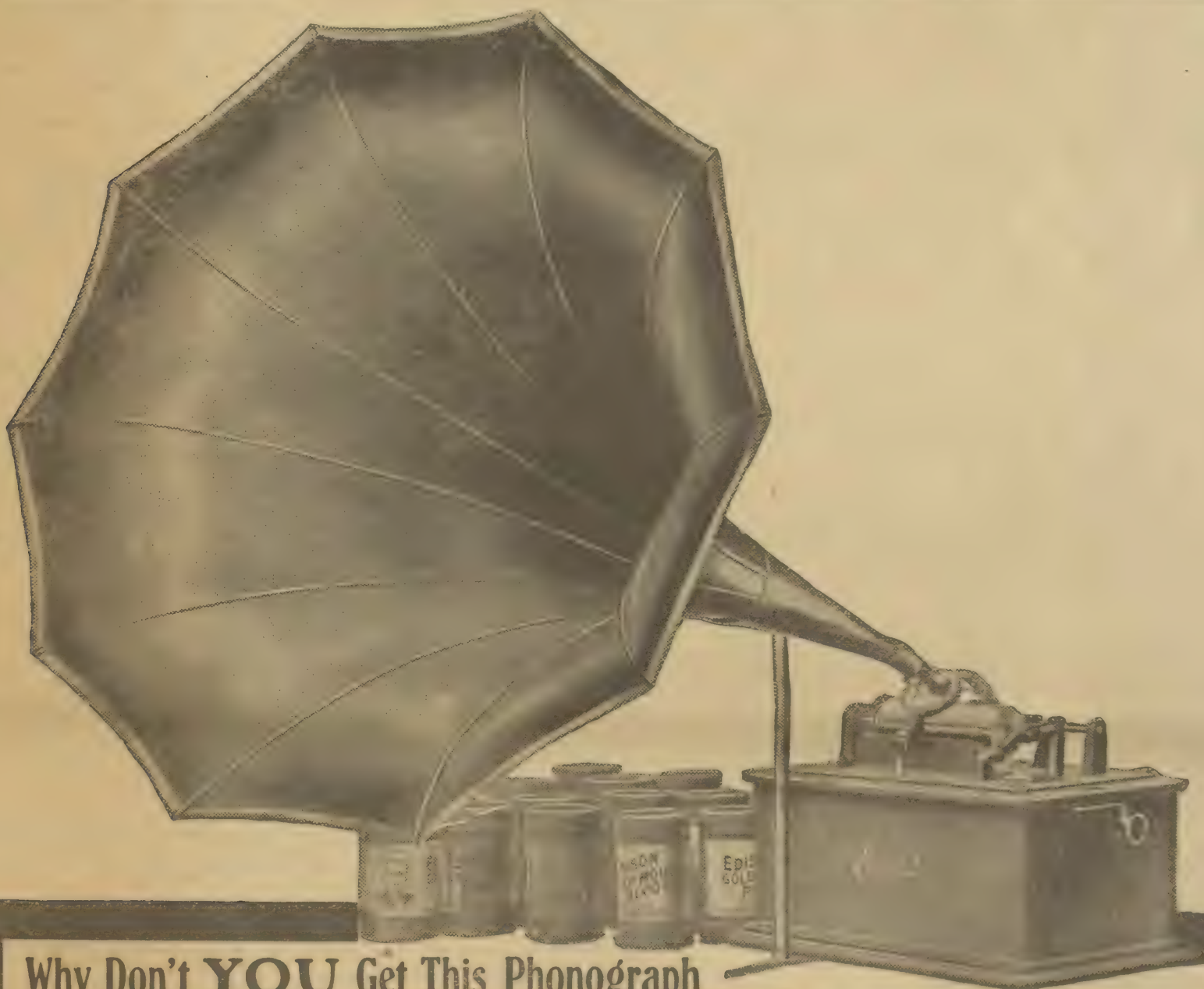
A year ago Mr. Herriott had sailed. No tidings reached her; no allusion to the "Abvungah" had appeared in any of the newspapers she searched daily. She knew the vessel would not stop at an American port—would return directly

to Europe from the Arctic circle—but the American press would chronicle the close of the expedition. If disaster had overtaken it, how soon could she know?

Was Mr. Herriott frozen fast in the awful desolation of Whale Sound, or sledging in a race with death across that vast, level, white ice desert of compacted snow in central Greenland, eight thousand feet above the sea, swept by Polar winds that never sleep? Wherever Arctic fetters held him, the moon shone constantly two weeks for him, and after the long night a returning sun was now gliding the minarets of icebergs and unlocking the bars of flows.

If he never came back she could indulge the love that so unexpectedly stirred her heart, that had grown swiftly since he left her; if he survived and returned she must hide her affection and herself far from the biting, branding scorn that would always glow in his eyes. How could she bear the dreary coming years of a possibly long life? There were hours in which she tried to hope he would not come back; but recalling that one moment when he held her so tight to his breast, she seemed to feel again the furious beating of his heart which never belonged to any woman but herself, and, as the memory thrilled her, into her wan face crept a joyful flush. At last, too late, her heart was his, but he no longer desired or valued it. He had cast her out of his life. Riding slowly homeward in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



Why Don't YOU Get This Phonograph

On

FREE TRIAL?

For almost three years I have been making the most liberal phonograph offer ever known! I have given hosts of people the opportunity of hearing the genuine Edison Phonograph right in their own homes without a cent of cost to them.

Think of it! Thousands and thousands of people have been given the opportunity to hear in their own parlors concerts and entertainments by world famous musicians, just such entertainments as the greatest metropolitan theatres are producing.

So far you have missed all this. Why? Possibly you don't quite understand my offer yet. Listen—

## MY OFFER:

nothing but a plain out-and-out offer to ship you this phonograph together with a dozen records of your own selection on a free trial so that you can hear it and play it in your own home. I can't make this offer any plainer, any clearer, any better than it is. There is no catch about it anywhere. If you will stop and think just a moment, you will realize that the high standing of this concern would absolutely prohibit anything except a straightforward offer.

## All You Need Do:

All I ask you to do is to invite as many as possible of your friends to hear this wonderful new style Edison. You will want to do that anyway, because you will be giving them genuine pleasure. I feel absolutely certain that out of the number of your friends who will hear your machine there will be at least one and probably more who will want an Edison of their own. If they don't, if not a single one of them orders a Phonograph (and this sometimes happens) I won't blame you in the slightest. I shall feel that you have done your part when you have given these free concerts. You won't be asked to act as our agent or even assist in the sale of a single instrument. In fact we appoint no such agents and at the rock-bottom price on this wonderful new outfit we could not allow any commission to anyone.

## If You Want to Keep

The Phonograph—that is if you wish to make the Phonograph your own, you may do so, but it is not compulsory. This is a free trial. You may send it back at our expense if you wish. I won't be surprised, however, if you wish to keep the machine after having it in your own home. If you do wish to keep it, either remit us the price in full, or if you prefer, we will allow you to pay for it on the easiest kind of payments.

## Our Easy Payment Plan

There are so many people who really want a phonograph but who do not have the ready cash to pay for it all at once that I have decided on an easy payment plan that gives you absolute use of the phonograph while paying for it. \$2.00 a month pays for an outfit. There is absolutely no lease or mortgage of any kind, no guarantee from a third party, no going before a notary public, in fact, no publicity of any kind, and the payments are so very small, and our terms so liberal that you never notice the payments.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phon. Distrib'ts, Edison Block, Dept. 2072, CHICAGO

I will send you this Genuine Edison Standard Outfit (the newest model) complete with one dozen Edison Gold Moulded Records, for an absolutely free trial. I don't ask any money down or in advance. There are no C. O. D. shipments; no leases or mortgages on the outfit; no papers of any sort to sign. Absolutely nothing but a plain out-and-out offer to ship you this phonograph together with a dozen records of your own selection on a free trial so that you can hear it and play it in your own home. I can't make this offer any plainer, any clearer, any better than it is. There is no catch about it anywhere. If you will stop and think just a moment, you will realize that the high standing of this concern would absolutely prohibit anything except a straightforward offer.

## Why I Want to Lend You this Phonograph:

I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who have never heard the Genuine Edison Phonograph. Nearly everyone is familiar with the screechy, unnatural sounds produced by the imitation machines (some of which though inferior are very expensive). After hearing the old style and imitation machines people become prejudiced against all kinds of "Talking Machines." Now, there's only one way to convince these people that the Edison is superior, and that is to let the people actually see and hear this remarkable instrument for themselves. That is why I am making this offer. I can't tell you one-twentieth of the wonders of the Edison. Nothing I can say or write will make you actually hear the grand, full beauty of its tones. No words can begin to describe the tender, delicate sweetness with which the genuine new style Edison reproduces the soft, pleading notes of the flute, or the thunderous, crashing harmony of a full brass band selection. The wonders of the new style Edison defy the power of any pen to describe. Neither will I tell you how, when you're tired, nervous and blue, the Edison will soothe you, comfort and rest you, and give you new strength to take up the burdens of life afresh. The only way to make you actually realize these things for yourself is to loan you a Genuine Edison Phonograph free and let you try it.

## GET THE LATEST EDISON CATALOGS

Just sign your name and address on this coupon now, and mail it to us. I will send you our superbly illustrated Edison Phonograph Catalog, the very latest list of Edison Gold Moulded Records (over 1,500 of them) and our Free Trial Certificate entitling you to this grand offer. Sign this coupon or send postal or letter now. No obligations, just get the catalogs.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,  
Edison Block Suite 2072, Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me without any obligation your free Edison Phonograph Catalog and Free Trial Certificate entitling me to your grand offer all free.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Sign and mail this coupon today

















## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

A. F. Elmwood, Wis.—Men are needed in the navy and three years of it are excellent training for any young man. Write to Secretaries of the Navy, Washington, D. C., for all particulars.

Mrs. H. M., New York, N. Y.—You can get the books from any newsdealer in your city who handles paper covered novels. The newsdealer will get a copy of the Home Magazine for you, if it can be had.

M. V. L., Rossville, Ill.—Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, about the books. (2) Write to H. O. Granbury, Oshkosh, Wis.

J. L., Bristow, Okla.—We do not know that they have been dramatized. Write to Brentano, New York City.

M., Grand View, Texas.—Many firms employ girls in addressing envelopes, but the pay is not excessive—six dollars to eight dollars, or less. Your best plan is to insert a "Want Ad." in the newspapers of the city nearest to you. Possibly you might find a chance to work your way through college by writing to the Parkville Seminary, Parkville, Mo. You write a very good business hand.

J. E. M., Hartsfield, Mass.—The legal change of name varies in different states. In some it is done by the courts, in others by the legislature. You will have to consult a lawyer. P. S. Seeing that you are a woman, we might suggest that the change could be effected by marrying.

M. S., Inverness, Miss.—We are advised as to the degree of popularity enjoyed by Oklahoma newspapers. Each editor would probably say his was the most popular. However, if you would inquire of the governor of the state or the mayor of Guthrie, or the post master there, you would get definite information. COMFORT wouldn't tell you, if it knew, because if we mentioned one all the others would draw their guns on us.

M. S., Lambert, Minn.—Write to Spencer Thomas, No. 440 West 36th street, and C. E. Mills, No. 437 West 41st street, New York City. Or inquire of Dramatic Critic, The Tribune, Chicago, Ill., enclosing postage.

F. B., Korts, Ind.—All magazines and newspapers take such advertisements as you ask about, but their rates are high. The Enquirer, Cincinnati, O., devotes a page each day to free advertising of Want notices, and you might try there.

M. L. B., Duck Hill, Miss.—Take our advice and don't try to write a book until you know more about book writing. Write some short stories first for your local newspaper and give yourself a start.

J. G., Mercer, Ky.—Write to La Touche Hancock, No. 137 West 34th street, New York City.

M. E. A., Kimball, S. Dak.—Write to Secretary, Collectors' Club, No. 24 West 26th street, New York City.

A. M. Z., Niles, Mich.—Marriage between cousins is forbidden in Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Indiana, Illinois, Indian Territory, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, N. Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, S. Dakota, Washington and Wyoming. The others hold it legal.

W. B., Lowell, Mass.—You should see some tricycle or bicycle repairer in your town and get from him the address of a manufacturer in Boston, unless he could do the work. It will be too expensive to ship it further than Boston.

G. H., Long Creek, Oregon.—The Pinkerton Agency, Chicago, Ill., or Thiel Detective Service, Portland, Ore.

P. E. B., Lookaba, Okla.—If the name and address of the publisher are not on the title page, write to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

C. E. M., Laurens, Ia.—Victor Hugo was one of the most noted of French novelists, and a poet and dramatist. Born in 1802, he died in 1885.

A. C., Saltsburg, Pa.—We do not know the address, but you can get it by writing to Robert L. Woolley, No. 50 Pine street, New York City, enclosing postage.

T. H. B., Oak Grove, Oregon.—Write to H. Berger's Sons, No. 101 Fourth Ave., New York City. If they don't have what you want they can tell you where to get it. Enclose postage.

N. R., Rossville, Wis.—The engagement and the wedding ring are worn on the third finger of the left hand, the wedding ring taking the place of the other after marriage.

C. H. M., Lee, Ore.—You probably know most of the picture people already who give you names of those less well known. We don't know them.

Janice K., South Bend, Ind.—Why didn't you go around the corner and ask a jeweler about the purse instead of writing all the way to Maine? Take it to any jeweler in your town—and you should have some pretty good ones.

E. C. C., Welsh, La.—Write to Eureka Trick and Novelty Co., No. 87 Warren St., New York City. The statuette is merely the human figure clothed in tights, powdered or enameled, in color to suit.

M. N., Walnut, Kans.—Mercury influences persons born between May 19 and June 20, inclusive, and August 20 to September 19, inclusive. We do not guarantee any special good or bad luck on this information.

W. D., Lowell, N. Y.—Many music publishing firms buy the words of songs for cash, and sometimes the words and music. Who or where they are can only be determined by sending your matter to each of them till one wants it. There is no other way. They only buy what they want. You will find addresses of firms on the ordinary sheet music.

Miss Louise Scheidt, Rickton, Ill., would like to know from COMFORT readers where she can get the book "Love, the Thief."

A. C. S., Syracuse, N. Y.—Any druggist in your city can give you the information, or supply the goods.

Mrs. B. L. I., Kanaqua, O.—Your Ulster County Gazette is of no commercial value and interesting chiefly as a good imitation of an old newspaper.

W. W. W., Yamhill, Ore.—Holly and mistletoe are in demand in eastern cities during the Christmas season, but you can ship it so far only in car load lots. The smaller quantities are sold to dealers in towns near you who gather enough together to make a shipment. They are the people for you to deal with, and you must make your arrangements several weeks in advance.

J. E. F., Poplarville, Miss.—We believe the address of the wire company is Elwood, Ind.

Clarence Garets, Camp Point, Ill., would like to hear from any COMFORT reader who has seen service in the U. S. Army or navy within the past five years as he wants to know something about life in the service.

Nellie, Wabash, Ind.—Don't you be fooling with anybody who says he can change the color of your eyes. Maybe he can, but the eyes won't be worth much afterwards to see with, and that is a useful quality in eyes.

O. P. R., Grant Park, Ill.—The stamps are not of sufficient value to be worth considering.

P. E. T., Big Stone Gap, Va.—A letter to any member of the show sent in care of either The Clipper, or The Dramatic Mirror, New York City, will be delivered.

E. R. B., Barryton, Mich.—The address of The Editor is Deposit, N. Y.

C. H., Plainfield, Ia.—We think the Iowa output

of precious stones is not great. However, an inquiry of your state geologist would settle that. Write to him at the capital.

R. L. T., Liberty, Ind.—The magazine described by Uncle Charlie as useful for the young writer is The Editor, Deposit, N. Y., one dollar a year.

R. E. Orr, Peryear, Tenn.—We should say, unless the town of four hundred people is a boom town just starting, there is not much to be made there in real estate. We suppose the business may be successfully taught if the student has plenty to practice on. (2) There are no such companies, neither are there any firms that rent cameras, that we know of.

G. O. H., Provo, Utah.—Any music dealer in Salt Lake City could supply the music, or write to Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill.

A. McG., Fort Dodge, Iowa.—There is plenty of moose hunting in Maine. Just how much depends upon the enthusiasm of the hunter. The climate in winter is what might be called zero weather, but it is full of ozone and healthful. In summer it is quite as ozone and healthful and just warm enough. Come over and try it.

G. E. N., Barre, Vt.—The way to dispose of any articles you have in small quantities is to advertise them in your local, or nearest city paper. Freight or expressage eats up the value if you have to ship them any distance.

S. A. S., Garrington, Okla.—Easter is a movable feast, so-called in ecclesiastical nomenclature, and was decided by the Council of Nice, in 325, to fall upon the first Sunday after the Paschal full moon, which happens on or next after the 21st of March. If the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter is the following Sunday. This arrangement was determined more or less arbitrarily by the ecclesiastics and has been followed ever since as a matter of custom and not from mathematical exactness.

D. F. T., Arlington Heights, Ill.—Your questions are such as call for personal investigation or local knowledge, and we haven't time to look up the answers from this distance. As they apply to subjects in your own state why not make inquiries of Chicago papers if you can't find out from anybody in your own town? COMFORT is too far from base.

C. O. S., Juno, Texas.—Write H. O. Granbury, Oshkosh, Wis.

Reader, Waterloo, Ill.—We don't see how farming can very well be practically taught in correspondence schools, though those schools do wonders. Suppose you write for further information to your State Agriculture College.

R. O. L., Emblenton, Pa.—A good ventriloquist of original ideas can make very good money indeed on the vaudeville stage. It would pay you to go to Philadelphia and make inquiries of managers there, and also to look over dummies, dummies and other accessories. You have to be an up-to-date hustler if you want to succeed.

O. C. T., Greenwich, N. Y.—A parlor maid's work is about the same as a chambermaid's except that she must look after callers at the house instead of making beds. If you do not know the duties of a chambermaid you are hardly fitted to fill the place. A capable maid is worth ten dollars to eighteen dollars a month, and found. Advertise for a position in the New York World. It will cost less than an agent's fees.

W. L., Myrtle Point, Ore.—Most appointments to the Naval Academy are made on competitive examinations. A thorough knowledge of the English branches is required. Your congressman is the person to whom you must apply for detailed information. Do you know who he is?

Subscriber, Edwardsville, Pa.—"Pique" was published some years ago and the name of the author is not given in the catalogue. Write to Henry T. Coates & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass., for further particulars.

## Some True Lincoln Stories

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

### "Abe" Studying Law

Lincoln's attempt to make a lawyer of himself under adverse and unpromising circumstances—he was a barefooted farm-hand—excited comment. And it was not to be wondered. One old man had often employed Lincoln to do farmwork for him, and was surprised to find him one day sitting barefoot on the summit of a woodpile and attentively reading a book. "This being an unusual thing for farmhands in that early day to do," said the old man, when relating the story. "I asked him what he was reading. 'I'm not reading,' he answered. 'I'm studying.' 'Studying what?' I inquired. 'Law, sir,' was the emphatic response. It was really too much for me, as I looked at him sitting there proud as Cicero. 'Great God Almighty!' I exclaimed, and passed on." Lincoln merely laughed and resumed his 'studies.'



STUDYING LAW.

### How Long Should a Man's Legs Be

Two fellows, after hot dispute lasting some hours, over the problem as to how long a man's legs should be in proportion to the size of his body, stomped into Lincoln's office one day and put the question to him. "This question has been a source of controversy," he said, "for untold ages, and it is about time it should be definitely decided. It is my opinion that a man's lower limbs should be at least long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

## We Trust You Privately

STOVES, CARPETS, RUGS, SEWING MACHINES, ETC., ON CREDIT.

We sell more housefurnishings than any other five concerns combined. You know that Michigan is the world's greatest furniture producing state and we control principal factories. Other firms buy their goods from Michigan factories—so why not send your order direct to us and get better goods for less money.

OUR GREAT EASY-WAY-TO-PAY-PLAN is the most dignified business-like credit system in existence—every transaction is strictly confidential. We ask no security—charge no interest. Send for our Great Easy-Way-to-Pay-Book—the largest and finest catalog of its kind; shows goods in actual colors. It's just like seeing the articles themselves. Over 5,000 bargains in household goods illustrated and described. Have whatever you want now—pay a trifle down and the balance while you are using and enjoying the goods.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL. Use goods a month before you decide. If not satisfactory return at our expense. We will return your deposit and pay both freights. A \$5,000 GOLD GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE WITH EACH ARTICLE. Catalog free to anybody—write postal for it today.

PEOPLE'S OUTFITTING CO.,  
462 Sixth Street, Detroit, Mich.

### "Abe's" Early Habits

When "Abe" was fourteen years of age, John Hanks journeyed from Kentucky to Indiana and lived with the Lincolns. He described "Abe's" habits thus:

"When Lincoln and I returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down on a chair, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read. He and I worked barefooted, grubbed it, plowed, mowed, cradled together, plowed corn, gathered it, and shucked corn. 'Abe' read constantly when he had an opportunity."

### And—Here I am

An old acquaintance of the President visited him in Washington. Lincoln desired to give him a place. Thus encouraged, the visitor, who was an honest man, but wholly inexperienced in public affairs or business, asked for a high office, Superintendent of the Mint. The President was aghast, and said: "Good gracious! Why didn't he ask to be Secretary of the Treasury, and have done with it?" Afterward, he said: "Well, now, I never thought Mr. — had anything more than average ability, when we were young men together. But, then, I suppose he thought the same thing about me, and—here I am!"

### Welcomed the Little Girls

At a Saturday afternoon reception at the White House, many persons noticed three little girls, poorly dressed, the children of some mechanic or laboring man, who had followed the visitors into the White House to gratify their curiosity. They passed around from room to room, and were hastening through the reception-room, with some trepidation, when the President called to them: "Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?" Then he bent his tall, awkward form down, and shook each little girl warmly by the hand. Everybody in the apartment was spellbound by the incident, so simple in itself.

## Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhoea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

### A GOLD MINE ON YOUR PLACE

The humble hen and her mechanical counterpart, the incubator, produce every year in Colorado more money value than the gold and silver mines of the state. This means that you can have a little gold mine on your own place. In other words you don't need to kill the fowl that lays the golden egg—just keep her laying and let the incubator do the hatching.

A poet once asked "What's in a name? A great deal, we answer. For example the Reliance Incubator is all that its name implies. You can depend on it. It will hatch every hatchable egg, and it turns out strong, lively chicks that begin to rustle for themselves as vigorously as any hatched by the old hen herself. It is offered at very low prices and guaranteed by the maker.

When perplexed, or better still, before you get in that state of mind, write to the Reliance Incubator Co., Box 526 Freeport, Ill., for their very complete catalogue and get their prices. Their advertisement appears elsewhere in this issue. Please mention this paper in writing them.

## CANCER

How to cure cancer in 10 to 20 days by my new home treatment mailed free to all sending address. DR. CURRY CANCER CURE CO., 706 Curry Bldg., Lebanon, Ohio. Refer to any bank or business firm in Lebanon.

### LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat. The most wonderful feat of magic ever devised, and my friend, imitate Punch & Judy, sing like a horse, sing like a canary or imitate any bird or beast of field or forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents or 4 for 25 cents. DOUBLE THROAT CO., DEPT. 18, FREEDTOWN, N.J.

### A GENUINE 21 JEWEL \$50.00 GOLD WATCH.

\$5.75 buys an equally engraved Boston Watch Co. Watch with an engraved case. \$5.75 buys a high-grade Ruby-Diamond watch, and a handsome "Gold" watch chain and chain. Send us \$5.75 and we will send you one of these watches. We will also send you a 21 Jewel Gold Watch for \$3.75 and a 21 Jewel Gold Watch for \$3.75. GUARANTEE WATCH CO., Dept. 66, Chicago.

## Morphine

A painless home medicine for the Opium, Morphine or Laudanum habit. Free trial sent on application.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY,  
Suite 412, 1181 Broadway, New York

## FITS OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P.O. address. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

### 25 Highest Grade Post Cards 10c

Best published. No two alike. Silk and Embossed. Flowers, Fruits, Buildings, Landscapes, Marine, Chicago and other fine views. Pretty Girls, etc. All colored, new and choice; no comics. Ten kind that sell 3 to 5 cents each. All sent postpaid, with catalogue. We have the finest and most select line. Largest post card house in America. Agents Wanted. LUCAS & CO., 342 LaSalle Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### These 4 Rings Free

Send your address and we will send you 12 hand set gold wire initial bangle rings to suit all 10 cents each. When sold send us the \$1.50 and we will send you ALL FOUR of these Solid Gold 14 K Gold Rings. To each customer we give a price ticket entitling him to a minimum of 25 Fine Art and High Quality Jewelry. BOND JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 104, CHICAGO.

### 25 Postals

Send Postal From Home. Pretty Girls, Soldier Boys, Lorens, Auld, etc. All sent postpaid. All for 10c. (dimes). RAY ART CO., DEPT. 504, CHICAGO.

### 2880 JUBILEE GIFT BUNDLES

Something for the young folks to gladden their hearts and make them remember COMFORT long after our 21st Anniversary, which we are now celebrating. An Ennealed Year Pin, 1909 (see our cut), attractive novelty pin, now being worn by boys and girls everywhere. A Pocket Companion, and a Pen, Crayon, Pencil and Eraser. Two handy school and pocket pencils, in metal cases, the ends are interlocking and the pen and leads are protected by folding inside when not in use.

A "Lover's Knot" celluloid stick pin and an Ideal Button Set being four lever buttons, two for cuff and two for neck. All five articles described above selected from our big premium stock; worth 15 or 20 cents, will be sent you with the twenty-first anniversary compliments of COMFORT for only 8 cents. Only a limited quantity; there won't be any more. Send 6 cents today for surprise price bundle of gifts and Great Prize Offer Premium List. Address COMFORT, Box 3, Augusta, Maine.



## 130 Piece Dinner Set FREE

To any lady who will send us her name at once we will send this beautifully decorated Set of Dishes for taking a few orders for our Soap, Extract, Tea, etc. In addition to these dishes we will send you this Gold & Rose Decorated Lemonade Set of 7 pieces absolutely FREE, just to get started. You will not be obliged to pay one cent or to sell any goods to obtain it. No money required in advance. We allow you time to deliver the Tea, Soap, etc., & collect the money before paying us. You run no risk, as we pay the freight and will trust you with the Tea, Soap, Coffee, Extracts, etc. Liberal cash commissions paid.

KING MFG. CO., 872 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.  
CUT THIS OUT and mail it to us, or send postal card. KING MFG. CO., 872 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Please mail your Catalogue and Free Agent's Outfit to

### 7-Piece Lemonade Set FREE

This beautiful Pitcher & Six Glasses, with handsome spray of Red Roses, Green Leaves & Gold, burn in so they cannot rub or wash off sent absolutely FREE as an Extra Premium & in addition to the dishes you earn, just for answering this adv. promptly & getting started taking orders. It will not cost you a cent & you need not sell any goods to earn it.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_











**WE PAY \$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES** to men with signs to produce poultry equipment. Year's contract. **EMERALD PULP. CO., DEPT. D, PARSONS, KANS.**

**24 LANGUAGE OF FLOWER CARDS 10 cts.** Home means, Love, Friendship, Hope, Peace, Think of Me, etc. **HILL SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 154, CHICAGO.**

**FREE** 3 beautiful silk embossed Post Cards, in rich colors, for 2c stamp; 10 cards and 3 mos. sub. for 10c. Household, 336 Copper Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

**100 POST CARDS, all different, printed in rich colors. An extraordinary bargain. 30c** Highland Mfg. Co., Station 95, Dept. 38, Boston, Mass.

**Ladies' SANITARY BELT** for holding toilet cloth. Elastic, durable. Plain box. 25c. In stamps. Give waist measure. **MRS. ALICE REMINGTON, Silver Springs, N.Y.**

**25 Valentine and Easter Cards 10c** Forget-me-nots, Cupids, Hearts, Easter Lilies, Angels, Flowers, etc. Big bargain. **J. LEE & SON, 60 Canal St., Chicago.**

**How to Jolly Girls** is what every man wants to know. My "Book of Toasts" is the best girl jollier, 10 cts. **A. Kraus, 629 T. Delaware, Milwaukee Wis.**

**25 Postals VALENTINE CARDS** in rich floral designs of many colors. Rich Rose and Flower, Lilies, etc. **MASTERS, 10000th Ave. of Flowers, Friendship and Birthday Greetings, Charming Beauty, etc. Send 10 cts. (div.) MARTIN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 154, CHICAGO.**

**15 SILK FLOWER POST CARDS 10c** (div.) **SILK CARD CO., Dept. 323, 1941 Harrison St., CHICAGO**

**32 NICE POST CARDS, different sorts, and a Good Magazine for one year. THE WHOLE THING for only 10c.** **GEORGE WATSON, 3661 ARCHER AVE., CHICAGO.**

**CANCER** Successfully treated by medical means, based on 37 years experience. Book free. Send names of afflicted. **Dr. C. Weber, 17 W. 6th St. Cincinnati, O.**

**MAGIC TRICK CARDS for 2c** Just to introduce our new magic cards with full secret instructions for only 2c. With these cards you can change eight to ten or more. Red cards to black, black to red, etc. Just as you wish, and none can detect. **DEANE TRICK CO., Dept. 13, 1941 Harrison St., Chicago.**

**ASTHMA** Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. **Dr. M. M. M., Box 618, Augusta, Me.**

**GOLD TEETH** THE LATEST FAD. Fill your own teeth. A gold plated shell that fits any tooth. Easily adjusted; removed at will. Looks like regular teeth. Fools them all. Over two million sold. Every body wants a gold tooth. Price 10 cts. each, 4 for 25 cts., 12 for 50 cts. **C.Y. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.**

**FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING** American Movement Watch Gold plated Case warranted to keep correct time, similar in appearance to Solid Gold Watch warranted for 25 years; also Gold Filled Ring with Sparkling Gem, both free for selling only 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Write for Jewelry. When sold send us \$2.40 and we send watch and ring. **FRIEND SUPPLY CO., Dept. 917, Boston, Mass.**

**PERFECTLY DEVELOPED BUST** I assert and will prove to you that my new, perfected, natural method (the true secret) DEVELOPS the bust quickly, naturally and perfectly. Thin cheeks, scrawny neck and arms made plump and beautiful. New illustrated BEAUTY BOOK containing information how to develop yourself at home. Write for it in plain envelope FREE. Address **HAZEL STUART, Secy., 20 East 22d St., New York, N. Y.**

**50c. Box FREE** During this month I will send one Fifty Cent Box of Orange Lily absolutely free. It cured me after years of suffering from diseases peculiar to our sex. An applied treatment for **Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors.** One month's treatment one dollar. **Mrs. B. W. FRETTER, Detroit, Mich.**

**FREE MAGIC LANTERN AND OUTFIT** Imported Brass Mounted German Stereopticon, double lens, 25 inch screen, 2 foot wide, 2 foot high, 2 foot deep. It will give you Fine Exhibitions for which you can charge admission fee. Write for 24 packages of **BLUINE** each. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you the great, big lantern nearly a foot high and half a foot through, and 10 bright colored pictures, and as an Extra Premium, for which you can charge admission fee. **BLUINE MFG. CO., 935 Mill St., Concord, Mass. (The Old Reliable Firm.)**

## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address **The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.**

**Mrs. A. K., Detroit, Mich.**—You may have a mild attack of eczema. Try a little salve or carbolic acid and vaseline that any drugist will prepare for you. Rub it in thoroughly, night and morning, first washing the arm with hot water and soap. If it does not yield to this treatment you might stop in at the City Hospital some day and let the doctors there tell you what to do.

**L. E., Mt. Vernon, O.**—Try an icicle. **Mrs. B. B., Duluth, Ga.**—When your doctors told you that you had hysteria they told you very near the truth. Perhaps it is not well developed case, but it will be if you do not stop thinking you are sick, and trying to find out what is the matter with you. Quit the medicine, eat simple food, not much of it, thoroughly masticate every mouthful before swallowing it, and try the Christian Science treatment. You have "nerves" and C. S. is a sovereign remedy for that.

**M. M. M., Bryan, O.**—When a grown woman insists upon talking to herself and says she cannot prevent it, we diagnose the case as one of extraordinary femininity. Women have always been known for their talking weakness, but they talk to somebody else, not to themselves. It is nothing more than a habit which you should be ashamed to confess that you are unable to overcome. Possibly this advice will be of some benefit to you.

**C. G., Appleton, Mich.**—The bleeding is a result of the costiveness. As that is chronic we can only recommend that you consult a physician who will not only prescribe a proper laxative, but will put you on a diet of easily digested food. Such cases as yours require special treatment and the usual remedies might have no effect whatever. You probably know that already from having tried to doctor yourself.

**A. A., Davis, Ill.**—Your family physician will tell you all that you should know and will not probably charge you a cent. Ask him.

**L. L. L., Wortham, Miss.**—For ring-worm mix one part sulphuric acid to twenty parts of water and apply with a brush, or feather, night and morning. If the irritation is excessive, rub on a little grease or sweet oil first, but use no soap. A long-time favorite remedy is paper oil, made by rolling paper, white or wrapping, into tapers, sticking one end in a small bottle and lighting the other. When enough is made apply it to the spot, twice daily. A dose of Epsom salts every other morning for a week will help.

**J. M., Hollister, Cal.**—The trouble is apparently deep-seated and a personal examination by a physician would be necessary. The itching comes from affected nerves, or nerve terminals. Cocoa butter applied frequently will have a soothing, temporary effect. We think you would be safe in trying the remedy you mention. It might prove to be just what was needed.

**C. A. V., Saluda, S. C.**—Itch is a dirt disease, though some very clean people have it, and you should be liberal with good soap (Castile) and hot water. Half a dozen times a day would not be too much, but at least night and morning. Benzine is said to be a cure. Don't rub it in. Have you tried it? If you do try it, take a warm bath for thirty minutes afterwards. Only try for this is before going to bed. A simple ointment is made of half dram of iodine of potassa mixed with one ounce of lard. Keep the bowels open, and eat plain food.

**Troubled, Freedom, Miss.**—You have nasal catarrh and the remedies you may buy at any drug-store are as good as any, if you propose to doctor yourself. You should consult a physician, or go out to Colorado where you will breathe the dry air. There is a remedy for the other trouble, but you will have to get it from a physician.

**A. F., Huntington, Ark.**—Tetter is often a very obstinate disease as you have no doubt learned. It may be curable and it may not. A remedy which has proved itself in many cases is prepared by dissolving one ounce sulphur of potash in a quart of cold, soft water. Put this in a bottle and keep tightly corked. Apply with a sponge half a dozen times a day.

**Mrs. M. K., Lawrenceburg, Ky.**—It depends upon how deep the burn is. If it has gone below the roots of the hair the hair will not grow on the spot again. Give it more time to grow. Possibly it is not as bad as you think.

**Lily, Emerson, Neb.**—You have indigestion and at your age you should be able to overcome it. First of all never swallow a mouthful of food until you have chewed it to liquid form, even hold liquid food in your mouth and chew on it until the saliva has mixed with it. Next eat no pork, or very little meat of any kind, confining yourself chiefly to eggs, milk, rice, thoroughly cooked bread, or gluten, vegetables—raw cabbage is good, but cooked coffee, the very worst—and drink no coffee or tea, especially coffee. After eating, drink a pinch of cooking soda in half a glass of hot water. Drink no water at meals, but plenty between. Keep your bowels open. Take as much exercise as you can in the sunshine, or open air, and frequently take half a dozen long breaths, filling the lungs full. Hold this as long as you can conveniently. Breathe in through the nose, and out at the mouth. If you will follow these directions, we think, you will soon begin to mend.

### Six Lace Valentines Free

To interest you in our big Premium Catalogue of Gifts we will enclose Six Dainty Lace Valentines with a copy if you will send us five cents to pay part cost of wrapping and postage.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Every woman can secure a decorated dinner set free. See offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 23.

# Sister Woman!

## READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and was tried by women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

## This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these fifty-cent boxes free. So, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly can refer you to some one near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address **MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box 260 D Joliet, Illinois.**



### FREE \$4.95 WILL BRING YOU \$20!

To introduce our famous 5c. Cigars we offer FREE, all of the following: One \$2 Stem Wind and Set Nickel Watch, One \$10 Stem Wind and Set Gold Filled, Engraved, Full Jeweled Watch, Case Guaranteed 20 Years and Movement 5 Years and One Hollow Ground \$5 Razor. All we ask is your consent to ship 100 "Straight 5c. Cigars" C. O. D. by express and allow full examination. We include in the same package FREE, the two Watches and Razor described above. If you consider the whole outfit worth \$20.00, then pay the express agent \$4.95 (less than the retail value of the Cigars alone) and he will deliver you the whole lot, otherwise refuse same and keep your money. We take all the risk. Return this ad. State if you must send Ladies' or Gent's watches. Name Express Office. **GREAT SOUTHERN CIGAR HOUSE, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.**

### FREE

We can furnish our customers with a warranted quadruple plated Silver Spoon in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these Spoons is new and very attractive and we have Forks of same design to match, also Knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away for us to make a liberal gift offer on these Spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these Spoons you should have no hesitancy about ordering at once.

### SPECIAL OFFER.

If you will send us 3 yearly subscribers to magazine one whole year to the addresses and to you we will send as a free gift a Set of Six Spoons. For a club of 5 you can earn a dozen Spoons. **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

### FREE! Gall Stones or Liver Disease.

Write me about it. Will tell of a cure FREE. Address **EDSON COVEY, R. F. D. 5, Lansing, Mich.**

### GENUINE SOLID ROLLED GOLD

Prayer of Initial Single Pin or Emerald Ring. Wear 3 years. Choose 10c. Both 5c. Order To-day & learn how to get it. Free for giving us names. **W. H. ALVING CO., CINCINNATI, OH.**

### BEAUTIFUL EASTER POST CARDS FREE

Just send us your name and 10c to pay for three months' trial of our big illustrated Family Magazine, 32 to 48 pages each issue, and we will send you free 12 of the most beautiful Easter Post cards, printed in many beautiful colors, gold back ground—positively the most beautiful, artistic postcards ever produced. These are beautiful remembrance cards to send your friends. Address **WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 5, CHICAGO**

### FREE

For selling 12 pieces late style jewelry at 10 cents each, sending us the money, \$1.20, you get two beautiful gold laid rings; engraved band and brilliant flashing stone set. We trust 30 days, taking back all not sold. Address **THE CARTER CO., Providence, R. I.**

### FREE POST CARDS AND ALBUM

To introduce our large new 48-page illustrated catalog we give a beautiful album, fancy colored cover, black leaves, filled with lovely art post cards, absolutely FREE. Send 10c coin or 1-c. stamps to cover postage and packing. Only one album to each customer. Address **HOMER GEORGE CO., Dept. 5, CHICAGO, ILL.**

### ELECTRIC ENGINE

With BATTERY Ready to Run. Remarkable effective electric engine. Runs forward or backward, fast or slow. 200 to 3000 revolutions per minute. Given for selling 24 packages of Quaker Seed Biting at 10 cts. each. Return our \$2.40 and we will ship you engine and battery. **Friend Soap Co., Dept. 283, Boston, Mass.**

### FREE! FREE!

You can receive this elegant gentleman's outfit without expense. A fine pair of Silk Embroidered, Strong, Serviceable Suspenders, a beautiful Dressing, neat Tie, of latest style and pattern, also a full size white Dress Shirt warranted throughout.

We are creating a tremendous demand for our Orlon Porous Plasters which are so much talked about in curing Rheumatism, Lameness, Backache, Stiff Joints, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Strains, Sprains, etc., etc., and will pay well for agents.

### DON'T SEND MONEY

We will send six Orlon Plasters to responsible people to be sold at 25c apiece, the money (\$1.50) to be returned to us, and upon receipt of same will send ALL FREE this Gentleman's Outfit premium. Every man will be pleased to own these gifts for evening dress up, Sundays and social calls and every woman will be proud to present either her Father, Husband, Brother today and we will send goods by return mail and guarantee a safe delivery of the Premium. Address **THE O. O. PLASTER CO., 24 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.**

# 72 Patterns For 3cts

## "MOTHER'S DELIGHT" DRESS-CUTTING CHART

If you have a girl from 2 to 12 years old, this chart is worth many dollars to you. You never before had a chance to do this. It is a wonderful dress-cutting system, so simple and easy that anyone can understand and use it. You can cut a garment in one quarter the time usually spent in drafting children's patterns. Twelve different styles of dresses are given with the chart, with full directions and measurements for cutting in six different sizes from 2 to 12 years, making in all 72 regular Popular Fashions, besides the numberless styles possible by different combinations of designs. The directions are so clear and simple that you can easily work out any pattern. You cannot possibly spend 3 cents better than to get this chart.



### FREE!

We practically give you this complete chart free, as the 3 cents barely covers the cost of postage and paper. We do this because we want you at the same time to send for Popular Fashions. It is one of the most helpful magazines that a woman can have in the house. With its complete and illustrated departments on advance fashion, advice hints, 24 to 32 large pages every month. This magazine has already a quarter of a million subscribers, thrifty women like yourself, who do most of their own sewing. We want you to read it, too. Just to three months for only 7 cents. Ten cents pays for both the chart and designs and the 3 months' subscription to Popular Fashions, or you can accept either offer separately. Remember Popular Fashions is not a technical magazine, but is published for the people, plain and clear, helpful to every woman. Just what you want. Send 10 cents today (coin or 1-c. stamps) and you will always be glad of it. **POPULAR FASHIONS, Dept. 42 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

# Tinselling Post Cards

## The New Profit-Paying Business that Can Be Started at Home. The Golden Way for Money-Making.

Equip yourself with one of our Tinselling Outfits for lettering Post Cards with gold, silver, velvet or variegated tinsel. Easy, profitable employment that pays a handsome reward for small effort and no cash outlay. With our new outfit you can take orders for cards with any greetings to be written on them, or you can get up cards with "Greetings from Salem," "Greetings to Mary," "Anna," "Edith," or whatever the name may be of the person, or of the town or city you live in. We send everything to work with and explain fully just how to do it—and there is no cash outlay. A person who can write can do this splendid Personal Post Cards bearing the person's own name that you will immediately have all the business you can attend to, with the orders that you will solicit, and those who will come to you for special cards just as soon as it is known you can supply them. Look over our illustration and be sure you fully understand that we are to send you a suitable Pencil or Blue Pen, a supply of Tinsel in three different colors, a quantity of selected attractive floral and colored post cards with our complete and easy rules and suggestions for doing tinselling and how to make a big cash profit every day. Several hundred cards can be tinselled in half an hour; selling at a profit of \$3.00 a hundred. Do not let this great opportunity go unheeded. Send for an Outfit and to money-making.

**OUTFIT NO. 1** consists of a Liquid Pencil, a quantity of Variegated Tinsel Powder or Crystal Sparkles, One Dozen Pretty Post Cards suitable for the work, also one dozen transparent mailing envelopes, with instructions in full how to proceed, and is given for a club of only 2 yearly 20-cent subscriptions.

**OUTFIT NO. 2** consists of a Liquid Pencil, a Tube of Glue, a quantity of Silver and Variegated Tinsel, Crystals, Two Dozen Fine Post Cards, selected for your greetings, and the set of directions including 24 transparent mailing envelopes. This outfit we give for 3 yearly 20-cent subscriptions to COMFORT.

**OUTFIT NO. 3** consists of a Pencil, a Tube of Glue, One Ounce each of Gold, Silver and Velvet Tinsel Crystals, and Fifty selected assorted Post Cards with instructions and fifty transparent mailing envelopes, all of which are free for a club of but 5 yearly 20-cent subscriptions to COMFORT. Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**











## 3-Piece Toilet Set

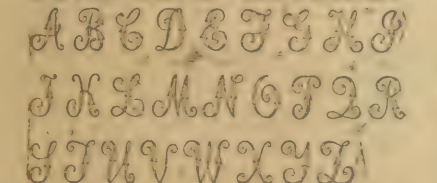


## GIVEN AWAY

The three-piece Toilet Set shown above is beautifully decorated in natural colors on a cream-colored composition. The set is of the same shade. It is not only beautiful, but serviceable and will last for many years. The brushes are of the best quality. The mirror is French bevel plate. Given free for just a few minutes of your time. Write today for 24 New Moonstone Pins, which you can quickly dispose of on our special offer at 10c each.

GEORGE E. MILLER, Dept. 125 121 East Kinzie Street, Chicago.

## TRANSFER PATTERNS OF COMPLETE ALPHABET

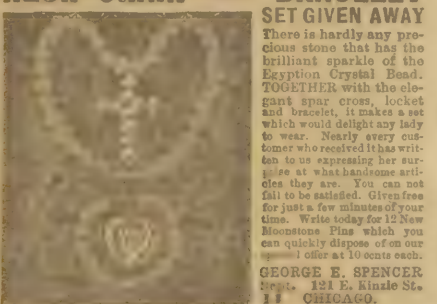


## FREE!

Every letter is 2 1/2 inches high and can be transferred to any fabric as many as twelve times. Embroidery right on the pattern. The best and most satisfactory transfer embroidery pattern manufactured. Send only 10 cents and we will send you the WOMAN'S WORLD for three months and this transfer embroidery pattern of complete alphabet. WOMAN'S WORLD is the greatest magazine in the world—greatest circulation, greatest contributors, and greatest reading volume. Depts. on Embroidery, Dressmaking and Fancy Work.

Woman's World, 48 W. Monroe St., Dept. P17, Chicago

## NECK CHAIN AND BRACELET SET GIVEN AWAY



## FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE

American Movement Watch. Solid Gold plated case warranted time keeper and a Gold Filled Ring, with a Sparkling Gem given free for selling 20 Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Write for them. When sold send us the \$2.00 and we send you Gold Watch and Ring. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 477 East Boston, Mass.

## Develop Your Bust 50c. Package Free

For 10c. stamps or silver we will send you a 50c. package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm, also our booklet "The Perfect Figure." She used this treatment herself and it increased her bust and her patients from four to seven inches. Write today. DR. KELLY COMPANY, 300 Exchange Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

## ECZEMA CAN BE CURED!

My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. Stops the itching and cures to stay. WHITE NOW—today, or you'll forget it. Address DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 706 PARK SQUARE, SEDALIA, MO.

## CANCER CAN BE CURED

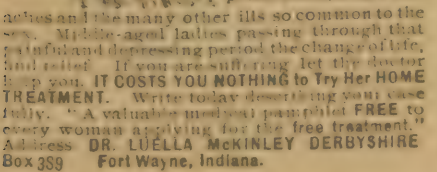
Personal or Home Treatment. Both successful. Scores of testimonials from persons who gladly write to those now suffering, all tell of permanent cures. Many say that my Mild Combination Treatment saved their lives. No matter how serious your case or what treatment you have taken, don't give up hope, but write at once for free 125 page testimonial book. DR. JOHNSON REMEDY CO., Suite 261, 1233 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

## A WOMAN'S LOVE

And Sympathy For Her Own Sex Leads Her to Devote Her Life to Relieve Their Suffering

## TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely-known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering sister a FREE TREATMENT and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating leucorrhea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the ovaries; Menstrual irregularities; irregular, delayed, profuse or painful menstruation; backache, bloating, nervous prostration, sick headaches and the many other ills so common to the sex. Middle-aged ladies pressing through that painful and depressing period, the change of life, and feeling that you are suffering let the doctor help you. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY HER HOME TREATMENT. Write today describing your case fully. "A valuable medical pamphlet FREE to every woman applying for the free treatment." Address DR. LUELLA MCKINLEY DERBYSHIRE Box 389 Fort Wayne, Indiana.



## A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

the star-powdered, silvery-gray gloaming, she looked her torturing thoughts behind the mask of silence that was becoming habitual and near the mill met Mrs. Mitchell's tender eyes on watch for her.

A few mornings later, Eglah stood in the dairy door, looking up beyond a sentry line of tall pear trees uniformed in vivid green, to the hillside, where lay the peach orchard a month before in full flower, billowing gently like a wide coverlet of pink silk shaken in sunlight. Followed by Della, who knew the haunts of water-rats in the velvet moss low on the banks, she walked toward the creek. Over one corner of the deserted red mill a dewberry vine feathered with blossoms rambled almost to the sagging roof, and along the ruined line of the old race ferns held up their lace fronds to shade the lilac spikes of water-hyacinths. It was a cool, lonely place, sweet with the breath of wild flowers, silent save the endless adagio in minors played by crystal fingers of the stream stealing down the broken, crumbling stone dam. In that quiet nook all outside noises seemed intrusive, and Eglah listened to the beat of a horse's hoofs cantering across the bridge below the mill. Very soon Mr. Boynton appeared and dismounted at the "Good morning," Miss Eglah. A telegram was forwarded from him, and as I happened to be at Maurice when it came, I brought it at once.

"Thank you very much."

She took the message and walked away a few steps, struggling for strength to face the worst.

"Mrs. Noel Herriott:

"Amos Lea has been ill for months. Today I am called to Chicago to my sick son. Della will not stay here without me. Some woman ought to come."

"I hope it is good news about your husband?"

"Mr. Boynton, it might be worse. Sickness in Mr. Herriott's household seems to require that I should go to his home for a few days. Please wait here until I can go to the house and find out what must be done. I may trouble you to attend to some matters for me."

Mrs. Mitchell sat on the steps at the rear of the cottage, stemming a bowl of strawberries and warily watching the elusive feints of a white turkey hen picking her way to a nest hidden in a tangle of blackberry vines. Eglah held the open telegram before her eyes and waited.

"I suppose you want me to go?"

"I wish you to be there with me. I cannot go alone."

"Dearie, you can't nurse the gardener. If Mr. Herriott were at home he would not listen to any such nonsense."

"I like Amos Lea, and I intend to put him in the hands of a good trained nurse until Mrs. Orr returns."

"That could be done easily by telegraph or letter. But, my baby, if it would comfort you to be in the house—"

Eglah threw up her hand with a warning gesture.

"I wish to stay only a few days; just long enough to assure myself that the old man is carefully attended to. I prefer not to start from Y—, and the train dispatcher at Maurice can stop the up train at 11.45. We need no trunk, and I have the money to pay our way on. I shall write and have more forwarded from the bank. Ma-Lila, I wish to start tonight. Can you get ready?"

The little woman's level brows puckered, but the light in her eyes was a caress.

"Can I refuse any of your foolish whims? I have spoiled you all your life, and it is rather late in the day for me to undertake to oppress you. I see Hiram Boynton waiting, and I must arrange with him to have his boys sleep here and take care of everything in my absence. You know my pet cow's calf is only three days old, and her udder needs watching."

They reached Greyleg at noon, accompanied by the middle-aged nurse commended by the matron of a hospital in the neighboring city. At the sound of carriage wheels on the stone driveway the dogs greeted them from the kennels in the stable yard, and several peals from the front door rang through the closed house before the butler, pipe in hand, opened the door. Speechless from astonishment, he staggered back.

"Good morning Hawkins. How is Amos Lea?"

"About the same, ma'am, the doctor says. Mrs. Herriott, I hope you will excuse the looks of things. If I had known you were coming I would have lighted the furnace and warmed the house and been nearer ready. There is not a female on the place. Della was that prudish she went with her aunt."

"Did Mrs. Orr leave all the keys with you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Bring them to me and show me where they belong. Is Rivers here?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; also his cousin Nelson, who helps with the horses and dogs; and David Green, the under gardener."

"Hawkins, you know Mrs. Mitchell; she came with me on a visit before my marriage; and this is Mrs. Adams, who will nurse Amos for the present. Open the house and make fires in the 'blue room' and two other bedrooms. I shall be here only a short while, and you must do the best you can for us as regards meals. When the time comes for feeding the dogs I wish to be notified. I am afraid they have forgotten me."

"If you please, ma'am, what is the news from Mr. Herriott? When I saw you I felt sure he must be coming home shortly. We count the days till we see him."

"I am sorry, Hawkins, but no news reaches me now. It has been a long, dreary, dreadful time. I came because Mrs. Orr telegraphed me some one was needed here to look after the sick. Ma-Lila, will you go upstairs with Mrs. Adams while I see Amos?"

Near the gardener's cottage she met David Green, with a bowl of broth in his hands and a scowl on his sunburned face.

"How are you, David? Hearing that Amos is sick, I have brought a good nurse to stay with him till the housekeeper returns. What is the matter with him?"

"Madam, it is mostly crankiness now, in my opinion. Last fall he had a spell of fever that left him ailing, and in January he fell into it—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

River Falls, Minn., came Mrs. McDonald. Shut-in from a bad cold two weeks. Wants books, cards, and pieces for dolls, toys, etc. W. R. Osborne, Littleton, Colo., kindly supply address. Callie D. Barefoot, Four Oaks, N. C. Helpless for admission fees. Send her a dime check. I've put her on the list for a wood chair. J. R. Thinsley, Sewell, W. Va. Paralyzed from waist down for six years. Was a brickman, but is now a cripple. Has wife and little boy of six, who sells newspapers to help support father. Wants cash. Hand it to them good and plenty. C. A. Haselton, 1281, Belmont, Cedar Rapids, Ia. D. L. Iowa. Helpless cripple. In a wire outfit, and is stricken heavily to live. She needs books, cards, and money. Send her fifty cents for her son's school. Wants a good, reliable, and very worthy. Please forward. C. A. Haselton, R. D. L. Ala. Wants cheap books and music. Is too weak to reply. Put some names in the list. Mrs. Janie Beards, Box 17, Spring Garden, R. D. L. Ala. Cripple, afflicted with scurvy. Very poor health. Too poor to get treatment. Send her quilt, sewing, chess letters and a dime check. Well known, needed. Alice Parsons, Cheyenne, Wyo. Has not walked in twenty years. Send her some chess letters. Mrs. Margaret L. Hammond, 13 E. Fulton St., Grand Rapids, Mich. Helpless

shut-in. Send her chess letters. Wm. V. Kinter, Home, R. D. 2, Pa. Send this poor shut-in some assistance. Keep him out of the poorhouse if you can. John Gordon, 2421 S. 24th St., Omaha, Neb. Bear poor broken-backed John in mind. He takes subs for all machines. Annie Peavy, Peavy, Ala. Helpless shut-in. Lovely character, writes beautifully. Give her a sunshine call. Rhoda Knippe, Vandalia, Owen Co., Ind. Helpless shut-in. Poor and needy, give her a boost, well recommended. James F. Essex, Nelsonville, Ky. Shut-in, poor and needy. Worthy of your aid. Eric Bartholomew, Covoda, Pa. Crippled for two years. Would like chess letters. Lilly M. Hunter, Etowah, Tenn. Paralyzed when she was six months old. Is now thirteen. Quite helpless. We are sending her a chair. Now will you please send her some postals, picture books, and real money. She needs that most of all. Mollie Bowman, Avena, Ill. Needy shut-in. Write her some chess letters and put something in them. Mrs. Levlina Platt, Harris, Mo. Cripple from rheumatism for seven years. Unable to lie down, has to sit in rocker all night and day. Limbs all drawn out of shape. Only support is a poor boy. Open your hearts here and give her a boost. A dollar shower if you can. Ida L. Brown, Box 390, Hardwick, Vt. Invalid for sixteen years. Send her material for fancy work, letters, reading, and anything else you can spare. Joe Barker, Stanley, N. C. Shut-in. Send him some chess letters. Mrs. M. J. Kline, Box 44, Benton, R. D. 4, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Kline are old and needy. Sadly in need of coal and other comforts. Send them all the help you can. Wm. J. Katty 859 Clark St., Toledo, Ohio. Has heart trouble, unable to work. Poor and needy, give him a boost. Cut out the tracts, he doesn't want any. Can look after his soul without your assistance. Mrs. Lilly Borquin, Sawtelle, Los Angeles Co., Cal. Widow and unable to work. Has two little boys depending on her for support. She is greatly afflicted, and in great need both for clothes and food. Anna Austin, 411 E. Turner St., Springfield, Mo. Asks aid for her father who has cancer. He is unable to do anything. Well recommended. Do what you can for him. Chas. M. Thomas, Attica, R. D. 1, Ohio. Helpless invalid. Send him all the sunshine you can. Fine correspondent. Mrs. Stollker (52), 462 Fifth Ave., Upper Troy, N. Y. Has rheumatism and consumption. Is helpless, wants chess letters and postals. Edith Dart, Box 8, Oakdale, R. D. 1, Conn. Needs chess letters and postal cards. That list ought to keep your hearts and pockets busy. God loveth a cheerful giver. Get busy and make someone happy. God be with you till we meet again.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. CONFIDENTIAL. Dr. R. G. CONTELL, successor to HARRIS INSTITUTE. Room 558, 400 W. 23d St., New York

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HALL CHEMICAL CO., 606 Hall Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Please send a \$1.00 box of your Herbal Obesity Tablets Free by mail postpaid, in a plain sealed wrapper to

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Guaranteed American Watch gold-plated case beautifully engraved. Manufacturers repair any breaks for 1 year. Perfect time-keeper; very thin. Also handsome gold band. Ring will wear for years. Write for 24 Packages. **BLUINE** to sell at 10c. a pkge. Return our \$2.40 and we send you Gold Watch and your size Ring.

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Send no money. Mark location of rupture on diagram, answer questions, mail to me and begin your cure at once.

**Dr. W. S. RICE,**  
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Age.....  
Cause of Rupture?

RIGHT LEFT

Name.....  
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This flower can hardly be told from a fresh rose just picked from the bush, the petals are of material that you can write any message, remembrance or thought you wish for your friend, in the flower itself, and the most expensive post card or valentine ever made don't equal them. Six subjects. **RECEIVE IT FREE.** Send 10 cents for one three-months' trial subscription to Home Life Magazine, and it is yours. **M. E. Harris, Dept. 100, 121 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.**

## ACCORDEON FREE



Two bases and one set of reeds. The retail music dealer would offer it as an unusual bargain at \$5.00. Given as a premium for selling 24 assorted flat hats at 10 cents each. Write today. **LOGAN DAY CO., Dept. 502, Chicago, Ill.**

## A Fateful Wedding Eve or The Pirate's Daughter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

rattle-pated fellow I have been, with nothing to do, and no will to do it. Uncle has been liberal in his allowance. I have wanted for no luxury, but with my tastes, marriage would be folly even on three thousand a year. I might flirt and dance away my idle hours with those as giddy and thoughtless as myself; but before one so earnest, pure and innocent as Carlyn Durham, my better manhood bows in reverence. I must go to her only when I can say, 'I love you, be my wife!'

"And—and is this your purpose Jack?" Hortense asked in a low voice, "your fixed purpose?" for it is a fancy, like so many others—

"Give it to me, Hortense, I know that I deserve it. Yes, there have been a good many fancies, but this one love has outlived them all. A week's thinking is something that I have never attempted before, but while I was lying at death's door I realized that life means something more than living."

She stole a glance at him. She saw in the pale countenance, already refined by suffering and pain, the light of his sunny beauty had always lacked, the heaven-born light struggling through the baser clay. She had caught a glimpse of Jack Devere's soul!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for new subscription or renewal for COMFORT for one year and read the next chapter. Who will strike the blow of justice, of vengeance?

## A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

flammatory rheumatism that made him as helpless as a baby and fractious as a bull pup. But he got better of it, and able to hobble around his room on crutches. Like the mule he is, he would creep down to the greenhouses, hunting something to scold me about, and his crutch slipped on the ice and he hurt his hip joint. The doctor orders him to keep still and not move that leg, but, madam, he shuffles around in his bed for all the world like hyenas in a circus cage. We men take him up as easy as can be and lay him on a cot and change his clothes; but cranky! Cross! The angels couldn't please him. I guess he is sore, and when we jar and hurt him, instead of cursing us with a wholesome, honest oath we are used to, he throws up his arms, rolls back his eyes till they are all white balls, and shouts to the Lord to set Jezreel's hounds, and Og, and the rest of the Bible beasts, and the imps of Belial upon us. He calls us 'godless goats,' and we don't set up to be religious, but he passes for pious and stands high in his church, and it makes us feel creepy, because we don't know when the Lord might happen to listen to him. You know, madam, he has got a strong pull on the master. Mr. Herriott humors his whims, and now he is away we are doing our best for Amos. Every other night I leave my family, three miles away, and sleep here in his room. Mrs. Herriott, I have come to the conclusion that if the master does not get home soon the old man will fret himself to death. Day and night he prays for him. Every morning we bring him a paper, and his poor hands shake while he holds it and searches for news of the vessel, as a pointer hunts partridges. My wife is a first-class cook, and, thinking to please him, she made and sent him this broth."

"I am glad you have all been so good to him; you especially, who have a wife and children to claim you. I hope Mr. Herriott can soon be at home, and he will thank you. Now your responsibility ceases, because I have employed a good nurse, trained in a hospital, who will know what is best for him and make him obey the doctor's directions. David, I am sure you men will be considerate and respectful while she remains."

At the door of the gardener's house, Snap dashed out, barking viciously. She called his name twice and held out her hand, but eying her suspiciously, he growled and retreated across the threshold. Propped with pillows, Amos was on a cot near the hearth, and a newspaper lay across his knees. The room was bright with sunshine, and when Eglah entered, clad in black, her long crepe veil thrown back and falling nearly to the floor, the old man stared at her and almost shrieked:

"Has the Lord God taken my lad? You wear widow's black for him?"

"No, Amos. The Lord God took my father, and my mourning is for him."

He threw up his arms.

"God be praised!"

After a moment, he added apologetically:

"Madam, I mean I am thankful Noel is spared. You see, I think only of the boy."

She drew a chair to the cot and took one of the gardener's wasted, gnarled hands in hers.

"I did not hear of your sickness till three days ago, and I came at once, to see if I could not make you more comfortable while Mrs. Orr is away."

"It makes no difference about my worn-out old body—that is a crippled hulk. My mind is in torment because of the lad's danger. Where is he now? In the ice on land, or locked up in the ship of the ungodly name, that can never break loose from the iceberg leaning over her? Tell me, was your news later than my letter?"

He dragged from his bosom two worn, soiled envelopes and held them towards her. One was postmarked St. John, N. B., the other Dundee, Scotland. As she opened them a bunch of yellow poppies and a little square of moss fell into her lap. She glanced at the dates. The oldest was from Upernivik, soon after the vessel reached Greenland; the most recent was from off Cape Alexander, where the "Ahvungah" was frozen in.

"No, Amos, your news is the latest I have heard."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for your COMFORT subscription, or renewal, and read the next chapter. Follow the wall of separation, of absolute silence.

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With your name on in Gold, Silver, Red and Green. Worth 10c each. **ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 708, 231 Lawrence Ave., CHICAGO**

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**WANTED AGENTS** in each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits, steady work. Ad. Campbell & Co., 10 "A" St., Elgin, Ill.

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We have such marvelous records of reduction in hundreds of cases with the Kresslin Treatment that we decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatment. A reduction of five pounds a week guaranteed. No person is so fat but what will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary back. No starving, no wrinkles or discomfort. Perfectly harmless. Easy and quick results. Don't take our word for this; we will prove it to you at our own expense. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave as fat is reduced. Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address Dr. Bromley Co. Dept. 323 E. 41 West 25th Street, New York City.

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Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline will easily overcome it—it will not fail nor disappoint you."

**NERVOUS WEAKNESS, Debility**—Lost Vitality, Nervous Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

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**HEART WEAKNESS**—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

**CATARRH**—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter, or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

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Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 25, 152 Lake St., Chicago. I enclose four cents postage. Send at once by mail in plain package \$1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets on trial, and if it proves satisfactory I will send you \$1.00, otherwise I will pay you nothing.

Name.....  
Address.....

**Vitaline Tablets**

Just send name, address and four cents postage stamps to get the bottle to you—that's all you have to do to receive a dollar bottle of Vitaline tablets. We want nothing for them until you can say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine. Pay us no money until you are satisfied and willing, and it's all left to your judgement and say-so, which we abide by—that's the understanding.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate the vital warmth and the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and life. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so quickly and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Act—Serial No. 3577—you have never had anything like them, combining their wonderful healing and strengthening power.

We send you our beautifully illustrated book, "Vitality"—you have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline.

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Here is what you are to do in order to get this amazing moving-picture machine and the 250 moving pictures: Send me your name and address—that is all. Write your name and address very plainly. Mail this to me to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 25 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. There are fourteen different colors in the pictures, all wrought together in the most splendid manner. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 25 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$7.00. Send the \$7.00 to me, and I will immediately send you FREE the moving-picture machine outfit and the ten feet of film containing 250 moving pictures, all complete, FREE.

Sit right down now and mail me your name and address and I will immediately send you, all charges prepaid, the Beautiful Premium Pictures and complete outfit, so you can get this Genuine Moving-Picture Machine Free.

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A New and Striking Musical Novelty, Suitable Both for Ornament and Amusement



Cathedral Angel Chimes consist of 6 beautiful Angels, 3 candlesticks with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and turbine motor. Above all shines the Star of Bethlehem, the entire machine being ten inches high and six inches broad. It is made of fine bright silver nickel-plated metal and is so constructed that when the candles are lighted the Turbine revolves, the rising hot air from the candles giving the power that causes the Turbine Motor to revolve, the pendants strike gently on the Bells in succession, and as the Bells differ in size, sweet musical tones are produced. The effect is wonderful and unusually pleasing; not only is the soft tinkling of the bells a delight to the ear, but the brilliancy of the reflection of the candle flames on the highly polished silver-like metal angels and other parts lends delight to the occasion and entrances the old or the young. A set of Cathedral Angel Chimes should be in every home, to be used at all times or for decorative purposes at Christmas or any other time, especially suitable for table decoration in sitting or dining-room, making a splendid centerpiece decoration, and one never tires of the sweet chiming tinkling to the candles' rays. Being entirely of metal, they are absolutely unbreakable, can be used indefinitely by renewing candles from time to time, as used for Birthdays, Parties, Balls, Christmas, or other festivity. Each is packed in a separate box with full instructions how to put together and operate. Anyone can do it and we warrant everyone to work to perfection.

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Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work and our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand just how to quickly embroider these simple designs. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

### Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidered shirt-waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

### Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern to aid you. To be



BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN. CARNATION PINK PATTERN. done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the swiftest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

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This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and permits one to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

### Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent results.



**WILD ROSE PATTERN. WHEAT PATTERN.**  
**Club Offer.** For only 2 yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send two of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For 4 yearly subscriptions at 20 cents each, we will send the entire set of four Centerpieces.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## TABLE NAPKINS



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean, fresh napkin gives a refreshment and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than his wife's effort to serve his meals tempting. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

**Club Offer.** We will send you post-paid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 6 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or a club of 2 three-year 50-cent subscriptions. Address

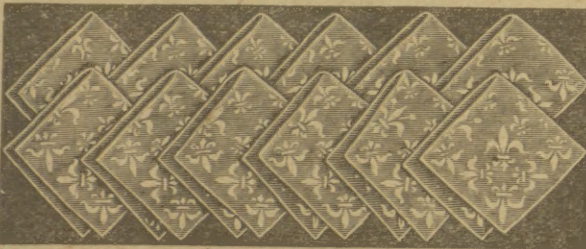
COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



These napkins are similar in quality to the above, and can be supplied in the Fleur-di-lis pattern to go with the table-cloth. Actual size 20x20-inches.

What a splendid opportunity to obtain a fashionable white table-cloth and a dozen napkins. Our illustration conveys a splendid idea of the figure or woven pattern, and the lustrous finish compels the pattern to "stand out" prominently. We will supply the complete set or either singly.

**Club Offer.** For a club of 17 subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents, we will send you a Table-cloth and one dozen Napkins, or for a club of 9 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, you may have either the Cloth or Napkins, sent at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## HANDY HAND BAG



Sensible, practical bag for ladies' use, a splendid style or shape, has large opening to accommodate many articles. Is made of calf-faced Sheepskin ornamented by fancy cording with pinked edging on top, has two silk cords with leather tassels attached besides having two strong leather handles double stitched the entire length. The special tanning of the leather for these Bags produces a soft pliable finish, making the Bag nearly as soft and light as a kid glove, yet thicker and more durable. The Bag is seven inches wide and eight inches deep, ample accommodation for change purse, keys, handkerchief and small bundles. Is a woman's best shopping companion, always ready, always handy. The silk draw-string feature is a constant pleasure and convenience, the Bag is so handily opened or closed. We have these Bags in black only, the most serviceable color.

**Club Offer.** Send us only five yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each and receive a Bag, post-paid, at once.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Mercerized Damask Table-cloth

The above illustrated, mercerized floral damask table-cloth is in full pure white bleached material closely woven, and supplied in a beautiful Fleur-di-lis pattern with a high lustrous finish which has the appearance of fine linen. This is not out table damask, but each cloth is woven in a pattern with an appropriate border running around all four sides. The quality is very serviceable. Size 58x66 inches.

## Mercerized Dinner Napkins

These napkins are similar in quality to the above, and can be supplied in the Fleur-di-lis pattern to go with the table-cloth. Actual size 20x20-inches.

What a splendid opportunity to obtain a fashionable white table-cloth and a dozen napkins. Our illustration conveys a splendid idea of the figure or woven pattern, and the lustrous finish compels the pattern to "stand out" prominently. We will supply the complete set or either singly.

**Club Offer.** For a club of 17 subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents, we will send you a Table-cloth and one dozen Napkins, or for a club of 9 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, you may have either the Cloth or Napkins, sent at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Flexible Morocco BIBLE FREE

ILLUSTRATED

With 32 full-page half tone pictures and 16 full-page colored maps—  
GOLD EDGES

Containing the King James' Version of the Old and New Testaments.

These Bibles are unsurpassed for clear print, extra quality of paper, handsome flexible bindings, superior workmanship. Our illustrations show the Bible in various positions; laying flat open you see just how distinct is the type, the thumb index and the expansive leather binding, also the closed Bible with elastic band which protects the same when not in use, and in lower right-hand corner we show how the Bible may be rolled absolutely without injury.

## Also New Helps to the Study of the Bible

Prepared by the Most Eminent Authorities

The Sunday School Teacher's use of the Bible. How to study the Bible. The Christian Worker and his Bible. Scripture Texts for students and Workers. Forty Questions and Answers from the Word of God. Calendar for Daily Reading of the Scriptures, by which the Bible may be read through in one year. The Chronology and History of the Bible and its Related Periods. Table of Prophetic Books. Period intervening between the Age of Malachi, (450 B. C.) and the Birth of Christ. Summary of the Gospel Incidents and Harmony of the Four Gospels.

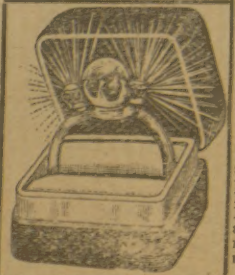
This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a practical, useful Bible, a new edition in a beautiful, durable and flexible leather binding, with gold stamped title on back and cover.

### CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we send one of these above described Bibles, post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## FOR A CLUB OF FIVE LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS



Opal.

The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only 5 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or two 3-year 50-cent subscriptions.

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold Shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.



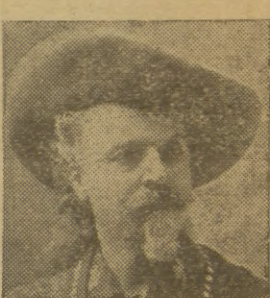
Emerald.

**Club Offer.** We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.

## BUFFALO BILL

HIS OWN STORY

TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS



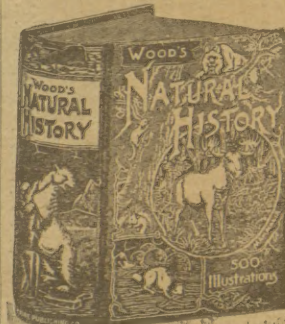
Just published, his own story of his own life. Every reader of COMFORT knows of Buffalo Bill, the most famous Indian Fighter, Buffalo Hunter, Frontiersman and Scout the Country ever produced. This thrilling story from his own pen reads like some preposterous tale. Every line and every chapter is exciting, but interesting because it is cleverly told, also splendidly illustrated. A book of over

250 pages, large clear type, extra heavy book paper, with many special half tone plates illustrating important features of the book. Bound in strong tinted mottled covers, illustrated with a large clear full page sepia toned photograph of Buffalo Bill in his plainsman's costume. This is strictly an American story by one who has literally grown up with his country. A career beginning in '67, when the lad was but eleven, the reader is carried chapter by chapter through a life of wild and rugged achievement never equaled. This is Buffalo Bill's great work, there is no other similar story, any more than there was ever another Buffalo Bill. You should read this book, everyone should read it, and read it now, while it is fresh off the press. All the big city newspapers are printing notices about the book and are to print the story serially whenever arrangements can be made. Public schools should adopt this book as a supplementary volume of American History. Teachers will do well to obtain a copy and read it to their pupils. We have a limited quantity, all we could obtain at present, and shall distribute them at the following:

**Club Offer.** Send us only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, for a copy of this special edition of True Tales of the Plains by Buffalo Bill, which will be sent post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## A Genuine Revelation of the Animal Kingdom

A Complete Encyclopedia of Zoology. Thrilling Adventures. A Panorama of Pictures. A Monster Menagerie. THE STANDARD WORK FOR ALL HOMES. GREAT BOOK FREE TO ALL CLUB RAISERS



It is impossible to give in this announcement more than a slight idea of the magnitude of this great History, with its myriad pictures and accurate descriptions. It virtually goes into the haunts of animals and shows them as they live.

**Wood's Natural History** is a recognized authority all over the world for accurate information regarding the habits, uses, peculiarities and diseases of the Animal Kingdom. The work is a veritable treasure-house of valuable information, interesting, told, and replete with hundreds of accurate and artistic illustrations. This mammoth Encyclopedia of the Animal World consists of over eight hundred pages and is substantially in stiff paper covers. Size of open book, 8x11 inches and nearly 1 inch thick. It is in clear print on good paper, with five hundred illustrations by the most famous artists of the world. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the hundreds of pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people, who traverse mountains and morasses, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom, will furnish true, heartfelt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old. As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, also, with treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the goat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the crocodile, no hunter, no student—in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of offers. Every teacher in the land should provide himself or herself with the means of allaying that eager thirst for information which characterizes all young and restless minds. As a supplementary reader for schools, nothing could excel Wood's Natural History; because, in the first place, it will so absorb the attention of every scholar as to keep him interested in his high indispensible. And this is why every teacher and every scholar in the land should avail themselves of this unparalleled opportunity.

**Special Club Offer.** As long as our limited supply lasts, we will mail one copy of Wood's Natural History to anyone who will send us a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## FREE! AS BIG AS BABY. FREE

Indestructible Dolls to be Stuffed that Stand Up or Sit Down. Their Heads Will Not Come Off.

These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and are made of the finest material. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for all ages. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruddy lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-priced, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in the illustration is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Well, last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before. For hours and hours every child will play with these good old grandma style, unbreakable stuffed dolls, even putting aside the very expensive and more elegantly silk



and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as to have a good, fat, plump doll or one of lighter weight.

We have arranged to give these dolls for club raising and will send one, all charges fully prepaid. We send the name of 2 new yearly subscribers at 20 cents each.

**Remember.** We send this magazine one year to the subscribers you secure and send the Dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 for securing 3 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each. 4 Dolls free for a club of 5 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or you can send two 3-year 50-cent subscriptions.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# POST CARD ALBUM

That Will Hold Fifty Cards



Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasteful and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Post Cards until they are in an Album. And better than any other Album, it is the only one that is so convenient for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that they may be examined time after time with no harm to the cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the occasion. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Post Cards until they are in an Album. And better than any other Album, it is the only one that is so convenient for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that they may be examined time after time with no harm to the cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the occasion.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 4 ten-cent six month, or 2 yearly subscribers, we will send you one of these Post Card Albums free, as a going towards filling the Album.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# Yards Imported Scotch Crash

This bolt of toweling will make two roller towels 2 1-2 yards long, or four hand towels 45 inches long, or six dish towels 30 inches long. It is all pure linen heavy weight bleached crash with red stripe border, and is imported direct from the mills in Scotland where the finest of this class of goods is made. The width is 16 inches.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only five yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send you one of these five yard bolts of Crash.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a **COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE**, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm, a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough work with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School Workers, teachers and friends, or for a convenient pocket Bible, it is an opportunity to secure a little Bible that will be used. By co-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a large number of orders were received. In order that we might give our friends and readers the best, we have secured one of the most perfect in the thorough manner in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded covers are the best in FULL MOROCCO BIBLES costing \$10.00. Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the FAMILY Bible, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing that we will receive orders from those who send for these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive proposition below.

**Club Offer.** We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift for only 20 cents each, or for a club of 4 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, or for a club of 4 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, or for a club of 4 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

Learn All About It in Our Diary Birthday Book.

Do you know its derivation, meaning and history? We have a series of **Girls' Birthday Books** embracing one hundred names, including ADA, AGNES, BERTHA, BEATRICE, CAROLINE, DORA, EDITH, ELLA, EMMA, EVELYN, FLORENCE, GENEVIEVE, HELEN, IRIS, JESSIE, JOSEPHINE, LUCY, MARY, REBECCA, and ninety others. No matter what your name is, don't you want it stamped in gold on one of these **Elegant Birthday Books**? You certainly ought to have one to use as described as they are designed to be a source of pleasure and interest.

Each Book has the name of a girl or woman on the title page and also stamped in gold on the cover, and contains a history of the name and of famous women who have borne the name. For example, **Mary** is described as one of the most popular of girls' names, derived from Maryn or Mar, the name of the Virgin Mary, and many other Marys famous in history, thus each name is treated with a long historical sketch. As a **Diary or Record Book** it is designed for perpetual use. The pages are arranged with the date and a blank space for recording events in the life of the little one, or a young lady, married or single, a life record of important events to be recorded and there kept forever, and as the years pass, the record will be a most interesting and valuable one. Each page is decorated with a short selected verse or motto from works of authors or poets, or from the Bible, and is more than beautiful. "For Satan finds some mischief still for honest love." "Love and you shall be loved." "When you come in at the door, love flies out at the window." "The smallest cottage, there is room enough for two hearts." etc. Each book is bound in limp Morocco, with full edges, including a silk book marker, and is carefully boxed for shipment. This is a very unique book and has personal interest to the owner.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, or 4 six-months' 10-cent subscribers, we will send you one of these Birthday Name Books free, as a going towards filling the Album.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Our Mammoth Premium Catalogue illustrates and describes nearly two hundred attractive premiums. All are given for Clubs of subscribers to COMFORT, and every subscription you send helps you win a prize in our Great Anniversary Contest, now on its fourth month. Drop us a post card for free copy of this catalogue. The big Cash Prizes for November and December were easily won. You can win.

# 5000 COPIES "ST. ELMO" FREE

A Jubilee Edition of This Famous Book for a Club of Three

Anticipating our Jubilee Anniversary Year of COMFORT when we celebrate our Twenty-first Birthday, and not to be outdone by the Editorial Department, the Premium Department has not been idle.

In addition to the regular variety of premiums, we scoured and scraped to obtain at least one premier inducement that would almost compel one to subscribe or get a club of subscribers for COMFORT, and after looking over the markets, comparing, of duty considering premiums heretofore made a special jubilee offer of a bound "St. Elmo." We negotiated, six of 5,000 copies at a special price most attractive offer conceivable. "St. Elmo" in COMFORT and was so splendidly tribute nearly 20,000 copies in com-subscribers. We are now offering you from new type plates on heavy book attractive lettered linen binding, making and a quarter for clubs of only member the story but did not obtain a making our previous offers, and all ested in "A Speckled Bird," will to obtain a copy of Mrs. Wilson's ous Anniversary Offer made here.

Remember, we have a million and a quarter subscribers and but 5,000 books. We cannot duplicate our order nor repeat this offer, therefore it will be well to safeguard yourself by sending a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each by return mail and these subscriptions will be credited in your behalf towards the distribution of the 538 cash prizes, all of which is fully explained on page 30 of this edition. Remember, a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each secures a bound volume of "St. Elmo," delivered post-paid.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# GREAT BARGAIN, 22-PIECE HOUSEKEEPING SET



THIS ABOVE ILLUSTRATED COMBINATION ASSORTMENT of fine quality HOUSEHOLD LINENS and toweling is indeed an ideal set and an UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY. PROCURED DURING the summer months' prices when the MARKETS WERE LOWER than FOR YEARS, we collected together these various articles, making up a COMBINATION AT ONCE EXCELLING ANYTHING YOU HAVE BEEN OFFERED. Suitable and USEFUL IN EVERY HOME, particularly pleasing to a bride or young HOUSEKEEPER. In fact practically INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSE and so attractively offered owing to the LOW PRICE conditions of the market you cannot resist sending us a club. This package contains the complete assortment of 22 SEPARATE PIECES as described above. Read carefully. 1 Imported Floral Damask pattern Table-cloth, good weight and well woven, with fringe on four sides. Will cover any ordinary table. Size of cloth 54x82 inches. 12 Floral Damask, imported, fringed pattern table napkins similar to the above, size 18x18 inches. 5 Yards of very good quality absorbent roller or dish toweling, width 37 inches. 1 Imported Fringed Bureau or Dresser Searl in a very pretty pattern, size 16x45 inches. 4 Genuine Hemmed Black Towels of excellent quality and finish, will wear well. Size 14x27 inches. 2 Fringed Turkish Towels, pure cotton, good weight, size 12x20 inches. 1 Round, Fancy Hand Drawnwork Fringed Dolly. Very pretty for cake basket or for use under table lamp. Size 9x9 inches. Every item in the entire assortment is both attractive, pretty and useful. COMBINED WITH UTILITY THEY ARE DURABLE, WILL WEAR and launder satisfactorily. It would prove quite an expense were you to buy these items singly at the stores.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only twenty yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will forward by express one complete 22-Piece Housekeeper Set.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# FREE BEST BOOKS FREE

Cloth Bound

Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, C. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7 1/2 inches long, 6 wide and varies in thickness, all one inch or more, and weighs about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design shown in the illustrations, and the titles are done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book more attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

**Marie Corelli**  
Romance of Two Worlds  
Thelma  
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The Rival Brothers.

**Mrs. May Agnes Fleming**  
Magdalen's Vow  
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**Mrs. Henry Wood**  
East Lynne.  
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Bride's Fate.  
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Green Mountain Boys.  
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Lady of the Rubies.

## CORAL NECKLACE

Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that, period after period, it is a thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up clubs of three yearly subscribers at 20 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# OUR BOY'S PRINTING OUTFIT

Make Money Printing Cards



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy **Printing Outfit** a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus acquiring two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-foot set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 100 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickle-plated pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child these sets for marking linen by procuring an indestructible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer cannot be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, we will send you post-paid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# WORK BOX ASSORTMENT



Our readers who are interested in needlework will welcome this privilege of obtaining a complete assortment of useful materials and utensils to work with. We have arranged this work-box assortment to meet all the wants of the busy sewer. The box itself is a little gem, is prettily gotten up to imitate a leather-bound case, as it is covered with pebbled paper that closely resembles real leather. There are eight separate compartments in each case, one, the larger, in the center, has a cover and is for "Odds and Ends," such as needles, thimbles, etc. Then there are places for the thread, tambos and silk, so that each will have its place, and not become tangled, which annoys one.

The following assortment is found in each box:  
Two Spools White Thread, One Spool Black Thread, One Ball Red Tambo, One Ball White Tambo, One Dozen Sewing Silk, One Silver-plated Thimble, One Crochet set of two bone and one metal hook, One Illustrated Book on Cross-stitch, Two Blunt-pointed Needles, Assorted Sizes, Two Skeins Mercerized Embroidery Thread, 16 yards each. The contents differ in each box but there will be found as much variety as mentioned above.

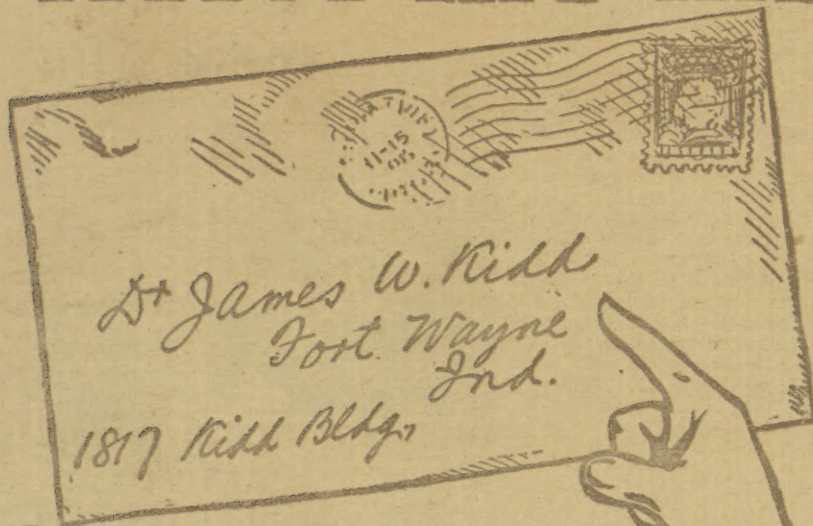
**Club Offer.** We pack carefully and send at our expense one of these complete Work Box Sets for a club of only 4 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# Are You Sick?

Write me like this and

I will  
help you  
**FREE**



## Free Treatment to All

To you—if you are sick—if you suffer—if you are afflicted with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or a pain—if you need medical advice—if you are not in perfect health—if life is a dragging, miserable existence—if you lack the energy, the vim—vigor and “go” that make life worth living. To you, if you are rich or poor—young or old—man or woman—**To You This Offer is Made, no matter where you live.**

## ALL DISEASES

I cure all diseases that can be cured by modern medicine. I cure many that others consider incurable. Desperately chronic cases are my specialty. I like to begin where others fail. Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Trouble, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and all other diseases of the stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Coughs, Weak Lungs and Incipient Consumption, Nervousness, Neurasthenia, All Female Troubles, Scrofula, Impure Blood, Anemia, Eczema, and all Eruptions and Diseases of the Skin, Partial Paralysis, Piles, Heart Trouble, Lumbago, Obesity, Goitre, General Debility and all other chronic Ailments that medicine will reach I have cured. Men and women, weak, debilitated, worn-out, tired and failing, let me prove that I can Cure You.

## Not a Patent Medicine

Assisted by our able and experienced physicians, I prepare a Special Treatment for each case. For years the skill, knowledge and experience of five doctors have been combined in selecting the most effective remedies for every possible affliction. Over a half million people have taken my treatment. This vast experience has taught us how to successfully treat every ailment, every condition. You can have the benefit of this vast experience **FREE**. Do not allow someone to experiment on you or waste your time on inferior treatment or “cure-all” patent medicines.

## Positive Proof Without Price

I have probably had more experience and more success than any living physician, but I don't ask you to believe that. I don't ask you to believe that my remedies are better than others. I don't ask you to take my word for anything. But I **do** ask you to give me a chance to prove my ability—to prove what my treatment will do for you—to prove that I can cure you—and to prove it at my own expense—to pay the cost, every penny of it myself. I ask permission to send you—to deliver into your hands—absolutely without cost to you a proof treatment that will convince you; remedies that have cured thousands, remedies that I believe will cure you. This is all I ask. No money—no promise to pay—no papers to sign.

## Valuable Medical Book Free

Write to me at once and in addition to the free treatment I will send you absolutely free a copy of my new HOME MEDICAL BOOK. The price of this valuable book is \$1.00, but as long as they last I will send them **FREE**, postage paid, to those who are sick, to those who write telling me how they suffer. This volume should be in every household. Contains 176 pages of practical information and expert professional advice. Describes all diseases, explains all symptoms, gives the causes of diseases, tells how to prevent sickness and explains how a great many diseases may be cured in your own home.

## THE PROOF IS FREE TO YOU

This is all you have to do—Write me a description of your case—write me fully and freely—tell me as much about your condition as you can, in your own words. Careful attention to each case has helped to make my success. I am determined to succeed in your case—I want you to help me. Tell me how you are and by return mail I will send the proof treatment, sealed in a plain wrapper, postage paid, and free—free to you—free to any afflicted member of your family, friend or neighbor. It may mean long life, health—strength—vigor—to you, if you write me today. You have nothing to lose; everything to gain.

**Address—DR. JAMES W. KIDD, 1817 Kidd Building, FT. WAYNE, IND.**

TO READERS—We have known and done business with Dr. Kidd for years. He is at the head of one of the largest institutions in the World devoted entirely to the treatment of patients at their own homes. His ability and honesty are above question. Every reader in need of treatment should accept his generous offer.